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THE NEW YORKER

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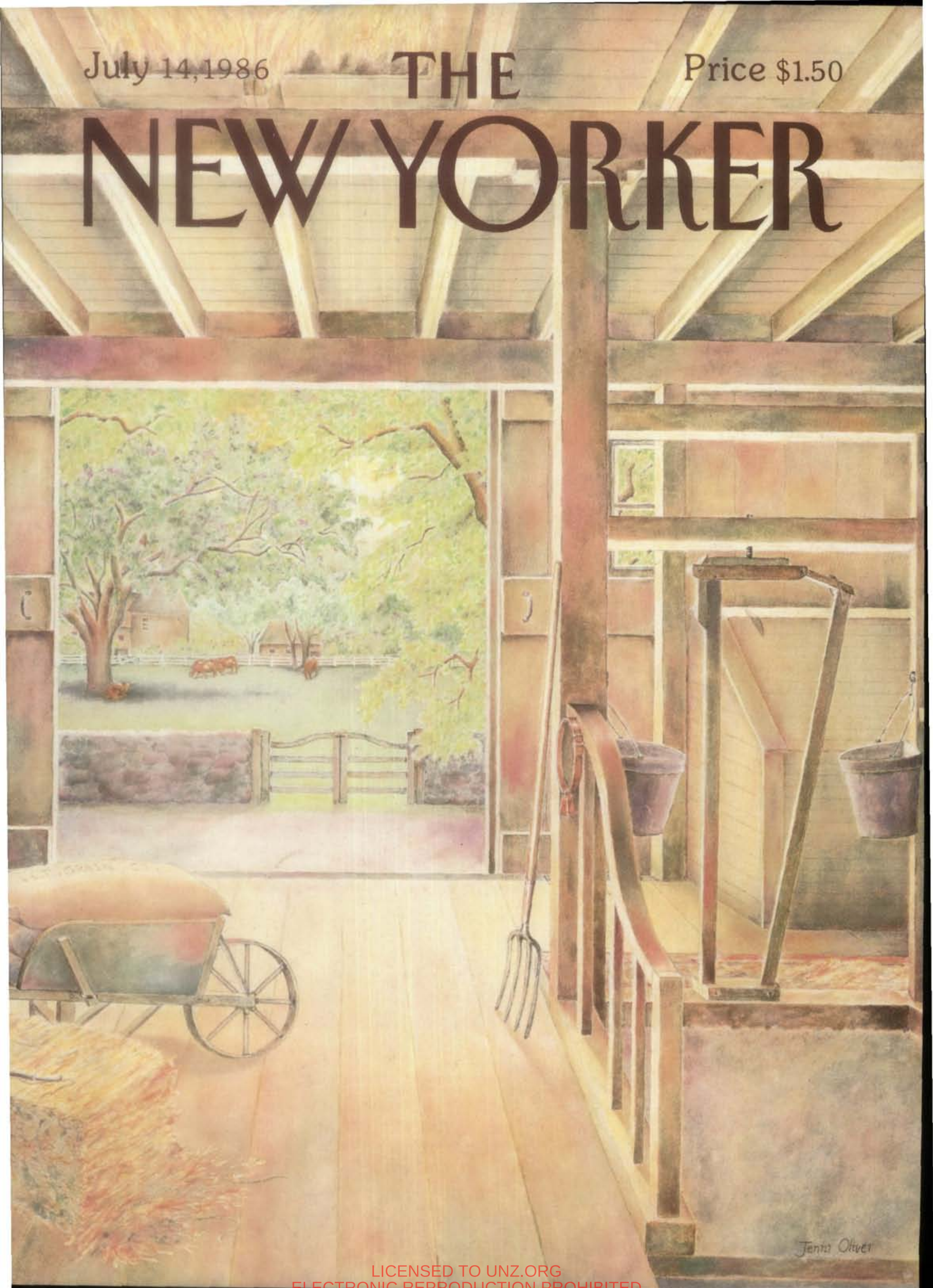
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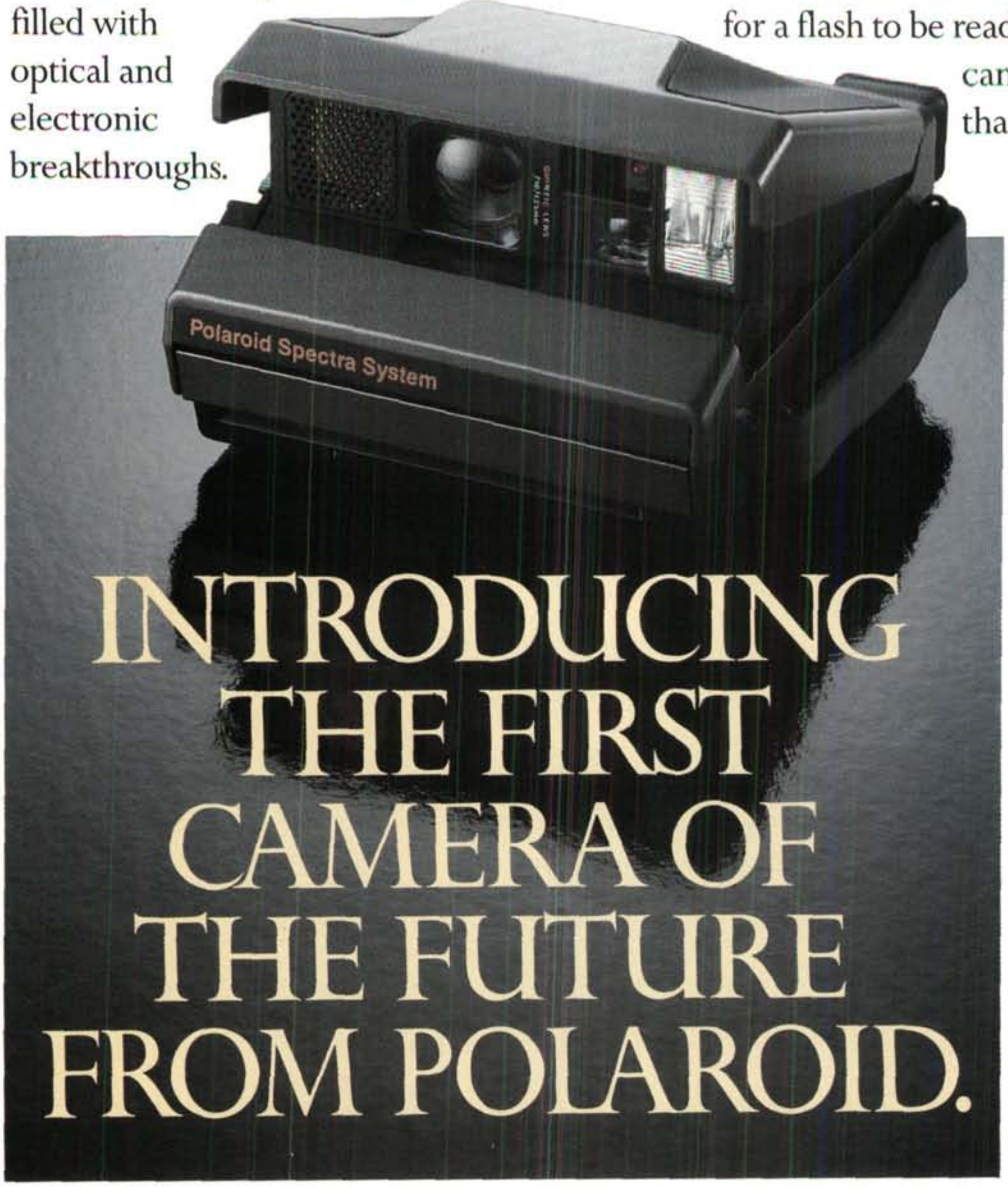

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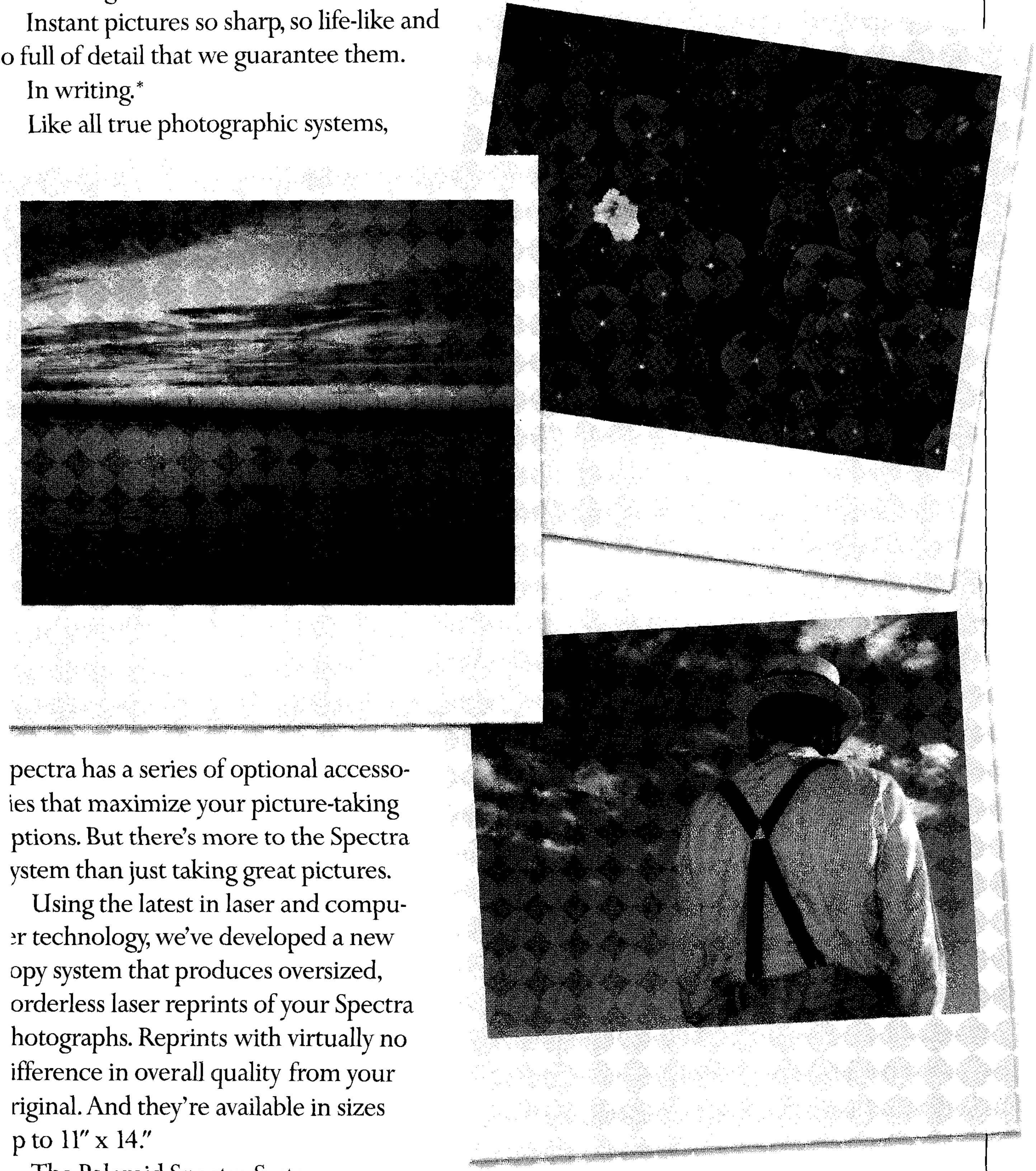

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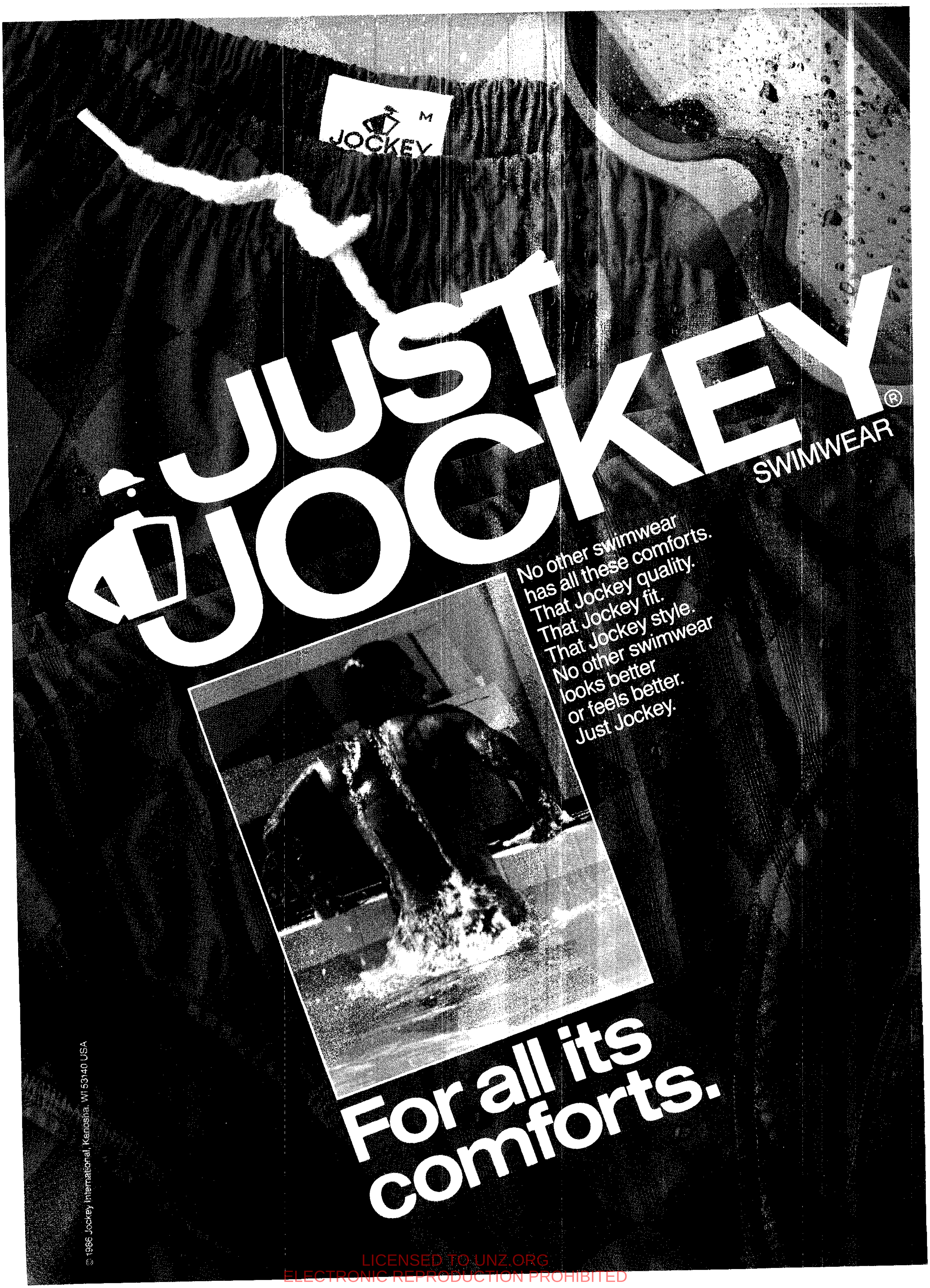

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Arsenic and Old Lace—Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts are the leading characters in this farce by Joseph Kesselring, which was a big hit back in 1941. It is still pretty funny and so worth devoting an idle summer evening to. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/7/86.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cuba and His Teddy Bear—The New York Shakespeare Festival production of Reinaldo Povod's play, seen recently at the Public Theatre, will reopen on Broadway on Wednesday, July 16. Robert De Niro, Ralph Macchio, and Burt Young head a cast directed by Bill Hart. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Further Adventures of Kathy and Mo—A female comedy team—occasionally funny but more often not—from San Diego, California. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 307-7171. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Closes Saturday, July 19.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes an excellent singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 20: Victor Herbert's THE RED MILL. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Master Class—There are four excellent performances—by Austin Pendleton, Werner Klemperer, Len Cariou, and Philip Bosco—in David Pownall's so-so play about a confrontation, in 1948, between Prokofiev and Shostakovich and Stalin and Zhdanov. (6/16/86) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, July 13.)

Mummenschanz—A return engagement by the mime-and-mask trio. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—The novel that Dickens left unfinished at the time of his sudden death has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Negro Ensemble Company—Gus Edwards' LOUIE AND OPHELIA, about the affair of a middle-aged Bronx couple—a mismatch from the start—is as humorous as it is disturbing. Love conquers all. In the leading roles, Elain Graham and Douglas Turner Ward could not be better. Mr. Ward directed. (5/26/86) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A musical with a score by Grant Sturiale and book, lyrics, and direction by Barry Harman. (Actors' Outlet, 120 W. 28th St. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. For tickets, call 645-0783. Moves on Tuesday, July 15, to the Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St., 997-1780, where performances will be given nightly, except Sundays, at 8, with matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.)

Out!—A drama by Lawrence Kelly. Previews through Thursday, July 10. Opens officially on Friday, July 11, at 7. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Wednesday through

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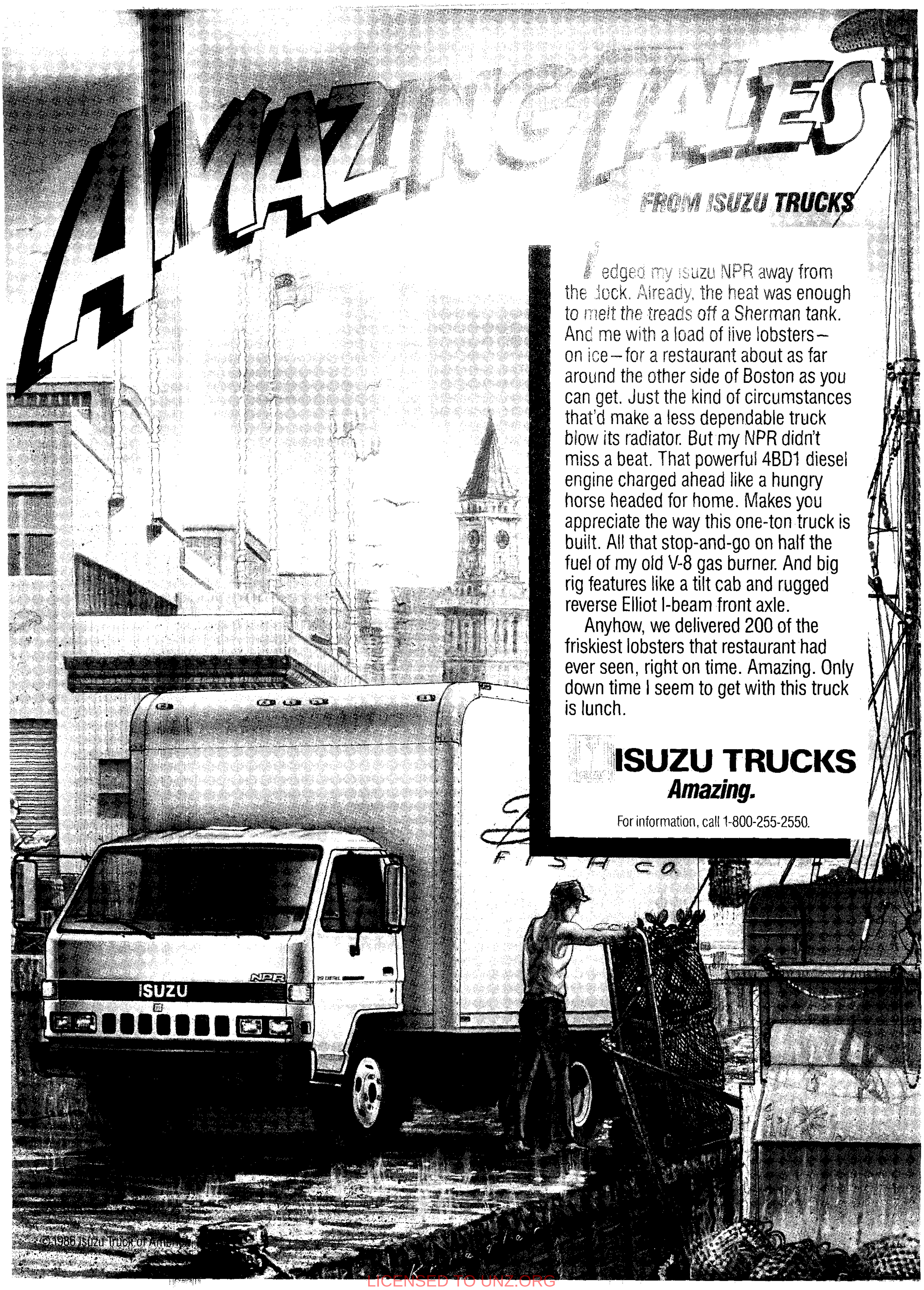

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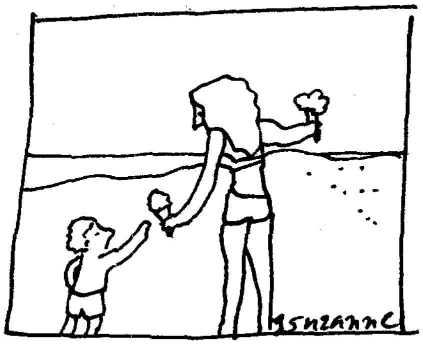

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Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 13.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A one-person vaudeville show, starring the antic and frantic Lily Tomlin in a series of impersonations—some harsh, some tender—written for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sills & Company—The return of Severn Darden, along with several other distinguished alumni of Paul Sills' "Second City" in Chicago, in an evening of cheerful improvisation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Social Security—With his first Broadway comedy, Andrew Bergman proves a worthy successor to the Neil Simon of "Barefoot in the Park." The fine cast is composed of Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Kenneth Welsh, Olympia Dukakis, Joanna Gleason, and Stefan Schnabel. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song & Dance—Imported from England and tricked up for the American trade, this uneasy linking of song (first act) and dance (second act) is redeemed in part by the attractiveness of the chief performers, Bernadette Peters and Victor Barbee. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Sovereign State of Boogedy Boogedy—André De Shields in a comedy by Lonnie Carter, with music from the fifties and sixties. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Charity—A musical that, with very little alteration, has mysteriously improved with age. Directed and choreographed by Bob Fosse, it has a book by Neil Simon, songs by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, settings by Robert Randolph, and a star in the person of Debbie Allen. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Today I Am a Fountain Pen—A play by Israel Horovitz. (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Vienna: Lusthaus—This evocation in dance, mime, acting, and music of turbulent Vienna before the First World War is often beautiful and always entertaining. It was created and directed by the imaginative Martha Clarke, with music by Richard Peaslee—the pair responsible for "The Garden of Earthly Delights" a couple of years ago. Witty text by Charles Mee, Jr. (5/5/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 27.)

Long Runs—**big river:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 10,904 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **penn & teller:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. After Sunday, July 13, no performances until Thursday, July 24.)

MISCELLANY

Spalding Gray—A monologuist in a four-week return engagement of two programs. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2; and Sundays at 7:30: **swimming to cambodia.** . . . ¶ Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8: **terrors of pleasure.** (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Sunday, Aug. 3.)

DANCE

Paris Opera Ballet—Wednesday, July 9, at 7:30; Thursday, July 10, at 2 and 8; Friday, July 18, at 8; and Saturday, July 19, at 2 and 8: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 8; Saturday, July 12, at 2 and 8; and Monday, July 14, at 8: "Les Mirages," "Lully: Quelques Pas Graves de Baptiste," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 15, at 8; Wednesday, July 16, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, July 17, at 8: "Washington Square" and "Palais de Cristal." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Clark Center Summer Dance Festival '86—Wednesday through Saturday, July 9-12, at 8, and Sunday, July 13, at 5: Urban Bush Women. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 15-19, at 8, and Sunday, July 20 at 5: Jane Comfort Dance Company. (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. Through Sunday, Aug. 10. For information about tickets, call 246-4818.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Montgomery, Plant & Stritch, a vocal group, are vocalizing in the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. Guitarist **jimmy ponder's** trio performs Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, and on Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, guitarist **joshua breakstone** heads up a trio. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin at nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at ten Fridays and Saturdays.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **peggy lee** has the stage Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The big blue banner that flies above the entrance to this club may not be modest ("Jazz Capital of the World," it says), but it looks nice flapping in a summer breeze. Organist **jimmy smith** and the steady, unshowy guitarist **kenny burrell** co-pilot a combo through Sunday, July 13; pianist **andy laverne's** All-Stars drop in on Monday, July 14; and starting Tuesday, July 15, pianist **monty alexander's** trio and vibist **bobby hutcherson's** quartet will trade sets. Shows from about nine. Jean Toussaint leads a band every night but Monday after the last set until about four in the morning. Dining.

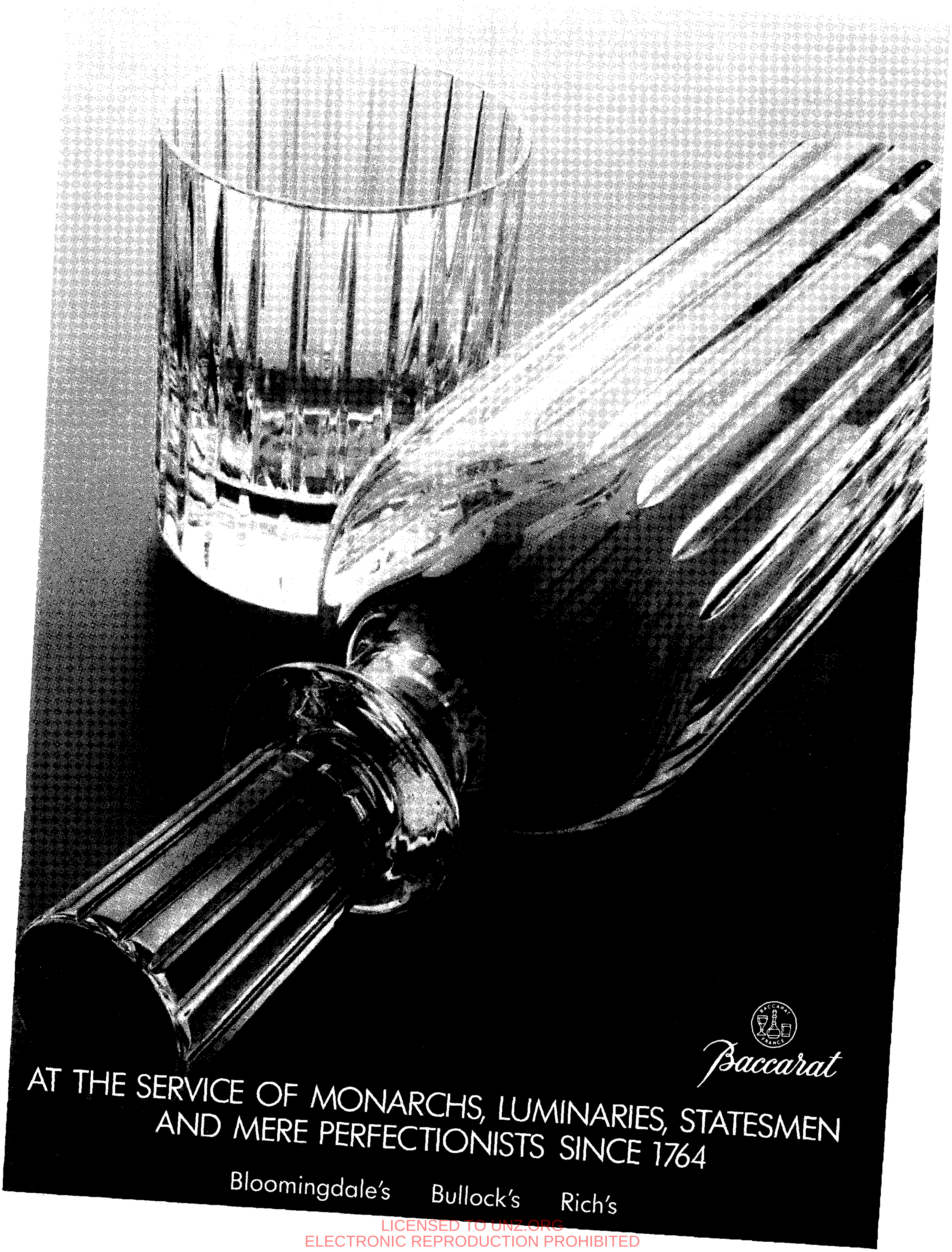
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied roster: Thursday, July 10, the Yellowjackets; Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, **oregon,** the chamber-jazz-of-the-world quartet; Sunday, July 13, **stefan grossman** and **john renbourn;** Monday and Tuesday, July 14-15, Renaissance; Wednesday, July 16, **buster poindexter & the banshees of blue;** Thursday, July 17, Brazilian percussionist **airto** and his wife, singer **flora purim;** and Saturday and Sunday, July 19-20, **steps ahead,** with **michael brecker, mike mainieri, darryl jones, mike stern,** and Steve Smith. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great, up-close view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. Pianist **ronnie mathews** and bassist **david williams** collaborate through Saturday, July 12, and **kenny werner** will be at the keyboard on Sunday, July 13. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink cloths and a bandstand panelled in oak. Singer Gloria Lynne is on hand through Sunday, July 13; singer-songwriter **oscar brown, jr.,** moves in on Tuesday, July 15. Shows at nine and eleven, with an extra show at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**dick wellstood** is now presiding at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage in-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dustry. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club. **MARIA MULDAUR** (who has sung everything from jug-band music to jazz and gospel) will be here Thursday through Saturday, July 10-12; guitarist **PAT MARTINO'S** trio plays on Sunday, July 13; on Thursday, July 17, singer **JEAN CARNE** begins a four-night stint; and Mondays are the property of guitarist and recording innovator **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining. Closed Wednesday, July 9, and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 15-16.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—**MICHELE BAUTIER,** hailed by Sylvia Syms as the greatest singer she has heard in her whole life, is singing in this club Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse—the ceiling is a mile high—this SoHo cathedral now provides space for palm trees to mature and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists (solo or with a bassist). Pianist Chris Anderson plays alone on Thursday, July 10, and with bassist Victor Sproles on Friday and Saturday, July 11-12. **BILL MAYS** will fly all by himself Tuesday through Thursday, July 15-17, and **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CLINT HOUSTON** team up Friday and Saturday, July 18-19. Bill O'Connell is the Monday-night soloist. Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays belong to **DAVID ALLYN,** who sings with guitarist Mitch Stein and bassist Kiyoto Fujiwara through July 12, and with guitarist Scott Hardy and bassist Mark Minkler starting July 16; Sundays and Mondays, Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The dining-room grand is in the hands of **JUDY CARMICHAEL** Tuesdays through Saturdays; Sundays are claimed by Amy Duncan; and Mondays by Jim Badzik. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. Bassist **CECIL MC BEE** works with the California-born pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN,** who plays dense, wondering jazz and tends to smile when she is done, through Saturday, July 12; on Tuesday, July 15, **MC BEE** returns with pianist **JOHN HICKS.** Music from nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but *not* Bastille Day. Thursday, July 10, the **FLESHTONES;** Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, Western-swing revivalists **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL;** Monday, July 14, Mercy Seat and Tav Falco; Wednesday, July 16, True Believers, Wild Seed, and Doctor Mob; Friday, July 18, Max Creek and the Mindy J. Band; and Saturday, July 19, Roomful of Blues and the Mindy J. Band. Music after nine nightly. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—From the glassed-in streetside room, you can see the tubbed saplings in the adjacent office-tower frontage, and from the spiffy back room you can see and hear singers **ANITA O'DAY** and **CHRIS CONNOR** Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt. The roll: Thursday, July 10, Juli Kohl; Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, R. & B.-ists **CORNELL DUPREE** and **RICHARD TEE,** and friends; Monday, July 14, Justin Page; Tuesday, July 15, the BMF quartet; and Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, drummer **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

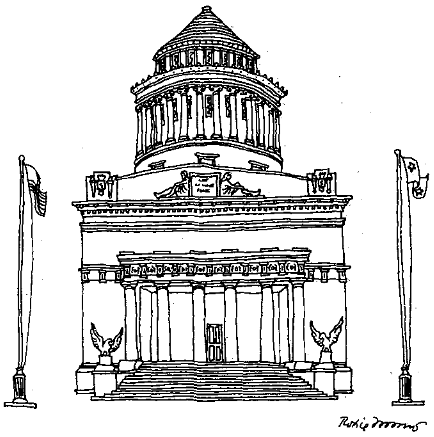
Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The performers: Thursday, July 10, the Fixx; Friday, July 11, the Art of Noise; Saturday, July 12, **MODERN ENGLISH;** Monday, July 14, half a dozen lighthearted bands, including DOA, M.D.C. (a.k.a. Millions of Dead Cops), and Nuclear Assault; Friday, July 18, Let's Active, Rain Parade, and Winter Hours; and Saturday, July 19, the Church. The shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, salsa music, reggae music, and American music. The lineup: Wednesday, July 9, **SONNY OKOSUN;** Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday and Wednesday, July 15-16, David Lindley and his band and the Blue Riddim Band; Thursday, July 17, **BOBBY BLUE BLAND;** and Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, **LOREMIL MACHADO.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **PHINEAS NEWBORN** plays here through Sunday, July 13; on Tuesday, July 15, soprano saxophonist **STEVE LACY** (who started out playing Dixieland and then leaped in with Cecil Taylor, Thelonious Monk, and free-jazz trombonist Roswell Rudd) brings in his sextet; and trumpeter **OLU DARA** and the Okra Orchestra cut loose on Mondays. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A refreshingly simple and basic (in the age of extravagance), non-trendy blues and rock club. Wednesday, July 9, the Johnny Ace Blues Band; Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, the **UPTOWN HORNS;** Sunday, July 13, Kristi Rose & the Dying Breed and Terry & Jerry (a British skiffle band); Monday, July 14, **JUMP STREET;** Tuesday, July 15, Loup Gurou, Terrance *Simien & the Mallet Playboys;* Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17, **BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO;** and Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, the mobile **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE.** Shows after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa bands get going in the big downstairs space on Monday nights after nine; on July 14, **HECTOR LAVOE,** Rafael DeJesus, and the guest jazz soloist, tenor man **BENNY GOLSON,** will all hold forth. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in the Terrace Bar, longtime partners **JUNIOR MANCE** (piano) and **MARTY RIVERA** (bass) perform nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present, with a trio, on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.



Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** leads a foursome through Sunday, July 13, and on Tuesday, July 15, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** descends the staircase with his quintet. Mondays remain prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** *Music from ten.*

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has foursquare tables and booths, and live music. Pianist **WARREN CHIASSON'S** ensemble, with **CHUCK WAYNE** and **CLINT HOUSTON,** will be here through Sunday, July 13, and a trio made up of singer **LODI CARR,** pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** comes in on Wednesday, July 16. Mondays and Tuesdays are comedy nights. Shows from about nine.

Whippoorwill, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—A plush downstairs club, with a lot of art on the pinkish walls and an Oriental rug on the bandstand. Tenor saxophonist **EDDIE HARRIS'S** quartet is in residence through Sunday, July 13; on Tuesday, July 15, altoist **JACKIE MC LEAN** arrives with his sextet; and the Monday honors go to Tex Allen's quintet. Sets begin at ten. Dining. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), New Orleans pianist and famous father **ELLIS MARSALIS** is on hand through Sunday, July 13; starting Tuesday, July 15, the sublime, stirring **TOMMY FLANAGAN** takes over. Pianist **JACK WILSON** and bassist **BOOTS MALESON** fill in on Mondays. Music from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A ground-floor town-house restaurant, bar, and jazz *nook. When the doors reopen on Monday,* July 14, guitarist **TAL FARLOW,** who learned to play at breakneck speed when he worked with Red Norvo in the early fifties, will enter with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Shirley Bassey—With George Kirby. (Marquis Theatre, Broadway at 45th St. Wednesday, July 9, and Friday through Sunday, July 11-13, at 8. For tickets, call 947-0033.)

Starship—With the Outfield. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday, July 11, at 8.)

Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers—*Jazz Cultural* Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, at 10 and midnight.

New Music Festival—Monday, July 14: The Fabulous Thunderbirds, Dave Edmunds, the Golden Palominos, and Guadalcanal Diary. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 15: Force MD's Junior, Mantronix, Hanson & Davis, and Whistle. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 16: General Public, Suzanne Vega, Book of Love, and Let's Active. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Evenings at 8.)

Bob Dylan—With Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday through Thursday, July 15-17, at 8.)

Joe Jackson—*Radio City Music Hall. Thursday* through Saturday, July 17-19, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Gaston Chaissac (1910-64)—Totems, paintings, and drawings. Through Friday, July 18. (Oscarsson Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St. Opens at noon.)

John Chamberlain—Four large recent sculptures, plus smaller works. Through Sept. 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carole Eisner—Recent abstract paintings. Through July 31. (Segal, 568 Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Robert Henri (1865-1929)—Works by the leading spirit of the Ashcan school—portraits of rich kids and ragamuffins, and paintings done in Ireland, Spain, Mexico, the Southwest, and, of course, his New York studio. Through Friday, July 18. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robin Hill / Hannah Villiger—Abstract sculptures in wax, both natural and pigmented. / The artist's own body is the subject of a photographic installation. Through Aug. 27. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Israel—Ink drawings of costume designs for "Vienna: Lusthaus" and for the Seattle Opera's production of the Ring Cycle. Through Aug. 15. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

David Montgomery—Cutout wall sculptures of torsos and figure fragments. The materials are found metal, some of it with the patina that only time can give. Through July 31. (Thorp, 103 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Olympian doodles extracted from forty-five sketchbooks detailing the artist's day-to-day work. (He kept a hundred and seventy-five sketchbooks during his life.) Through Aug. 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Drawings and watercolors by an Austrian Expressionist. Through July 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Fridays at noon.)

Thomas Schindler—Heavily symbolic oil paintings, bringing together bits of armor, a crown of thorns, massive nails, an artist's palette, strands of barbed wire. Through Aug. 2. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens Wednesdays through Sundays at 1.)

Group Shows—At the **allen**, 110 Greene St.: Works on paper and sculptures by Siri Berg, Babe Shapiro, Barbara Thomas, and others. Through Tuesday, July 15. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **austrian institute**, 11 E. 52nd St.: Linoleum cuts, woodcuts, and other graphics, dated 1914 and 1915, by fashion and interior designers connected with the Vienna Workshop (Wiener Werkstätte). Through Aug. 29. . . . **avenue b gallery**, 167 Avenue B, at 11th St.: Four artists, from Germany, Scotland, Austria, and France, are participating in the initial Avenue Biennale. Through July 27. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **baum**, 109 Hudson St.: Painted constructions by Helmut Amann, figurative paintings by Stefan Roloff, and prints by Stephen Sholinsky. Through Friday, July 18. . . . **cds gallery**, 13 E. 75th St.: Jacobo Borges, Roxi Marsen, and Jim Peters are among fifteen artists represented by paintings and works on paper. Through July 25. . . . **center for african art**, 54 E. 68th St.: "African Aesthetics: The Carlo Monzino Collection," comprising works in wood, mainly, but also in gold, ivory, bronze, stone, and terra-cotta, and including the famous "Black Venus." Through Sept. 7. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **davis**, 568 Broadway: Works by seven artists, including an abstract diptych by Andrea Belag and a wall sculpture in mixed mediums by Michael Gitlin. Through July 26. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **de nagy**, 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Goodnough, Stanley Boxer, Ron Gorchov, Tony Robbins, and others. Through July 24. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: A show entitled "The Northern Landscape: Flemish, Dutch, and British Drawings from the Courtauld Collections" contains some of the major exponents of the landscape genre between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, among them Bruegel (Pieter, the Elder), Collaert, Constable, and Turner. Through July 26. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **exit art**, 578 Broadway: Bertha Urdang is the curator of a show of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by eight contemporary Israeli artists. Through Saturday, July 12. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by ten gallery regulars, who were asked to render something that is, for them, experimental, and by ten invited artists, who merely had to deliver large-scale drawings. William Beckman, William T. Wiley, Jo Anne Carson, Jim Gingerich, and others. Through Aug. 15. . . . **galdy**, 19 E. 71st St.: Eighteenth-century Italian drawings, the majority by Giovanni Battista Tempesti, of Pisa. Through July 31. . . . **galerie st. etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: A show that complements the Viennese exhibit at the Modern; works on paper, including prints, by Klimt, Schiele, and Kokoschka. Through Sept. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **gladstone**, 99 Greene St.: Paintings by Helmut Federle, Olivier Mosset, John Armleder, and Gerwald Rockenschaub. Through July 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **heesy**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Janet Stayton, Petey Brown, Richard Carboni, and Lynda Sandhaus. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **kraushaar**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: American paintings from the first fifty years of this century (by Demuth, Hartley, Marin, and others) and by contemporary gallery artists, among the latter Karen Breunig and John Heliker. Through July 31. . . . **lamagna**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Tom Blackwell, Ted Weller, Mattie Berhang, and others, and photographic monoprints by Denny Moers. Through Aug. 1. . . . **luhring augustine & hodes**, 41 E. 57th St.: A dark-green canvas with a ribbon of red, white, and blue painted down one side, by Annette Lemieux, and a stained-glass panel, by Matt Mullican, catch the eye in a four-person show. Christopher Wool and the collaborators Fortuyn/O'Brien are also shown. Through July 25. . . . **mathes**, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Susan Rothenberg, Wayne Thiebaud, Donald Sultan, and others. Through July 31. . . . **nosei**, 100 Prince St.: Visionary landscape paintings by Tod Wizon, a painting in mixed mediums by Brigitta Rohrbach, a large diptych by Chuck Connelly, and other works. Through July 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **plumb**, 81 Greene St.: Sculptures and paintings by seventeen artists, who include Jacques Flèchemuller, Brian Williams, and Hal Saulson. Through July 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **postmasters**, 66 Avenue A, near 4th St.: David Diao and Aimee Rankin are among the eight gallery artists showing paintings and wall constructions. Through Sunday, July 13. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **schoelkopf**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by first-generation American modernists Dove, Nadelman, Maurer, and others. Through July 25. . . . **society of illustrators**, 128 E. 63rd St.: An exhibition of art work related to Miss Liberty, some in the form of *New Yorker* covers. Through July 25. (Open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **holly solomon**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten young Italian artists. Through July 25. . . . **tatistcheff**, 50 W. 57th St.: Two painters new to the gallery, Margaret Bowland (portraits) and Harry Orlyk (plein-air landscapes), are represented along with regular members. Through July 31. . . . **toll**, 146 Greene St.: Figurative paintings, drawings, and sculptures by eight gallery artists, including Liliana Porter, Steven Campbell, David Mach, and Dennis Kardon. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **the urban center**, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Contemporary Spanish residential and commercial architecture is summarized in a show of drawings, photographs, and models of twelve buildings. Through Aug. 7. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **viafora**, 568 Broadway: Drawings by Judith Shea, Richard Artschwager, Francesco Clemente, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **weber**, 142 Greene St.: An exhibit of unusual murals which affords a nice confrontation, on facing walls, between Sol LeWitt's cool, logical designs and one of Judy Pfaff's tangled caprices. The other artists are Michael Glier, Dorothea Rockburne, Vernon Fisher, and Krzysztof Wodiczko. Through July 25.

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery members can also be seen at: **blum helman**, 20 W. 57th St. . . . **cooper**, 155 Wooster St. . . . **cutler**, 164 Mercer St. . . . **davis & langdale**, 231 E. 60th St. . . . **esman**, 70 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **fischbach**, 24 W. 57th St. . . . **germans van eck**, 420 West Broadway. (Opens at noon.) . . . **gruenebaum**, 415 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **hoffman**, 429 West Broadway. . . . **mc kee**, 41 E. 57th St. . . . **robert miller**, 41 E. 57th St. . . . **perlow**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.

Sculpture—At the **gibson**, 568 Broadway: Tony Cragg, Mario Merz, Lawrence Weiner, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **herstand**, 24 W. 57th St.: An all-American all-abstraction selection, with pieces by Bourgeois, Calder, Wilmarth, Joel Fisher, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **pearl**, 38 E. 57th St.: Figurative sculptures by William

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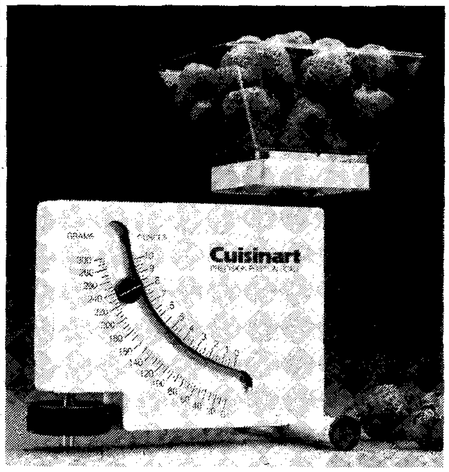

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

King, Marisol, Linda Peer, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Brandt (1904-83) / **Picasso** (1881-1973)—Vintage photographs of nudes. / Manipulated and cutout prints resembling his Cubist paintings. Also, portraits of the artist made by his contemporaries—Man Ray, Irving Penn, Robert Capa. Through Aug. 1. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Horst / Marina Schinz—Photographs of flowers by each, in garden settings by Miss Schinz. Through Aug. 1. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

John Kennard—Photographs documenting the game of baseball from the sandlots to the major leagues. Through July 27. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Sundays and Fridays, noon to 4; closed Saturdays.)

Jay Maisel / Todd Webb—Large-scale photographs of the American landscape over the past thirty years. / Photographs concentrating on New York and Paris and dating from 1945 to 1960. Through Aug. 31. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **light,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Mostly contemporary photographs centering on sporting activities—rodeos, football, hunting, fishing. Eadweard Muybridge, Gary Winogrand, Nancy Dwyer, Stephen Frailey, and others. Through Aug. 29. . . . **laurence miller,** 138 Spring St.: Photographs and works that incorporate photographs, by Lee Friedlander, Sandra Haber, Gary Brotmeyer, and others. Through July 25. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A display of seventy flutes, which date from the Renaissance to the present. Through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Japanese color woodblocks reflecting the impression Westerners made on late-nineteenth-century Japanese artists. Lincoln Kirstein gave these prints to the museum. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design," an exhibit that cuts a wide swath through a pivotal period in the early history of modernism in Europe. Paintings and drawings by Klimt, Kokoschka, Schiele, and others; Vienna Secession posters; and decorative arts from the Wiener Werkstätte, among them a wrought-silver vitrine by C.O. Czeschka. . . . ¶ A comprehensive selection of prints by Jasper Johns. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with popular turn-of-the-century Viennese music performed by an ensemble of Juilliard alumni, and—*wunderbar*—an open-air period café.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main attraction just now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of large-scale paintings by James Rosenquist, including many of his Pop Art works. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Shaker design, exemplified by furniture, textiles, farming equipment, cooking utensils, etc., plus watercolors done as religious tokens. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Third Western States Exhibition: a hundred and twenty-seven works by forty-five contemporary artists, most of whom have not shown their art in our region before. Through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ A show of thirty-four paintings, drawings, and prints by Cézanne on loan from the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Monday, July 14. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the nineteenth-century American artist William Rimmer, including two of his best-known works—the bronze "Falling Gladiator" and the oil "Flight and Pursuit." Through July 28. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of recent North American Indian textiles, pottery, baskets, jewelry, and carvings. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

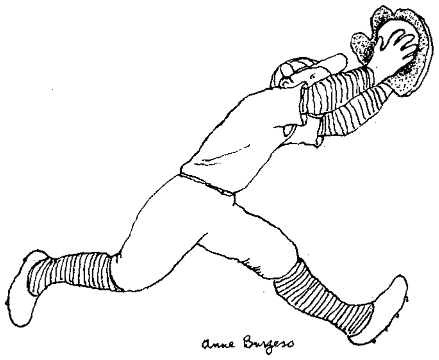
Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The virtuosity of Hungarian metalsmiths is underscored in a display of gold and silver objects dating from the ninth century to the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **note:** A dance concert will be given in the garden by Johanna Boyce and the Calf Women on Tuesday, July 15, at 6:30.

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese porcelains, first and foremost (but also Japanese-influenced wares from China and Europe), which were exported to England when a passion for Arita and Kakiemon gripped collectors there. These particular pieces are from Burghley House and most appear on its inventory lists dated 1688 and 1690. Through July 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings, watercolors, prints, and photographs (some of the latter by Beato, Frith, and Bourne) that document British rule in India. Through July 31. (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Forty-three paintings of animals and birds commissioned from seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Italian, Flemish, and Dutch artists by various Medicis whose households seem to have been enlivened with pheasants, two-headed lambs, storks, and, of course, lapdogs and hunting dogs. On loan from the Pitti Palace. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—The follies and vices of consumerism are considered through paintings, sculptures, and installations that exaggerate, in scale or number, common products. For example, humanlike figures, by Justen Ladda, which have jello for heads and numerous hands in urgent, buy-me, buy-me gestures. Through Aug. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)



New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A twelve-foot painted-plaster diorama of the Statue of Liberty made by its sculptor, Bartholdi, salutes visitors to a scholarly tribute entitled "Liberty: The French-American Statue in Art and History." Taking care of the art part are models, maquettes, photographs, and paintings, showing both the influences on the statue's design and some of the art engendered by it; the history section details funding, construction, shipping, negotiations, and the 1886 dedication by President Cleveland. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Alien Comic (performance), Wednesdays and Thursdays, July 9-10 and 16-17, at 10; Ethyl Eichelberger (performance), Friday through Sunday, July 11-13, and Thursday through Sunday, July 17-20, at 9.

MUSIC

New York City Opera—A one-week engagement of "Kismet," conducted by Paul Gemignani—Wednesday, July 9, and Friday, July 11, at 8; Saturday, July 12, at 2; and Sunday, July 13, at 7: With Jean Glennon, Janis Eckhart, Mark Thomsen, and Theodore Baerg. . . . Thursday, July 10, and Saturday, July 12, at 8, and Sunday, July 13, at 1: With Diana Walker, Susanne Marsee, Cris Groenendaal, and Timothy Nolen. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 16, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Faith Esham, Michael Cousins, Stephen Dickson, and Stanley Wexler; conducted by Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elizabeth Hynes, Erie Mills, Cynthia Rose, Kurt Link, and Timothy Nolen; Hugh Wolff. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Michael Cousins, and Theodore Baerg; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 2: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Margaret Cusack, John Absalom, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8: "La Bohème," with Marianna Christos, Elizabeth Holleque, Richard Leech, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7—Wednesday, July 9: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Erie Mills, soprano; Carol Wincenc, flute; and Heidi Lehwalder, harp. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 10: Claudio Scimone conducting the orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program, with Michala Petri, recorder. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 11-12: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with John Browning, piano, and Young-Uck Kim, violin. . . . ¶ Monday, July 14: Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; John-Steele Ritter, piano; and Leslie Parnas, cello. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, July 15-16: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Rampal. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17: A repeat of the July 10th program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 18-19: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with David Bar-Illan, piano, and Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 23.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Erie Mills, soprano; Martha Caplin, violin; Carol Wincenc, flute; Robert Routch, horn; Heidi Lehwalder, harp; John Browning, piano; and members of the Society, in a program of French music. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, July 10, at 8.)

"Casanova"—A screening of the 1927 film by

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Alexander Volkoff, accompanied by a symphony orchestra playing a new score composed and conducted by Georges Delerue. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, July 11, at 7:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL—Wednesday, July 9, at 8:30: John Williams conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 10, at 8:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Tchaikovsky-Prokofiev program, with Andrei Nikolsky, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a second Tchaikovsky-Prokofiev program, with Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Viktoria Mullova, violin; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 2:30: Leontyne Price, soprano, and David Garvey, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 8:30: Trevor Pinnock, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 7: Gilbert Kalish, piano, in an all-Haydn program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 9: Trevor Pinnock conducting the Boston Symphony in a program of baroque music, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Trevor Pinnock conducting a Vivaldi-Handel program, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 2:30: Edo de Waart conducting a Rachmaninoff-Wagner program, with André Watts, piano. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 10, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Jane Bryden, soprano, and Deborah Hoffman, harp. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 9: Marilyn Horne, soprano, and Warren Jones, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: Tamás Vásáry conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's and acting as piano soloist, with Stephen Taylor, oboe. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 5:30: Andrea Lucchesini, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 4:15: The ensemble, with Robert Merfeld, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 9: Michael Feldman conducting the ensemble, with Robert Wolinsky, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano, and Naoko Tanaka, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 24. On Saturdays, trains leave Grand Central Terminal at 12:48, 2:48, and 5:48, and are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Performances (tentative schedule) by the NEW YORK CITY BALLET in a three-week season that ends Saturday, July 19—Wednesday evening, July 9: "Shadows," "Quiet City," "Tarantella," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Thursday, matinée, July 10: "Donizetti Variations," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 10: "Ballo della Regina," "Eight More," "In Memory of . . . ," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 11: "Divertimento No. 15," "Circus Polka," "Duo Concertant," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 12: "Piccolo Balletto," "Shadows," "Eight More," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 12: "La Source," "In Memory of . . . ," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . [NOTE: A special concert will be given Sunday evening, July 13, by Bob Dylan and Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers.] . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 15: "Allegro Brillante," "Episodes," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 16: "Interplay," "Antique Epigraphs," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 17: "Interplay," "La Source," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 17: "Divertimento No. 15," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 18: "Allegro Brillante," "Antique Epigraphs," "Episodes," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 19: "Interplay," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 19: "Divertimento No. 15," "Glass Pieces," and "Union Jack." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SUMMERFARE '86—Opening performances of a four-week season of music, dance, and theatre which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. *Un soupçon*—FRIDAY, JULY 11, AT 7:45: The Guthrie Theatre production of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . AT 8: The Boston Ballet and a production of "Crime and Punishment," by the Stary Teatr of Cracow, Poland. . . . SATURDAY, JULY 12, AT 5: An all-Haydn concert. . . . AT 7:45: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . AT 8: The Boston Ballet; the Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra in a program of Haydn symphonies, conducted by Daniel Stepner; and "Crime and Punishment." . . . SUNDAY, JULY 13, AT 1: Kei Takei's Moving Earth. . . . AT 2: Joan Benson, clavichord and fortepiano; Judith Norell, harpsichord; and Steven Lubin, fortepiano, in a four-hour program of early Haydn sonatas; and a program of dance solos by Dana Reitz. . . . AT 2:45: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . AT 3: The Boston Ballet; "Crime and Punishment;" and programs of dance by Susan Rethorst, Channel Z, Elizabeth Streb, and others. . . . TUESDAY, JULY 15, AT 8: "Crime and Punishment." . . . WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, AT 7:30: Craig Smith conducting the Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra in a performance of Mozart's opera "Così Fan Tutte," staged by Peter Sellars. . . . AT 7:45: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . AT 8: "Crime and Punishment." . . . THURSDAY, JULY 17, AT 7:45: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . AT 8: "Crime and Punishment." . . . AT 8:15: The Bochumer Ensemble, from Germany, in a production of Schiller's melodrama "The Robbers." . . . FRIDAY, JULY 18, AT 7:30: "Così Fan Tutte." . . . AT 7:45: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . AT 8: The Feld Ballet; "Crime and Punishment;" and the Gabrieli Quartet in an all-Haydn program. . . . AT 8:15: "The Robbers." . . . SATURDAY, JULY 19, AT 5: A program of chamber music and songs by Haydn. . . . AT 7:45: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . AT 8: The Feld Ballet; the Gabrieli Quartet and pianist Gilbert Kalish in an all-Haydn program; and "Crime and Punishment." . . . AT 8:15: "The Robbers." . . . AT 10:45: Harvie Swartz and Urban Earth. . . . SUNDAY, JULY 20, AT 2:30: "Così Fan Tutte." . . . AT 2:45: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . AT 3: The Feld Ballet; the Gabrieli Quartet and Mr. Kalish in a second all-Haydn program; "The Robbers;" and "Crime and Punishment." (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900. For information about round-trip bus transportation from Lincoln Center to Purchase, call 1-914 963-6585.)

WATERLOO FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—Two in a series of six weekly concerts. Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: Hermann Michael conducting, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Maxim Shostakovich conducting, with Nai-Yuan Hu, violin. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700. Through Saturday, Aug. 9.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet, modern, and ethnic dancing—Through Saturday, July 12: Pooh Kaye, Kathy Rose, and Victoria Marks presenting programs combining dance and animated film. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 15-19: The American Ballroom Theatre and the Jacob's Pillow Ballet Ensemble. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, July 9, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Atlanta, Thursday and Friday, July 10-11, at 7:35; Saturday, July 12, at about 1:30 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities—this year, a twenty-fifth-anniversary celebration—will start at 11:45, and will include a couple of innings involving about fifty former Mets players); and Sunday, July 13, at 1:35. . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Thursday and Friday, July 17-18, at 7:30, and Saturday, July 19, at 3:20 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 2, and will include a couple of innings involving members of the 1961 Yankee team).

RACING—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, July 28. Post time will be 3 on Friday, July 11. The Lexington, Saturday, July 12, and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 19. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 19. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of TWELFTH NIGHT, with F. Murray Abraham and Peter MacNicol. The first of three productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Through Sunday, July 20. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks. James Conlon conducting works by French and American composers in the first in a series of three programs. SNUG HARBOR, Staten Island, Wednesday, July 9, at 8. . . . CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN, Monday, July 14, at 8. . . . COCHERON PARK, Queens, Tuesday, July 15, at 8. . . . BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx, Thursday, July 17, at 8.

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Miller beer people's summer series. Thursday, July 10: Van Morrison and John Hammond. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12: Twisted Sister, with Loudness and Raven. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA—La Garde Républicaine, a French Army marching band. (Wednesday, July 9, at 1, 5:45, and 7.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays and Sundays at 8.) . . . ¶ Kenneth Klein conducting the New York Virtuosi in a Beethoven-Bach program, with Robert Portney, violin. (Tuesday, July 15, at 8.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera company in the first two in a series of four productions. Thursday, July 10, at 7:30: Jacques Fromental Halévy's "La Juive." . . . Thursday, July 17, at 7:30: Verdi's "La Traviata." (The rain date for either production is Aug. 1.) . . . ¶ The Harp Band in a program of Latin jazz and new music. (Saturday, July 12, at 3; rain date July 15, at 6.) . . . ¶ The Manhattan Marimba Quartet, with assisting artists. (Sunday, July 13, at 3.) . . . ¶ Fourteen Karat Soul and Lunatune, performing a cappella. (Saturday, July 19, at 3.)

WALKING TOUR—A conducted tour of lower Broadway, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, July 13, starting at the steps of City Hall, at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 13.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Carmen Jones" (†) and "Dreamchild" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 10: "Legal Eagles" (†). From July 11: "Club Paradise" (directed by Harold Ramis), with Robin Williams, Peter O'Toole, and Rick Moranis.
Theatre 3: "Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"About Last Night . . ." (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through July 17: "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.
From July 18: "Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.
Theatre 2: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 3: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"About Last Night . . ." (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 2: Through July 10: "Top Gun" (†). From July 11: "Club Paradise" (Harold Ramis), with Robin Williams, Peter O'Toole, and Rick Moranis.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: Through July 10: "American Anthem" (Albert Magnoli), with Mitch Gaylord and Janet Jones. From July 11: To be announced.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 10: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
From July 11: To be announced.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Mona Lisa" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin). From July 18: "Malcolm" (Nadia Tass), with Colin Friels and John Hargreaves.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 2: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.
Theatre 2: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Legal Eagles" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.
Theatre 2: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 2: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Pigs and Battleships" (1961; directed by Shohei Imamura; in Japanese), with Hiroyuki Nagato.
Theatre 2: July 9: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; Jacques Tati; in French), with Tati; and "Playtime" (1968), directed by, and with, Jacques Tati. July 10-12: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina. July 13-14: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (†); and "Pygmalion" (1938; Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard), with Howard and Wendy Hiller. July 15-16: "Through a Glass Darkly" (†), "Winter Light" (†), and "The Silence" (†). July 17-19: "Jules and Jim" (†) and "Black Orpheus" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through July 10: "Hail Mary" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French); and "Masculine Feminine" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya. From July 11: "Tea in the Harem" (Mehdi Charef; in French).
Theatre 2: Through July 10: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary. From July 11: "Hail Mary."

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.
Theatre 2: "Ruthless People" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Brazil" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 2: Through July 10: "Top Gun" (†). From July 11: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).
Theatre 2: "Hard Choices" (Rick King).
Theatre 3: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 4: "F/X" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through July 10: "American Anthem" (Albert Magnoli), with Mitch Gaylord and Janet Jones. From July 11: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 3: "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through July 10: "American Anthem" (Albert Magnoli), with Mitch Gaylord and Janet Jones.
From July 11: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Spring Symphony" (Peter Schamoni; in German), with Nastassja Kinski.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through July 10: "F/X" (†).
From July 11: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"About Last Night . . ." (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Vagabond" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†). From July 18: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin), with Wang.
Theatre 3: "The Girl in the Picture" (Cary Parker), with John Gordon-Sinclair and Irina Brook.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Ran" (†).
Theatre 2: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "Rainy Day Friends" (Gary Kent), with Esai Morales. From July 18: "Sincerely Charlotte" (Caroline Huppert; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.
Theatre 3: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 4: "About Last Night . . ." (†).
Theatre 5: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 6: "Ruthless People" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.
Theatre 3: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.
Theatre 4: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Under the Cherry Moon" (directed by Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 2: Through July 10: "Raw Deal" (†). From July 11: "Club Paradise" (Harold

Ramis), with Robin Williams, Peter O'Toole, and Rick Moranis.
Theatre 3: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 4: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 5: Through July 10: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†). From July 11: "Raw Deal" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Manhattan Project" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ruthless People" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Top Gun" (†).
Theatre 3: "Short Circuit" (†).
Theatre 4: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.
Theatre 2: "About Last Night . . ." (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "Big Trouble in Little China." From July 18: "Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.

U.A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 10: "Les Compères" (1984; directed by Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard; and "La Chèvre" (1981; Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
July 11-12: "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Charles Grodin; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
July 13-15: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
July 16-17: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles); and "The Lady in Red" (1986), with Pamela Sue Martin.
July 18-19: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and

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"Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 9: "Kid Brother" (1927; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd; and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" (1926; Harry Edwards; a silent film), with Harry Langdon.
July 10-12: "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman), with Keaton, Marian Mack, and Glenn Cavender; and "Sherlock Jr." (1924; a silent film), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton.
July 13-14: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes.
July 15-16: "Duck Soup" (†) and "If I Had a Million" (†).
July 17-19: "Bringing Up Baby" (†) and "Holiday" (†).

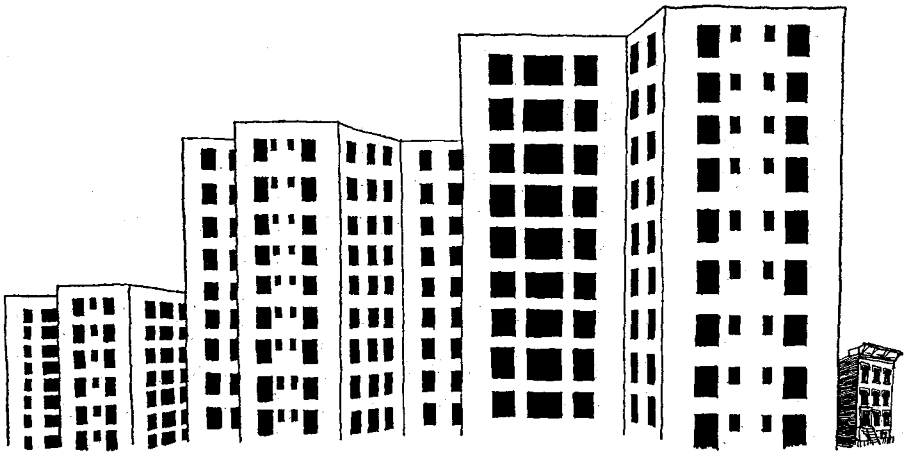
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
July 9: "The Boy Friend" (1971; Ken Russell), with Twiggy and Christopher Gable; and "Gold Diggers of 1933" (Mervyn LeRoy), with Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, and Dick Powell.
July 10: "The 4th Man" (1982; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch), with Jereon Krabbé and Renée Soutendijk; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
July 11-12: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.
July 13: "Under the Volcano" (†); and "Volcano: An Inquiry Into the Life of Malcolm Lowry" (1977; Donald Brittain).
July 14: A program of cartoons.
July 15: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "In the Cool of the Day" (1963; Robert Stevens), with Jane Fonda, Peter Finch, and Angela Lansbury.
July 16: "The Tingler" (1960; William Castle), with Vincent Price; "Shanks" (1974; William Castle), with Marcel Marceau; and "Homicidal" (William Castle), with Glenn Corbett.
July 17: "Smile" (†) and "Carrie" (1976 †).
July 18: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt; and "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
July 19: "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; and "The Witches" (1969), a five-episode film.

THALIA SOHO, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
July 9: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand.
July 10: A program of cartoons.
July 11-12: "Hail the Conquering Hero" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Eddie Bracken and Ella Raines; and "The French They Are a Funny Race" (1957; Preston Sturges), with Martine Carol and Jack Buchanan.
July 13: "Bellissima" (1951; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Anna Magnani and Walter Chiari; and "The Lady Without Camelias" (1953; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Lucia Bosè.
July 14: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978; Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; in French), a documentary; and "Espoir" (1938; André Malraux; in French).
July 15: "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch); and two David Lynch short films.
July 16: "Pather Panchali" (1954; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali); and "Aparajito" (1957; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali).
July 17: A program of cartoons.
July 18-19: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Road Games" (1982; Richard Franklin), with Stacy Keach and Jamie Lee Curtis.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 9: "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine; and "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin.
July 10: "Caesar and Cleopatra" (1946; Gabriel Pascal), with Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains; and "Androcles and the Lion" (1952; Chester Erskine), with Jean Simmons, Alan Young, and Victor Mature.
July 11-12: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.
July 13-14: "Two Women" (†); and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).
July 15: "While the City Sleeps" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews and Ida Lupino; and "Clash by Night" (1952; Fritz Lang), with Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, and Robert Ryan.
July 16: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey; and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935; Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle), with James Cagney and Mickey Rooney.
July 17: "These Three" (†) and "The Browning Version" (†).
July 18-19: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Design for Living" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
THEATRE 1: July 10 at 2:30: "The Ape Woman" (1964; directed by Marco Ferreri; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ugo Tognazzi and Annie Girardot. . . . ¶ July 10 at 6: "Riusciranno i Nostri Eroi . . ." (1968; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi, Bernard Blier, and Nino Manfredi. . . . ¶ July 11 at 2:30: "Risate di Gioia" (1960; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Totò, and Ben Gazzara. . . . ¶ July 11 at 6: "Variety Lights" (1950; Alberto Lattuada and Federico Fellini; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 12 at 2: "In Nome del Popolo Italiano" (1971; Dino Risi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman and Ugo To-


Judith Shahn

gnazzi. . . . ¶ July 12 at 5: "L'Udienza" (1972; Marco Ferreri; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Claudia Cardinale, Vittorio Gassman, and Ugo Tognazzi. . . . ¶ July 13 at 2: "Polvere di Stelle" (1973; Alberto Sordi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Sordi, Monica Vitti, and John Phillip Law. . . . ¶ July 13 at 5: "Risate di Gioia." . . . ¶ July 14 at 2:30: "L'Udienza." . . . ¶ July 14 at 6: "The Ape Woman." . . . ¶ July 15 at 2:30: "Variety Lights." . . . ¶ July 15 at 6: "Polvere di Stelle." . . . ¶ July 17 at 2:30: "Riusciranno i Nostri Eroi . . ." . . . ¶ July 17 at 6: "In Nome del Popolo." . . . ¶ July 18 at 2:30: "Per Grazia Picevuta" (1971; Nino Manfredi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Manfredi and Lionel Stander. . . . ¶ July 18 at 6: "Pane e Cioccolata" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina. . . . ¶ July 19 at 2: "Teresa the Thief" (1975; Carlo Di Palma; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Monica Vitti and Stefano Satta Flores. . . . ¶ July 19 at 5: "La Tosca" (1973; Luigi Magni), with Monica Vitti, Luigi Proietti, Vittorio Gassman, and Aldo Fabrizi.

THEATRE 2: Theatre closed.

GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (82nd St. entrance on Tuesdays) (570-3949)—July 9: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman. . . . ¶ July 10: "Angels with Dirty Faces" (1938; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sheridan, and George Bancroft. . . . ¶ July 11: "Show Boat" (1951; George Sidney), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield. . . . ¶ July 14: "Agatha" (1978; Michael Apted), with Vanessa Redgrave and Dustin Hoffman. . . . ¶ July 15: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Jodie Foster, and Cybill Sheperd. . . . ¶ July 16: "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House" (1948; H. C. Potter), with Cary Grant and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ July 17: "Each Dawn I Die" (1939; William Keighley), with James Cagney and George Raft. . . . ¶ July 18: "Oklahoma!" (1955; Fred Zinnemann), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones. (All showings at 6:30. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ABOUT LAST NIGHT . . .—With Rob Lowe, Demi Moore, Jim Belushi, and Elizabeth Perkins; directed by Edward Zwick. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New Gramercy, Sutton, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

BLACK ORPHEUS (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Film Forum; July 17-19.)

BRAZIL—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/86.) (8th St. Playhouse.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles, Barry Fitzgerald, May Robson, Walter Catlett, and Fritz Feld. (Regency; July 17-19.)

THE BROWNING VERSION (1951)—The cuckolded schoolmaster of Terence Rattigan's play requires a virtuoso actor. In this version, directed by Anthony Asquith, it got one. If the sustained anguish of the role does not give Michael Redgrave a great deal of room to move around in, it does give him a chance to show what he can do in tight quarters, and that, it turns out, is considerable. He is superb. With Jean Kent as his wife, Nigel Patrick as her lover. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 17.)

CARMEN JONES (1954)—The setting of Bizet's "Carmen" has been changed from Mérimée's Spain to Jacksonville, Florida, and the libretto has been rewritten by Oscar Hammerstein II, who provides colloquial, rather basic lyrics, but the music retains much of its excitement in this flamboyant version with an all-black cast. Dorothy Dandridge is a marvellous-looking Carmen—fiery and petulant, with whiplash hips in a hot-pink skirt. (Her singing was dubbed by Marilyn Horne.) The man Carmen destroys is played by Harry Belafonte, who seems miscast and miserable (he was also dubbed). It's somewhat frustrating to watch performers who *can* sing but aren't allowed to; of the principals, only Pearl Bailey sings in her own voice. She's pure, comic energy up there in the center of the screen, and the director, Otto Preminger, seems to just stand back, enjoying her, like the rest of us. This movie is terribly uneven—best when it's gaudy and electric, worst in its more realistically staged melodramatic moments, especially toward the end. The cast includes Diahann Carroll, Olga James, Joe Adams, Nick Stewart, and Brock Peters. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

CARRIE (1976)—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically. With Piper Laurie, John Travolta, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (Thalia; July 17.)

THE COLOR PURPLE—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

DESIGN FOR LIVING (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht. Though Hecht swore that he had deleted all but one of Coward's actual lines, the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is not right for Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 18-19.)

DREAMCHILD—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, but it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

DUCK SOUP (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, and Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Regency; July 15-16.)

F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ New Carnegie; through July 10.)

HANNAH AND HER SISTERS—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies is gone. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and Criterion Theatres; through July 10. . . . ¶ New Carnegie; starting July 11.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Edward Everett Horton,

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Jean Dixon, and Lew Ayres. (Regency; July 17-19.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—Perhaps the best of the American all-star episode films of its era. Each brief story has a different comic flavor. The cast includes W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, Charles Laughton, Gary Cooper, Mary Boland, Jack Oakie, George Raft, and Wynne Gibson as the prostitute who, given a million dollars, goes to bed alone. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, among others. (Regency; July 15-16.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy—the most preposterous work of art ever written. Wit cascades through the play in a natural flow. Considered too high-style (and too dry-style) for general consumption, it was never filmed until this production, in color, directed by Anthony Asquith, who also did the adaptation and left the play alone as much as possible. The film is stagy, but highly enjoyable; Wilde's multiple-entendres about love and money are delivered in the required exquisite high, dry style by an extraordinary cast. Michael Redgrave is Jack Worthing; Edith Evans is triumphantly larger than life as Lady Bracknell; the cast also includes Joan Greenwood, Michael Denison, Dorothy Tutin, Margaret Rutherford, and Miles Malleson. (Film Forum; July 13-14.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—François Truffaut's celebration of bohemian life in France and Germany in the years of artistic ferment between the First World War and the Second. The Austrian, Jules (Oskar Werner), and the Frenchman, Jim (Henri Serre), have a peaceful friendship. But when they are with Catherine (Jeanne Moreau) they feel alive; anything may happen. She's the catalyst, the troublemaker, the source of despair as well as the source of joy, an enchantress. Catherine marries Jules, who can't hold her, and, in despair, he encourages Jim's interest in her—"that way, she'll still be *ours*." She insists on her freedom to leave men, but if they leave her (as Jim does) she is as devastated and as helpless as any clinging vine (perhaps *more* devastated—she can't even ask for sympathy). Elliptical, full of wit and radiance, this is the best movie ever made about what most of us think of as the Scott Fitzgerald period. In French. (Film Forum; July 17-19.)

Legal Eagles—As a New York assistant district attorney, Robert Redford bestirs himself more than he did in "The Natural" and "Out of Africa," and he reminds you of what made him a star—but his affable performance is no more than a reminder. Debra Winger is confined in the prim, tailored-suit role of a dedicated young defense lawyer; she has glimmers of humor, but the part is an emotional straitjacket, and she's practically deadpan. And Daryl Hannah, who is charged with stealing one of her dead artist father's paintings, and then with murder, has no character to play—she goes through the movie pouting, her long blond hair flowing, her eyes blank. Except for David Clennon as a bug-eyed assistant D.A. who's a complete stinker, everybody is unformed or only partly formed. The cast includes Terence Stamp (more assured every year and looking great), Brian Dennehy, Roscoe Lee Browne, Christine Baranski, Sara Botsford, Steven Hill, and many other gifted performers who flit onscreen and off, with nothing to do but push the engine-less plot uphill. Directed by Ivan Reitman, from a script credited to Jim Cash and Jack Epps, Jr., the movie, which is set in the art world, seems to have taken the scandal of how Mark Rothko's estate was managed and scrambled it up with pieces of romantic comedy-thrillers such as "Charade," and courtroom comedies such as "Adam's Rib." It's all plot, and the plot is all holes; it's not just that it doesn't add up right—most of the episodes don't quite make sense. About all that carries the movie along is the functional—and occasionally smooth, bright—dialogue. This was the wrong kind of movie for Ivan Reitman to have attempted; it needed a director with style. Reitman endows it with the visual excitement of a Rotary Club lunch, and the most you can say for the square cinematography (by Laszlo Kovacs) is that it's instantly scannable. (6/30/86) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

The Manhattan Project—The writer-director Marshall Brickman and his co-writer, Thomas Baum, have a knack for capturing the way brainy people talk to each other, and how ridiculous and touching they can be. And the actors—John Lithgow, especially—seem overjoyed to be speaking such good satirical dialogue. Lithgow plays a beaming, self-conscious nuclear scientist, the director of a new, secret government research center in Ithaca, New York. He courts a woman (Jill Eikenberry) whose prankish seventeen-year-old son (Christopher Collet), a scientific wizard, is miffed—the boy swipes plutonium from the center and builds a homemade nuclear bomb to enter in the competition of high-school students at the National Science Fair in Manhattan. The title is from the Second World War Manhattan Project, where the first atom bomb was devised by largely apolitical scientists, such as Oppenheimer, Teller, and Fermi, and the movie is about how the boy's folly forces the man to shed the illusion that he's apolitical and face up to his responsibilities. When this bland moral rectitude takes over, the film's comedy spirit withers. But there are a lot of enjoyable things: Lithgow's warming presence, and the way he has of turning his lines into boomerangs; Cynthia Nixon's cool self-possession—she plays the boy's pretty blond girlfriend who helps him sneak into the center; the break-in itself, which is a series of ingenious, silent slapstick tricks; Warren Manzi as the courtly day attendant at the center; Sully Boyar's puzzled routine as the night guard—it's like a sober variation on a Barry Fitzgerald drunk routine; and the kids at the Science Fair, whose projects take you back to the looniest absorbing interests you ever had. (6/30/86) (Criterion Theatres.)

Mona Lisa—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hang-outs, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (Cinema I.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop

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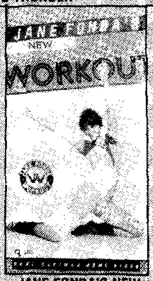

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star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Cinema Studio.)

Raw Deal—It's reprehensible and enjoyable, the kind of movie that makes you feel brain dead in two minutes—after which point you're ready to laugh at its mixture of trashiness, violence, and startlingly silly crude humor. As a lawman who infiltrates the biggest mob in Chicago, Arnold Schwarzenegger is a puzzling, cartoon phenomenon, like a walking brick wall, and the director, John Irvin, sets the other characters to bouncing off that wall. The cast includes Kathryn Harrold, who shows the physical abandon of a good slapstick comedienne; Sam Wanamaker, who has some juicy, egocentric moments as the gangland boss; and Paul Shenar, Steven Hill, Darren McGavin, and Ed Lauter. The script, cooked up by a couple of Italians (Luciano Vincenzoni and Sergio Donati), written by the erratic Norman Wexler, and then rewritten by Gary M. DeVore, still retains some of Wexler's rowdy spirit. (6/30/86) (Criterion Theatres.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

Ruthless People—With Danny DeVito and Bette Midler; directed by Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and David Zucker. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Short Circuit—Ally Sheedy had a comic spark in "WarGames" (1983), and as the skittish wacko she pepped up "The Breakfast Club" (1985), but she's painfully adorable here, and so is the whole movie. She's a girl who takes in stray animals, and she plays opposite Steve Guttenberg, perhaps the least likely of all the young actors who have been cast as scientific prodigies. One of the robots that this genius has invented for Army use as "the ultimate soldiers" is hit by lightning and comes alive, and his wide-spaced big round eyes (they're like coy headlights) tell you that the moviemakers had him designed to be a lovable robot version of E.T. This robot—Number Five—escapes from the military compound. Sheedy takes him in, Guttenberg comes after him, and they try to save Number Five (who is charmed by butterflies) from being slaughtered by the government meanies. The picture is smoothly directed; it required a lot of craftsmanship to make it, but it has so little individuality that it seems merely an example of a simpering new genre: sci-fi for the teen market. In one sequence, Number Five watches TV, sees John Travolta dance in John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever" (1977), and imitates his moves; since Badham also directed "Short Circuit," the scene may make you uncomfortable. It reminds you that the characters in his films (he did "WarGames," too, and also "Blue Thunder" and "American Flyers") have become more and more mechanized. As a scientist from India who has assisted Guttenberg in the creation of the robots, Fisher Stevens is the film's resident comic; he keeps misusing American expressions. It's such an obvious and repetitive gag that when you laugh you feel contempt for yourself. Also with Austin Pendleton, Brian McNamara, and Tim Blaney's voice (for Number Five). The sucking-up-to-youth script is by S. S. Wilson and Brent Maddock. (Embassy.)

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The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Film Forum; July 15-16.)

Smile (1975)—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. The film is an affectionate satirical salute to the square; though we laugh at the gaffes of the raw-boned teen-age girls, the laughter isn't cruel. Bruce Dern plays the chief judge, a booster who talks in homilies that express exactly how he feels. With Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Annette O'Toole, Joan Prather, and Maria O'Brien. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. (Thalia; July 17.)

These Three (1936)—A beautifully made early version of the Lillian Hellman play "The Children's Hour," which effectively transposes the lesbian accusation to a heterosexual accusation. (Hellman did the adaptation.) Merle Oberon (in one of her better performances), Joel McCrea, and Miriam Hopkins are the three leads; Bonita Granville is the ghastly, tale-bearing child who claims to have seen sexual carryings-on, and Catherine Doucet is Hopkins' aunt. William Wyler directed. With Alma Kruger, Marcia Mae Jones, Margaret Hamilton, and Walter Brennan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 17.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Film Forum; July 15-16.)

Top Gun—The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the élite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; her co-star, the relatively diminutive Tom Cruise, is supposed to be the most daring of her students. When McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shiny homoerotic commercial; the pilots strut around the locker room, towels hanging precariously from their waists. In between the bare-chested maneuvers, there's footage of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshing around in the sky, and landing while the soundtrack calls up Armageddon and the Second Coming. What is the movie selling? It's just selling, because that's what the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and the director, Tony Scott, know how to do. Selling is what they think moviemaking is about. With Val Kilmer, Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerritt. (6/16/86) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Manhattan, and R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; through July 10.)

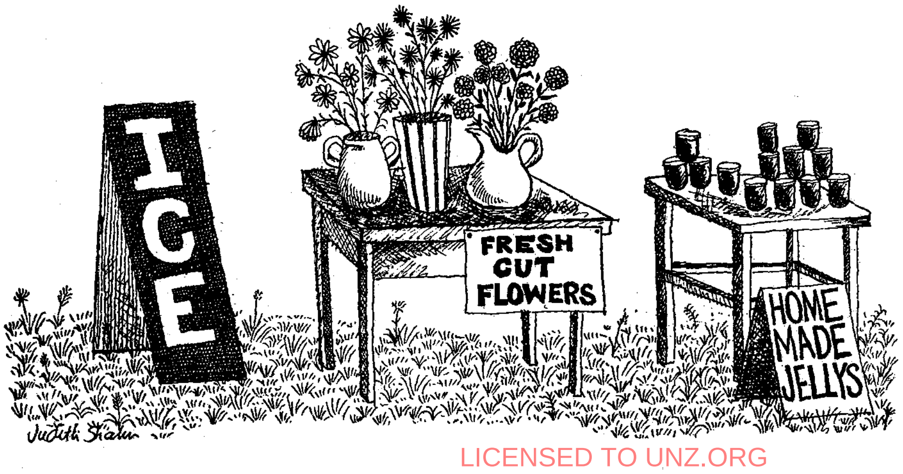
The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can. The camera is meant to be the mirror of Carrie's soul, but we look in that mirror for so long that finally all we see is Geraldine Page acting. The movie is intended to be a hymn, but all Foote and Masterson can do is give some of the characters a limp, anesthetized grace. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Lincoln Plaza; through July 17.)

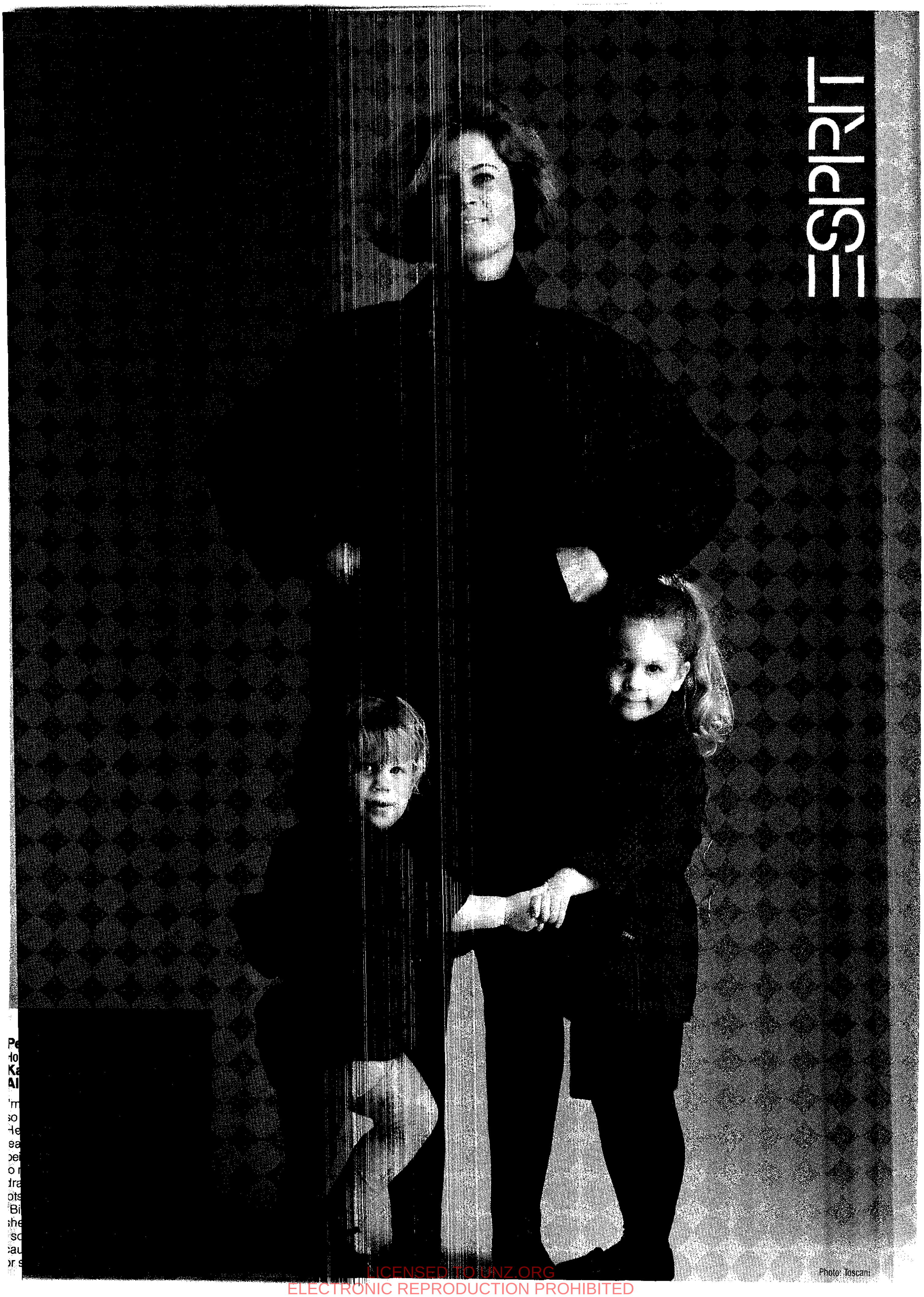
Two Women (1961)—A young widow, Sophia Loren, takes her teen-age daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village and then starts back home too soon; both mother and daughter are raped by Moroccan soldiers. Emotional, even shattering, but far from depressing. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Eleanora Brown, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 13-14.)

Under the Volcano (1984)—Malcolm Lowry's hero, Geoffrey Firmin (Albert Finney), is meant to be a genius who has the courage to destroy himself with booze so that he can transcend the limits of ordinary men and see things more intensely. All that the movie does is take a literal approach to Lowry's novel, as if it were no more than an account of the final binge of a drunk who becomes suicidally careless and gets himself killed. Since there's almost no attempt to find equivalents of Firmin's visions or of the excitement of Lowry's incendiary prose, the film puts a terribly heavy burden on Finney. The drama has to come from his performance, in a big yet virtually unwritten role, and Finney can't help making us aware that he's giving the role more than his best shot—that he's pushing too hard. Directed by John Huston. With Jacqueline Bisset and Anthony Andrews. (Thalia; July 13.)

Vagabond—Agnès Varda wrote and directed this scrupulously hardheaded film about an eighteen-year-old girl on the road, a deliberately homeless drifter who lives on handouts, thefts, a little prostitution, and the occasional odd job. At the opening, her frozen body is discovered in a ditch in the countryside. Varda presents the movie as a documentary investigating how this happened. The characters are the sullen, suspicious, vacant-eyed young girl (played immaculately by Sandrine Bonnaire) and the witnesses to her last weeks. The purity and boldness of Varda's approach may call Robert Bresson to mind, but we see the closed-off girl strictly from the outside, and this factual, objective view isn't enough. With Macha Méril. In French. (5/19/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellowmen. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Film Forum; July 15-16.)





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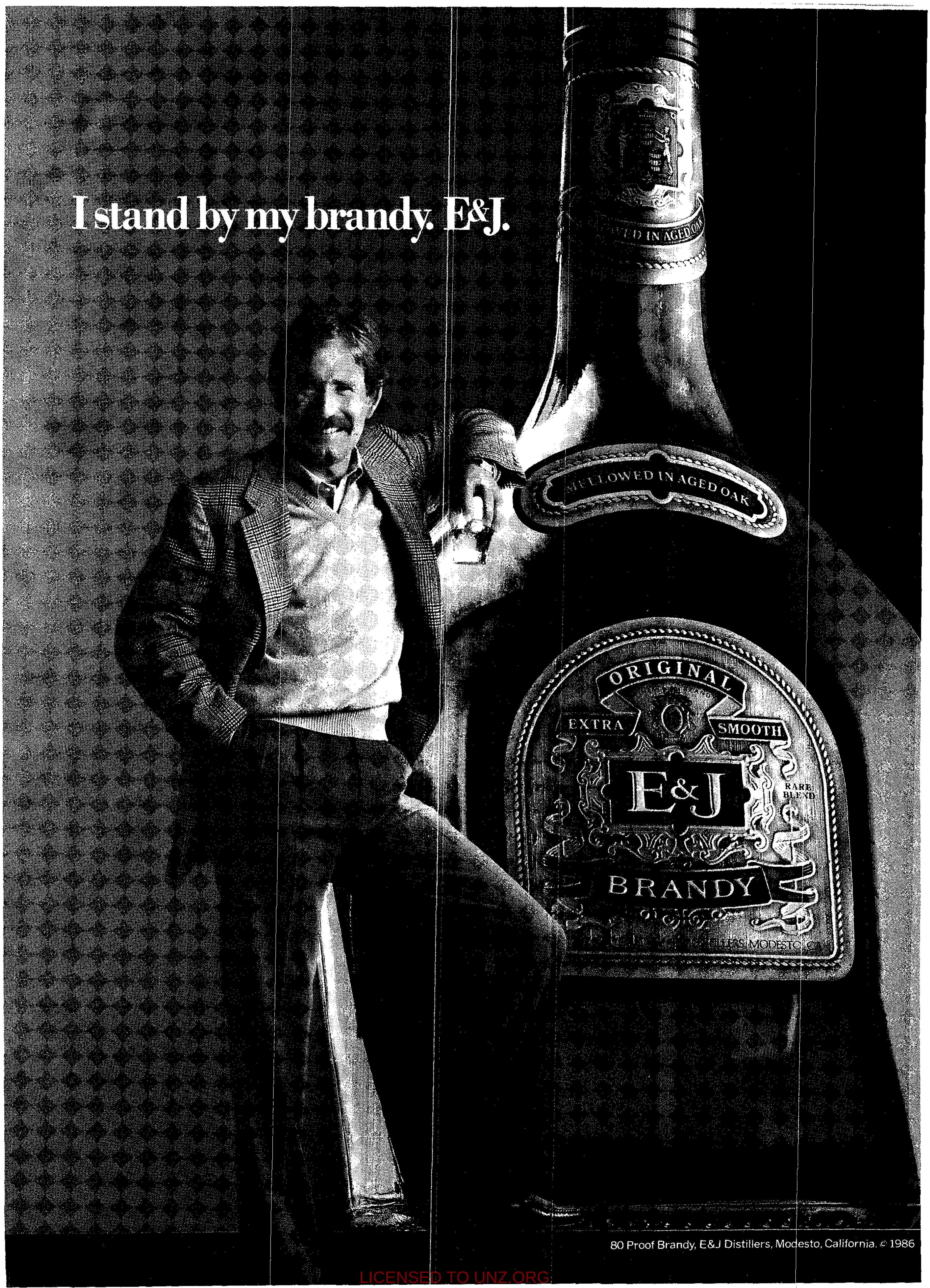
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE day the House of Representatives, reversing the position it had taken earlier, voted two hundred and twenty-one to two hundred and nine in favor of the Administration's proposal to supply the Contra rebels against the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua with a hundred million dollars in aid, including seventy million dollars in military aid, we happened to be in Washington, paying a visit to the memorial for the Vietnam War dead. In Constitution Gardens, west of the Washington Mall, that day, citizens were pondering the monument bearing the names of the fifty-eight thousand one hundred and thirty-two people who died in an unsuccessful war whose aims were never precisely defined, and east of the Mall a house of the legislature was giving the green light for deepened American involvement in a war whose aims—so it seems to many, including us—are even less well defined. Nicaragua is not, as they say, Vietnam, but in the present circumstances the differences between the two countries are anything but reassuring; they only make the similarities between the attempted justifications for the two wars more disturbing. Two different wars might seem to call for two different rationales. The fact that the rationales are virtually the same suggests that the backers of the Vietnam War, rejecting the lessons of experience, are looking for vindication with a second try. The similarities include, for example, a remarkable elasticity in the war aims, the aims in the case of the effort in Nicaragua seeming at one moment to be as modest as putting "pressure" on the Sandinistas to "democratize" their regime and at the next as grandiose as defending the entire Western Hemisphere against a Communist onslaught led by the Soviet Union. So it was with the policy in Vietnam, which was presented sometimes as an effort to preserve (or establish) democracy in Vietnam and at other times as an attempt to thwart Chinese or, alternatively, Soviet global aggression (with the hostility between the Chinese and the Soviets, which was already strong, being overlooked). One reason the elasticity of war aims is disturbing is, of course, that with it can go elasticity of means. That's how the fifty-eight thousand one hundred and thirty-two names got on the monument. At each step along the way, the policymakers acted in precisely the manner in which the policymakers for the Contra war in Nicaragua are acting now. Like their predecessors, today's policymakers apparently lack the intellectual penetration or the honesty or the courage to tell the country just how ambitious the war aims are, and what the true cost in treasure and blood of achieving them is, and then either to ask it to meet that cost or to acknowledge the cost as too high, abandon the enterprise, set a new policy, which is within our means, and accept the consequences (including, most crucially, the domestic political ones); instead, the policymakers enact incremental increases in involvement, such as the hundred million dollars, that cannot in themselves bring success but *can* make it extremely difficult, perhaps impossible, for the nation to extricate itself at a later date.

The design for the Vietnam memorial was controversial when it was first decided upon, but since it was constructed it has found its way into acceptance by the public; indeed, its power to summon up the deepest emotions of the bereaved and of others touched by the war is demonstrated every day at the site. Those emotions, which, of course, were visible on grim and tear-stained faces the day we were there—the day of the Contra vote—have to do with both the nature of war itself and the nature of the Vietnam War in particular, but they also have to do with the nature and design of the monument. Its nature was probably decided essentially by one requirement that was fixed for the competition for the design—that the names of all those killed in the war be inscribed on it. This requirement insured that the monument would be something that, as far as we know, has never existed before: a full, particularized accounting, in human terms—that is, in terms of human lives—of a war. And now there it is in the earth of Constitution Gardens: the complete, unedited, unsummarized story of one country's participation in a whole war, told in the only words in which it could be told truthfully—the names of those who died.

Given that requirement, any monument—whether obelisk, tower, or mausoleum—was bound to be overwhelming, but the design, by Maya Ying Lin, that was chosen for the Vietnam memorial increases its power by managing to be in full harmony with the solemn charge laid upon it. We happened to approach the memorial from the east—to come upon it, in a sense, from behind. From that angle, you at first see nothing—only the rolling lawn of Constitution Gardens. Drawing closer, you see a dark line in the green, a gash in the earth: the lip of a giant grave. It is the top of the V-shaped wall of the monument, which is sunk below the level of the park grass. From a concrete park path a winding cobble path leads you to the end of one leg of the V, which at that point is only a few inches high and has inscribed on it, at shoe level, only a single line of names. At this point, you feel you are almost treading on the names. But as the path proceeds toward the apex of the V it descends, and the lines of names multiply, until, at the apex, there are ten feet of names, towering above you. Yet they do not tower as a structure rising above the ground towers—reaching to the sky, away from mortality. They have behind them the weight of the earth, the weight of death—pressing against this black granite wall, yet held in check by it, as if by a dam. Instead of denying death or diverting our gaze from it, upward into the light and the air, this monument brings the light and the air down into the grave, letting us see the sacrifice more clearly, and placing the burdens imposed by that sacrifice more plainly on our shoulders, where they belong. It's not a monument that one can take in at a glance. It requires minutes to walk along the cobbled path from one end to the other—a walk that leads you, in condensed time, through all the years of the war. As you walk, and look at the names, you also see something behind the names in the polished granite: your own reflection. Thus are you reminded not only of who died in Vietnam but also of who, in the last analysis, in this representative democracy of ours, sent the fifty-eight thousand one hundred and thirty-two there to die.

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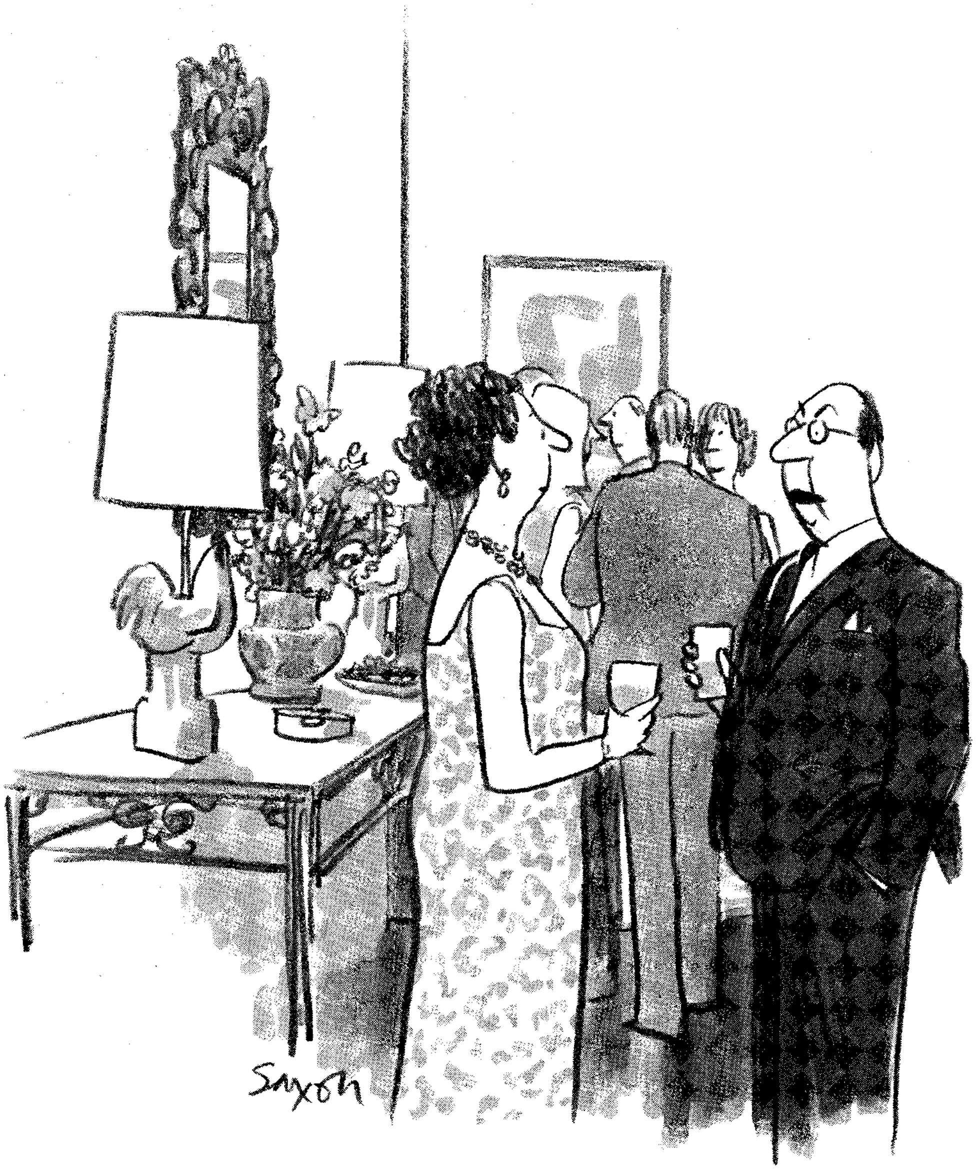
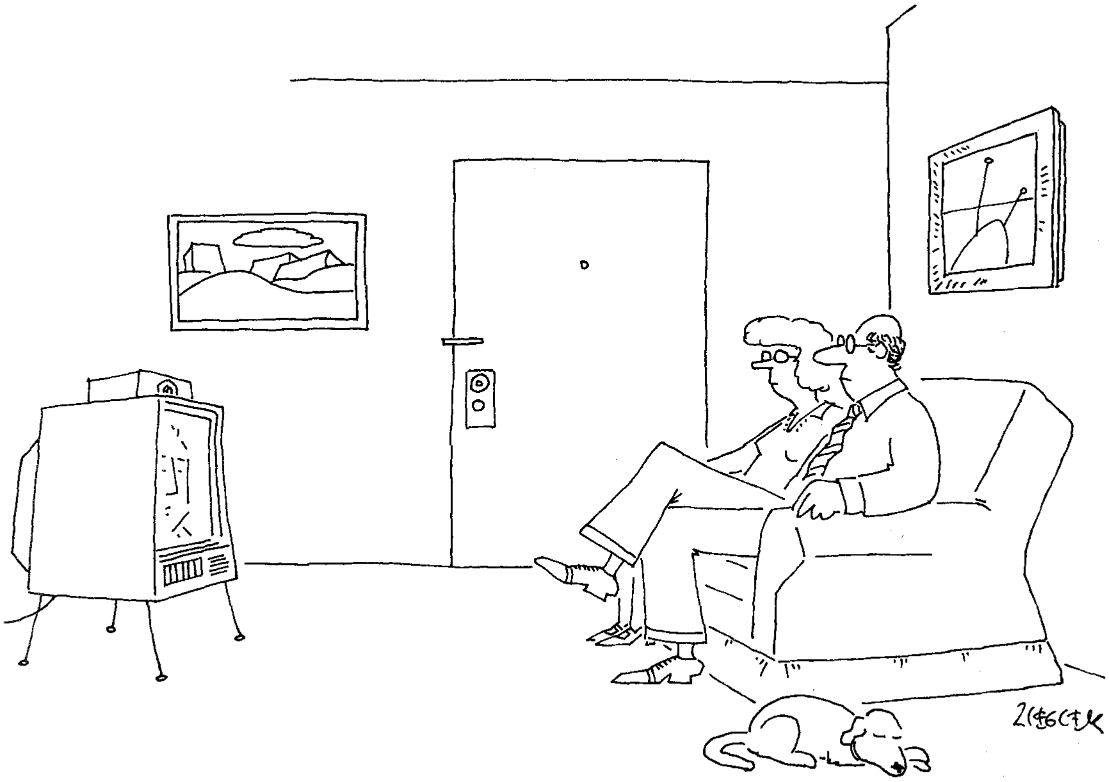
Master

WHILE we sat in his office in Queens, Ron Alford, a forty-six-year-old man who admits he resembles Sonny Bono (he told us he can also look like the comedian Frank Gorshin if he combs his hair differently), gave us a guided tour through the pages of his photograph album. There weren't any pictures of grandmothers or hammy uncles inside the clear-plastic pockets, though. Instead, we saw mostly flash-camera snapshots of home and office interiors, all in various states of disaster. Pointing to one photograph, Mr. Alford said, "What this is is a waterbed accident. Some do-it-yourselfer spends hours putting up a beautiful stucco ceiling in his living room, but then, one day, his waterbed upstairs starts leaking. So he comes home from a hard day at the office to find his ceiling on the living-room floor, and the living-room carpet, beneath the whole mess, completely under water. You get a better view of it in this one—see?" He shook his head slowly, his face wearing both a smile and a grimace. The smile probably grew out of— Well, some household disasters occur in such devilishly imaginative ways that they *are* almost funny. The grimace, though, was because he knows how hard it can be to clean up after such calamities. Mr. Alford has had years of experience in rectifying the kind of mess left after a boiler explodes, or a car is accidentally driven forward into a living room instead of backward out of a garage, or a hundred-gallon aquarium leaks from one of its seams. ("They're put together with glue, O.K.?" Mr. Alford explained.)

Mr. Alford is the founder and president of Disaster Masters, Inc., which was formerly a five-borough-wide clean-up service, with twenty-odd employees and four disaster vans loaded with gear like water extractors, deodorizing machines, reodorizing chemicals (they once helped tame a mothball-odor problem an actress had in her apartment), smoke-dispersal devices, mops, buckets, etc. Then, a few years ago, Mr. Alford decided to take what he calls "a giant step forward," and the firm stopped its clean-up operations. Most of the staff went on to work at other service companies; the vans and their gear were sold; and the warehouse, a space beneath the second-story office we were sitting in, where in the old days workers might have been using special chemicals to clean fire-damaged chairs, is currently being used by some other firm for storing lamps. Without changing its name, Disaster Masters has metamorphosed



"A fool and his money are soon parted. And that's not just *my* *opinion."*



"At the top of our news this evening, once again there were no clear winners on the Phil Donahue show today."

into what Mr. Alford describes as "a national network of emergency and specialty services." Now, using a new computer system, it can retrieve emergency information on such things as local service contractors (pre-screened for reliability) and the policies of insurance companies, and dispense it to subscribing property owners through a twenty-four-hour hot line. (One of Mr. Alford's favorite mottoes: "Life is *not* a cabaret—it is one service need after another.")

There's a lot more to the new Disaster Masters, but a big part of what Mr. Alford calls his "grief relief" is the taking of photographs of disasters—essential proof for any property owner filing a claim with an insurance company. "We document loss right off," Mr. Alford told us. "That way, no insurance company can say, 'Oh, that didn't happen.' " So we spent most of the morning looking through the examples of disasters documented in the Alford photograph albums (there turned out to be over a dozen) while Mr. Alford provided a running commentary.

"Now, these, I took these, and the darkness wasn't me—I mean, these are *good* photos," Mr. Alford said at one point. "They look so dark because of the soot coating everything. This is a classic, happens all the time. A plastic baby bottle, O.K.? A mom's heating water with the baby bottle in it, and she takes a nap, or she takes the baby for a walk, and forgets to turn off the flame under the bottle. Well, what happens then is this: the water burns away, the bottle melts and ignites, and you've got this lump of burning plastic spreading soot all around the house. And that soot gets into *every nook and cranny*. I mean, you wouldn't believe where the soot gets—you'll find it in the corners of closets that were *closed*. Like here, this one's good of what soot can do—see?" Mr. Alford slowly shook his head again, that smile-grimace returning, as he indicated a shot of a once-white hallway so black with soot that at first glance it appeared to be a photographic negative.

Then, while showing us through lots of flooded-home-and-office shots, Mr. Alford really got going on water: "Everybody seems to think it's fire. Everybody talks fire. The media say it's fire. But it's *not* fire. It's *water*." Mr. Alford pointed to a shot of an Amtrak records room in the Madison Square Garden rotunda. About four inches of water surrounded the file cabinets. "This started as a fire," Mr. Alford told us. "They keep most of the New York division's records here. Now, look at that floor. I mean, the firemen must have used thirty thousand gallons if they used a drop. Water, water, everywhere. It's always water."

Later, we asked Mr. Alford about one photograph that stuck out from the rest. For one thing, it was taken outdoors. It showed a tall office building, leaning forward. Its front side was stripped off, so that it had a sort of doll-house—or doll-office-building—look. "Oh, they were demolishing a building down in Washington," the Disaster Master said, grinning a little sheepishly. "I was attending a restoration seminar. I saw that and—I couldn't help it—I just took it."

Logs

THINGS get in the air. Four hundred million years ago, jawless fishes suddenly started appearing everywhere, and this spring in Manhattan competing log-home firms have been putting up structures in Central Park and then donating them to the Boy Scouts. You may remember that scarcely two months ago we visited the Tavern on the Green to watch some Boy Scouts set up a Wilderness Log Homes cabin. Hardly had we returned to the urban bustle of our office when an invitation arrived announcing that "original" Lincoln Logs, Ltd., also with many Boy Scouts in attendance, would demonstrate home-building at the Boathouse Café, the Park's only other restaurant—half a mile, at the most, from the Tavern. When we got there, almost nobody admitted having heard about the other event: not Lee Untermeyer, a public-relations specialist, who told us the day's effort would replace a lodge that recently burned down at a Staten Island Scout camp (a lodge named in honor of Irving Berlin, who donated the proceeds from "God Bless America," in perpetuity, to New York City's Scouts); not Richard Considine, the president of Lincoln Logs, Ltd., who accused us of "doing the thing most people do, associating log homes with log cabins;" not even Shawn Barca, of Troop 62 in Staten Island, who is the owner of twenty-one merit badges, including one for fingerprinting, and who presented Mr. Considine with a Scout hat. The two events had a good deal in common. (Cognizant as we now are of the fact that there are more than five thousand log-home firms in America, we venture to guess that all log-home-presentation ceremonies share certain forms.) If we were *Consumer Reports*, we might catalogue the differences between the two affairs in this fashion:

	WILDERNESS	LINCOLN LOGS
Scout quotability:	✓	
Weather on day of event:		✓

And if we were *Gourmet* we might point out that the amusing pretentiousness of the Tavern on the Green spread knocked the Lincoln Logs lunch upside the head. And if we were a national newsweekly we might publish a special issue about Liberty in America. But we're not.

Amigos

"I SAW a fire already, just driving in from the airport. It was *big*. Must have been a lumberyard, or something," said Joe Wilson, the El Paso, Texas, fire chief, who was at the Four Seasons one night late last month along with a number of other El Pasoans, all of them involved with the annual Sun Bowl college-football classic. They were in New York to announce that, in consideration of a yearly five-hundred-thousand-dollar donation from John Hancock Financial Services, the Sun Bowl will henceforth be known as the John Hancock Sun Bowl, and also to engage in the good-natured, friendly conversation for which El Paso, for all we know, may already be famous.

"We've got the international flavor in El Paso—we are the biggest city on the Texas border," said Chief Wilson, who is the volunteer president of the Sun Bowl this year. "We have two ski lifts within a hundred miles—a hundred and twenty, actually. Except for Arizona, the southernmost ski lifts in the United States."

"We are the fifth-biggest city in Texas," said Miguel Solis, a county commissioner and a Democrat.

"Hell, the fourth-biggest—we're bigger than *Fort Worth*," said Jimmy Goldman, a city "representative," or councilman.

Kathie Nickel, the Sun Bowl vice-president in charge of Game Day (as opposed to Parade Day or Golf Tourney Day or any number of other Days), said that visiting football teams love the Sun Bowl for its hospitality. "We have a commitment to hospitality," she said. "We take them all to see the boot factory. El Paso is the boot capital of America."

We glanced down at Chief Wilson's feet.

"I got these shoes in Ireland," he said. "I went there last year."

"We sell boots to Yankees," said Richard Pearson, the manager of an El Paso television station.

The politicians took turns telling us about some of the candidates who ran in last May's primary elections: the county attorney who had been indicted for possession of cocaine, the district judge who died, the slightly different candidate who got riled up and threw a bowling ball through a plate-glass window. "There is a lot of warmth in El Paso," said Kathie Nickel.

This year's Sun Queen, Kari Rubin, said that she viewed her mission as promoting good will, and that she enjoyed travelling and meeting people.

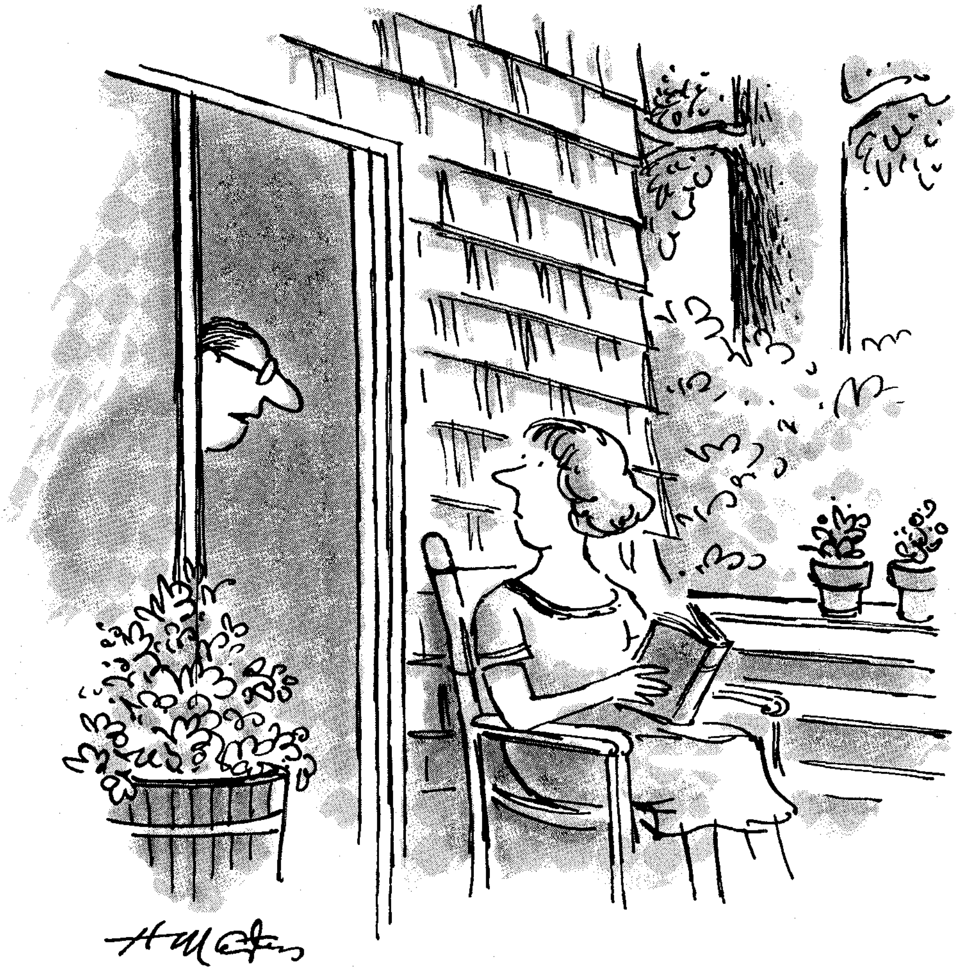
"It is six hundred miles to the nearest big city in Texas," said Commissioner Solis. "The nearest city is actually Albuquerque, New Mexico, and it's smaller. Only twenty-two of the two hundred and fifty-four counties in Texas have no oil, and we're one of them. So we're not hurting from that."

"We have the most spectacular halftime show in the nation, I'd say," said Chief Wilson. "The F-15s fly over just before the kickoff—it is gut-wrenching."

"We had Rocketman, from the Olympics," said Kathie Nickel.

"There is a spot in El Paso where you can stand and be in three states at once," said Representative Goldman. "Texas, New Mexico, and Chihuahua."

"How many balloons did we have



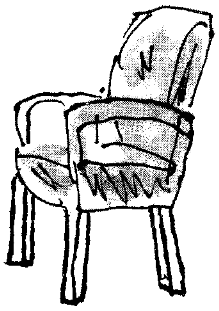
"How would you like a vodka Martini while we're waiting for the children to grow up?"

last year?" said Chief Wilson. "Thousands and thousands."

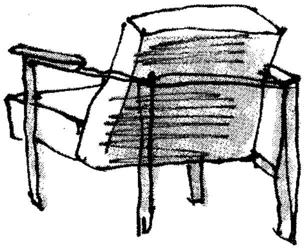
Chairs

A FRIEND of ours who was moving to New York asked us to recommend a bank. We didn't want to recommend ours, and nobody we knew recommended one, so we said we'd look into the matter and get back to him. We have now completed a survey of banks in our neighborhood—looking in the windows—and here's what we saw:

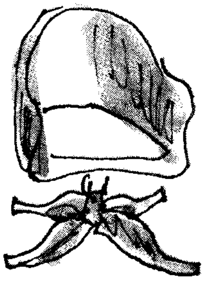
The Bank of New York at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street seems to favor the traditional no-nonsense executive seating in basic black (*Illus. A*), and the Manufacturers Hanover at Fifth and Forty-third takes a comparably solemn approach (*Illus. B*), while the Chase on Madison at Forty-sixth offers a curvy leather in banana yellow (*Illus. C*).



Illus. A

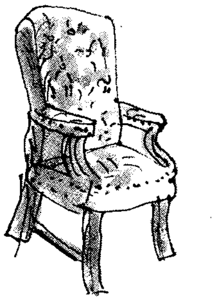


Illus. B

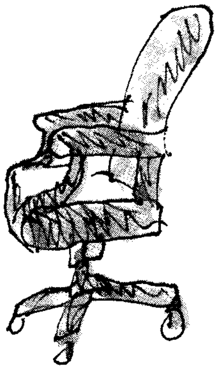


Illus. C

We don't know anything about the Morgan Guaranty at Fifth and Forty-fourth; its curtains were tightly drawn at the time of our survey (7:30 A.M.). The Chem-Bank at Madison and Forty-sixth has an elegant black leather club chair (*Illus. D*), apparently for customers, while management makes itself comfortable in a velvety number in dull red (*Illus. E*).

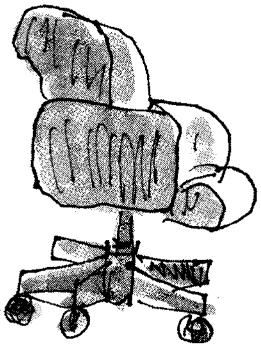


Illus. D

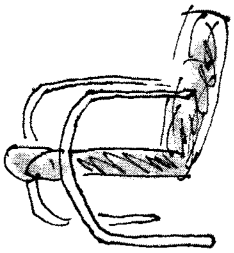


Illus. E

The Bankers Trust at Fifth and Forty-fourth features an overstuffed in raspberry (*Illus. F*) for officers and a springy model (*Illus. G*) for patrons who like to bounce when they talk money.

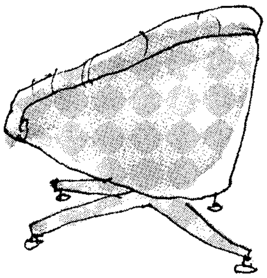


Illus. F



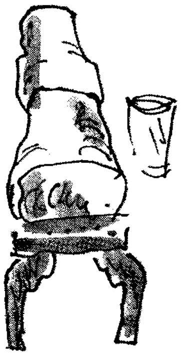
Illus. G

For sheer sittability, it's hard to beat the sink-ins (*Illus. H*), upholstered in Unknown Green, at the Manhattan Savings at Vanderbilt Avenue and Forty-fifth Street.

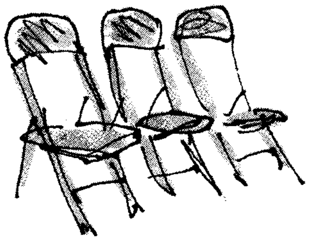


Illus. H

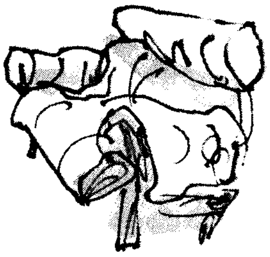
The Seamen's Bank for Savings at Fifth and Forty-fifth has a bulbous brown leather bench (*Illus. I*), and also figureheads, ship models, and folding chairs (*Illus. J*), but the most appealing bank is the Banco do Brasil at 550 Fifth Avenue (Forty-fifth), with its tempting arrangement of lush leather chairs and sofa in Beach Tan (*Illus. K*)—a sharp rebuttal to austere Yankee bankers—and that's the one we're suggesting to our friend.



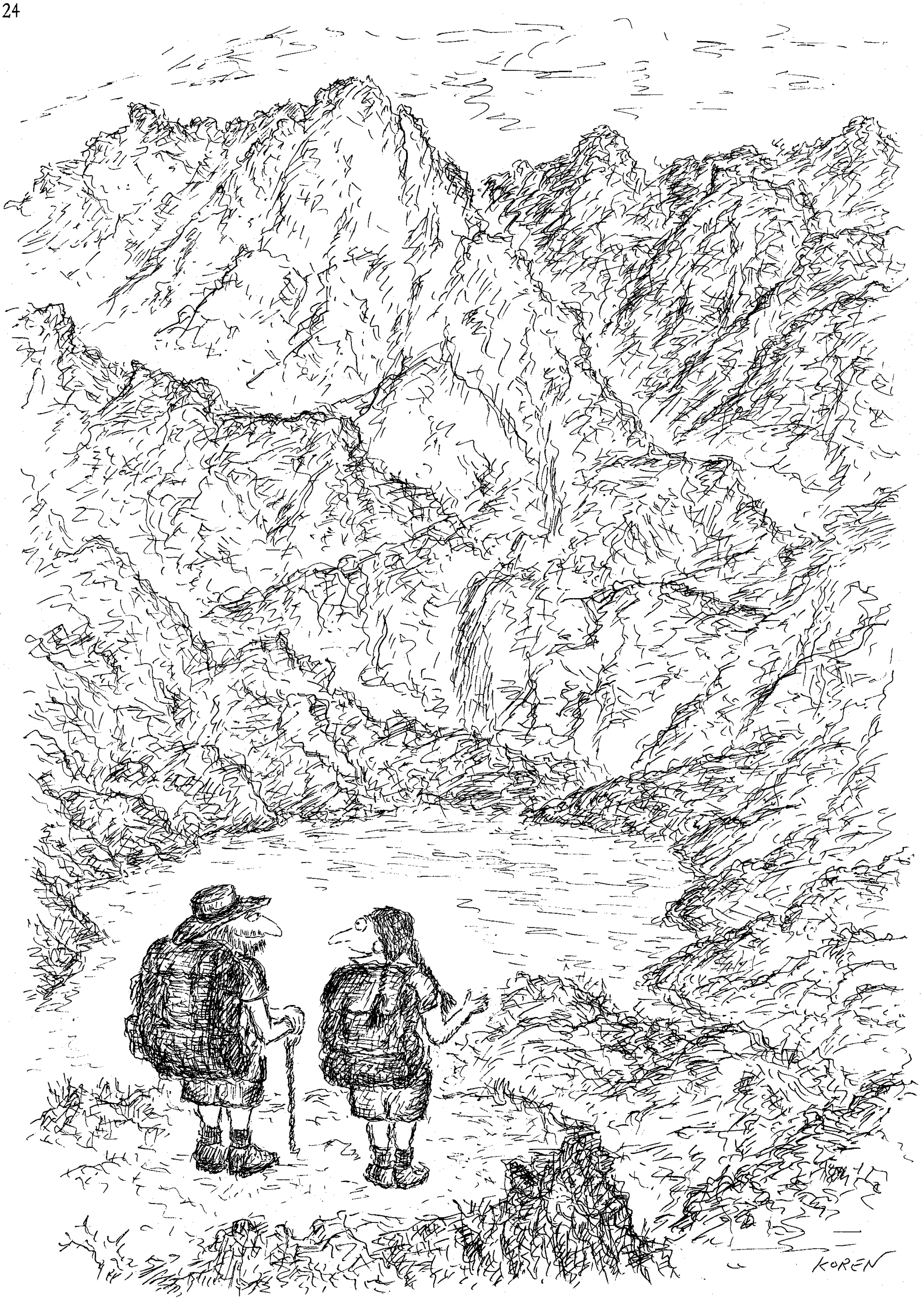
Illus. I



Illus. J



Illus. K



"From a man's point of view, do you think it's beautiful?"

MARIO CABOT'S SCHOOL DAYS

There is no kid who's qualified to go to Harvard who can't, on some scholarship or other.
—*Hugh Sidey* (*on "Agronsky & Company"*).

There's no reason why we shouldn't have an Italian President—we've had everything else.
—*Barry Goldwater* (*on "60 Minutes"*).

CHUCK got one. It wasn't that big a deal. Chuck says all you have to do is wait for June to roll around and then go to any cash machine, insert your driver's license, and type in your S.A.T. scores in a certain sequence, and the machine issues you a four-year scholarship to Harvard. (The personal interview is a thing of the past.) Of course, your scores have to qualify, and I'm not sure what you use if you don't have a license, but apart from that it's pretty much a foregone conclusion that you'll get one—*if* you can handle the mob scene. By the middle of the summer, those cash-machine lines are a nightmare. Word has really gotten around, even though they don't announce it. It's just an open secret—like the fact that George Washington was a full-blooded Chickahominy Indian, which everybody knows, even though it never appears in print anywhere.

So I'm thinking of maybe doing that, although there's a bunch of other ways you can get one, which I'm also thinking of doing, because the way that you pick should be suited to your unique qualifications and personal interests. For instance, Gary happens to like driving, and a couple of weeks ago he was driving his van out on the Island when just past Riverhead he started to lose an incredible amount of power and the oil light went on, so he pulled into a garage that was still open even though it was nearly midnight. There were five kids working there who, it turned out, had all gone to junior high together and now were into fixing cars instead of going to Harvard, and they got interested in Gary's problem, which was, for starters, that a few days earlier somebody had rear-ended him and now the lock on the engine compartment wouldn't open (which, if you remember, was why President Paul Robeson missed his own Inauguration and they had to swear in another guy). So this one kid, a girl in a tube top, drove her car around behind his and turned on her lights so everybody could get a good view of the lock, and then they all took turns trying to jimmy it open. While this was going on, an older guy walked across the highway and came over to them—they all seemed to know him—and said he was going into the hospital at six the next morning for a bypass operation. He said, "I can't even walk from here to right over there without breaking out in a sweat." He said his doctor had told him to prepare himself for thirteen hours of surgery but he didn't know how to prepare himself, so he'd come over to see what was happening with the van. When Gary told him, he said he had exactly the same problem once when he owned a VW Beetle, so he sympathized in a big way; then he shook Gary's hand and left, and afterward Gary found pressed into his palm a token that read "Present at Gate for Free Scholarship to Harvard." Of course, all this depended on a certain amount of chance, but no more so than when an obscure Pennsylvania coal miner named James Polki got elected President until the Electoral College found out a novice telegraph operator had made a mistake—if you want to call it a "mistake" that American history includes a hardworking Polish immigrant who held the highest office in the land, temporarily.

Still, with the college term starting in September, I don't know if I can afford to wait for a lucky break. (If I had that kind of time, I could just as easily count on the rumor I read about in *TV Guide* being true—that next season they're adding a "Harvard Scholarship" section to the Wheel of Fortune.) So what I'll probably just do is send away for one, by printing my name and address in block letters in black or blue ink on a standard 3 x 5 file card (or a piece of white paper cut to the same dimensions) and then, below that, copying or tracing the words "HARVARD SCHOLARSHIP" from a label (it's on most of the product labels now) and mailing it in, making sure it's postmarked on or before the August 15th deadline—all of which is a little complicated procedurally, but so was the constitutional system that gave us President Thomas Noguchi (the only coroner ever to become Chief Executive), when the individuals ahead of him in the chain of succession were physically or mentally incapacitated, briefly.

So that's how I'm going to get mine. My mom and dad have accumulated enough A.T. & T. Opportunity Calling Credits to cash in for one, but I know they're saving them to donate to the political candidate of their choice in 1988. They feel very strongly that if contributions like that, from people with modest incomes, had been possible throughout our history, campaign financing wouldn't have been such a hassle for President Irving Berlin.

Some people will tell you that none of these are legitimate Harvard scholarships, but they're the same people who will blatantly deny that in 1896 a palomino pony named Pancho, running as an anti-vivisection candidate for the Presidency, got ninety-seven per cent of the popular vote. They will insist that you have to apply directly to Harvard, but that isn't true. The regular sources are all dried up by this time of year, and you have to take a more unorthodox approach—like the way a woman named Dora, or Doreen, occupied the Oval Office in 1920 as a poltergeist. She's still there (the longest term ever) and may have accomplished more than we realize—a question I plan to research when I major in Alternative American History at Harvard. —VERONICA GENG

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ON SECOND THOUGHT DEPT.

Britain has acquired the unenviable title of the dirty old man of Europe because of foot dragging over a range of environmental issues from hazardous waste disposal to polluted beaches, Richard Evan writes.
—*Financial Times.*

Britain has acquired an unenviable reputation in Europe because of foot dragging over a range of environmental issues from hazardous waste disposal to polluted beaches, Richard Evans writes.—*Financial Times, final edition.*

THE FELLMONGER

UNABLE to place the man, Dixon thinks he is probably a fellmonger. He, the fellmonger, probably works in large sheds open at the sides, bearing the notice "SKINS AND HIDES" painted in red on the corrugated iron. He might even own the sheds. On either side there would be smaller sheds, and at the far end a small house. Hungry grayish-white hawks would hover endlessly over the dunes and the surrounding scrub. An unmistakable smell would never be absent. It is possible that this smell would hang forever about this man.

Dixon, aware of the rosewater fragrance of his own hairdressing, watches the man, who is big, moving lightly for his size as he gently, with little possessive circlings and extendings of his thick arms, encourages the girl to move toward a secluded corner.

Sitting opposite Rosie in the expensive candlelight, Dixon is able to see through and beyond the ornamental arch to the place described as the cocktail bar. A few noisy young men—it is easy to see that they are farmers—are celebrating together. They ignore the fellmonger. He is not one of them.

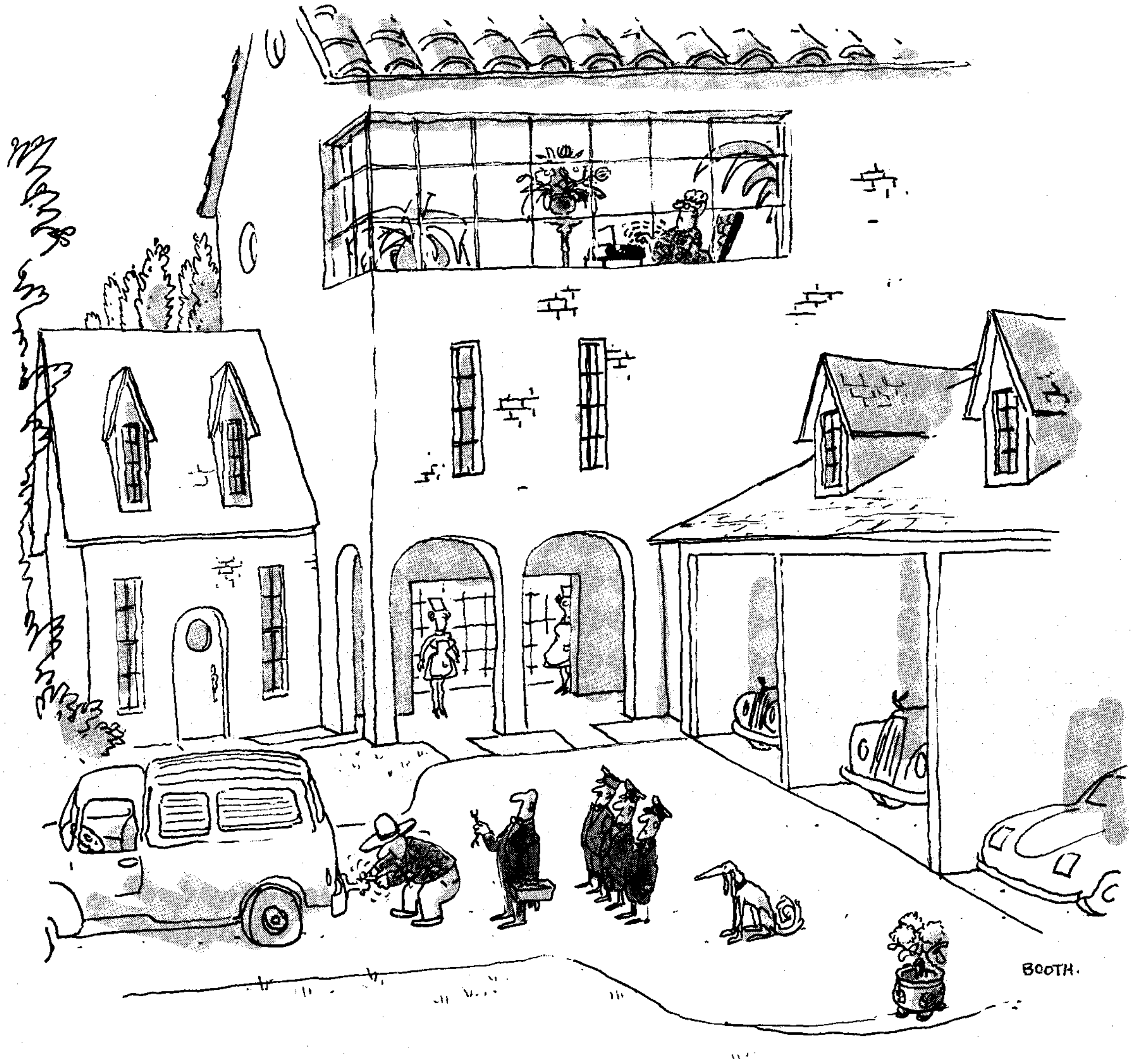
The fellmonger and his girl sit in the armchairs recently occupied by Rosie and himself. Perhaps he had, with the same possessive circlings, unknowingly looked like the fellmonger. Naturally, they could not really look like each other, because of the various differences—significant differences of background, social and cultural and intellectual. It is not possible to make comparisons except that while guiding Rosie to and from the armchairs he had not been aware of what he now observes in this other man.

In the face of this observation, though he does not like to admit this, the differences—the educational and the financial—do not now seem important. This other man is not young. Like Dixon, he is older than his chosen girl, but he is nowhere near Dixon's age.

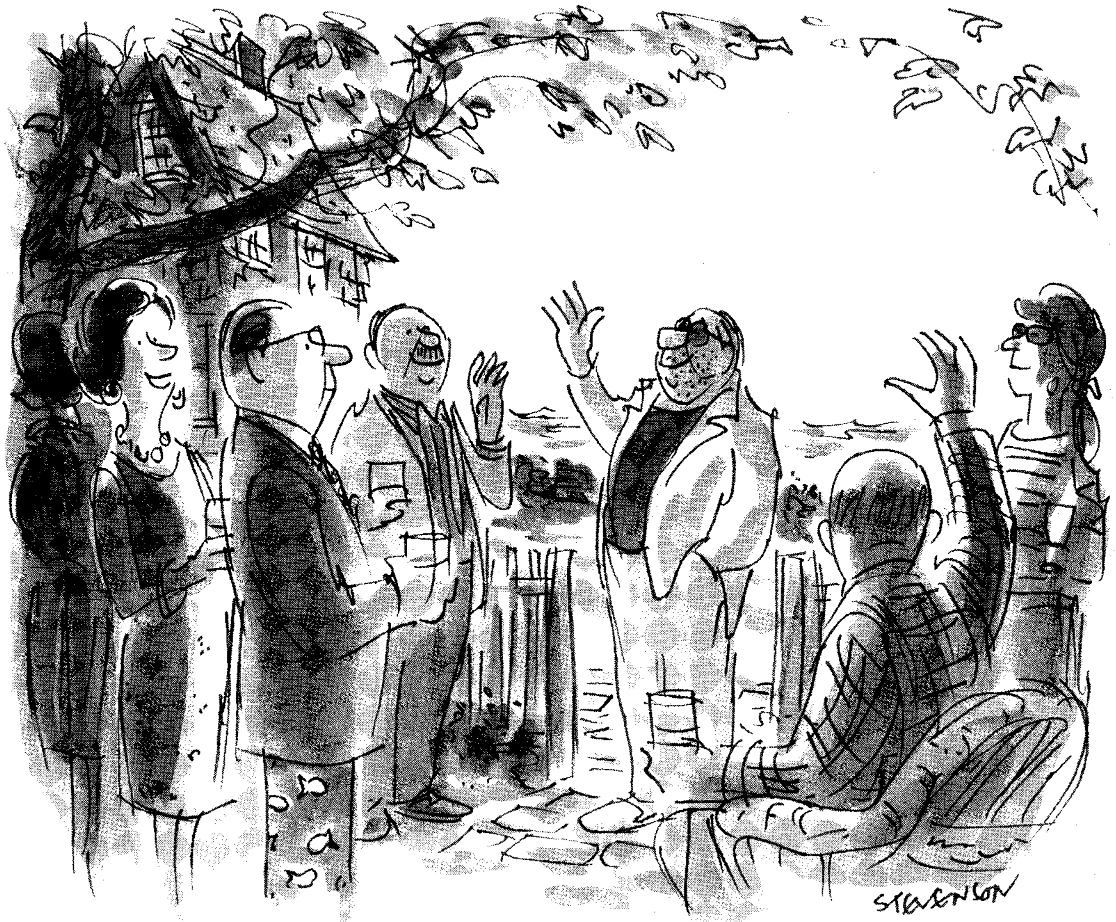
Rosie, to Dixon's surprise in the armchair part of the evening, had chosen Coca-Cola with a measure of Southern Comfort. It now looks as if the other girl, the fellmonger's girl, has made a similar choice. Dixon keeps to his usual whiskey. He notices that the fellmonger has a beer, which remains at his elbow untouched. He is taking this girl out for the evening and wants to remain well-mannered and chivalrous for the whole time. He is looking after her with a clumsy reverence and is not going to spoil his intention with any crudity.

Dixon smiles, glancing like a conspirator at Rosie, whose eyes shine with a wonderful soft gentleness. That is one of the tricks of the candlelight, Dixon knows. His drink will not in any way inhibit his own performance. A sophistication the fellmonger obviously does not have, and so he is cautious. Dixon, still smiling, enjoying a secret superiority, thinks for a moment of the double bed in the motel room. Their bed, his and Rosie's. He knows, too, that the kind light of the candles flatters his own complexion and the silver wealth of his hair.

The dining room, designed to be like a part of a ship, is very cold. He is glad he suggested that Rosie bring her cardigan. He asks the waitress to have the air-conditioning turned off. They are the only people at present in the dining room. Dixon orders soup, a cream-of-vegetable, and waits for it impatiently. Rosie says she likes soup and that she will have whatever he is going



"Monday, July 7, 1986. It is a quiet morning at Belle Aire. Slight fog. Beuford is fussing with his trailer hitch . . ."



" 'Nantucket Vice.' "

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to have after it. He chooses fish, salmon, broiled with vegetables, though he knows he will not be able to eat the sweet corn. He momentarily wonders why a restaurant would serve corn on the cob when it is such an awkward thing to eat. They have a bottle of white wine from a local vineyard. It is well chilled, and when the soup arrives Dixon feels approval creeping through his comforted body.

Rosie, the daughter of an unexpected housekeeper, does not talk much, partly, he supposes, because he is so much older and because he is, as Rosie's mother describes him, highly educated (Renaissance and some desultory literary wanderings) and because he is married. Rosie sometimes has asked about Delia—what her favorite colors are, that sort of thing—but Dixon does not want when he is with Rosie to talk about Delia. He thinks during the meal that she might be missing her mother, though it is not long since they left. She is used to being with her mother all the time, a sort of symbiotic relationship. He has not known them very long. Rosie's mother has become, because of locking herself out of the house next door accidentally, the unexpected housekeeper for Dixon. On the night when they came to him for assistance, he felt obliged, because they were unable to break into the house, to invite them to stay overnight. They have, after one or two very short absences, been staying with him ever since, as Delia is to be away for several months and Rosie's mother is an excellent cook.

Choosing roses to leave with Rosie's mother and for Rosie to hold in her lap on the journey, Dixon realizes that he has embarked on a plan from which there is no turning back. The excitement of this, at his age, is remarkable, and he is not prepared, while standing by the florist's counter and selecting one perfect bloom after another, breathing in the sweet perfume, to consider, to stop and consider his actions in the light of his friends' (his and Delia's) opinions.

Surprisingly, Dixon finds it easy to talk to Rosie's mother and has confided that it is a grief to him that he and Delia have no children.

"That is a great shame," Rosie's mother said then. She said that he and Dr. Delia must miss the patter of little feet terribly.

During one of her nightcap glasses of port she discusses various solutions to the problem of being childless. "Rosie, if I put it to her, would carry for you," she says, holding her glass to the light and squinting into its ruby redness. "I'd have no trouble with Rosie," she says.

"Sorry?" Dixon is perplexed.

"I'm saying that Rosie would oblige with carrying for you and Dr. Delia," Rosie's mother explains. "It's being done all over the place nowadays."

"Oh, I see." Dixon feels self-conscious and awkward.

"There's different ways," Rosie's mother says. "I favor nature's way myself. It's like home baking—you know what's in it."

"Yes, I see." Dixon, contemplating Rosie's body and the idea of its being used in this way, is completely taken by surprise. The surprise is not disagreeable, but he is apprehensive.

"Take to it slowly," Rosie's mother says, "and never you worry, Professor Dixon, just let nature take her course. There's nothing to pay till conception and then we'll go from there." She accepts another port. "Make sure," she says, "make sure she lies on her face."

"I'm sorry?"

"I'm saying make sure afterwards that she lies face down straight after—straight after you know what—to make sure she falls."

"Falls? I'm sorry?"

"Falls pregnant. It never fails."

"Oh, I see. Yes. Yes, of course."

DIXON, impressed with Rosie's mother's suggestion, agrees to the fee mentioned, and a situation develops that is pleasantly agreeable to him. The little holiday he is taking with Rosie is meant to show her something of the coast, but it is also because he wants to talk with her. When they are with her mother she does all the talking, and Dixon has discovered, during the few nights he and Rosie have had in bed together, that she falls quickly into a sound sleep and so their conversations are restricted. He cherishes the idea of waking up in the night to turn to her or, better still, of having her turn to him to rouse him. He wonders whether an alarm clock would be a good idea. During Delia's long absence, and with Rosie and her mother in his house, there is a domestic calm he has never had before. Life with Delia is governed by clocks and by telephone calls from the Mary and Joseph Wing of the District Hospital. Babies are born at all hours, and Delia does not try to regulate her working hours. Mostly, it is a matter of emergencies. Certainly an alarm clock now would make the house once more the way it is when Delia is at home. Rosie's mother, who keeps discreetly to her own room, would come running, clutching her dressing gown about her, if the clock went off at two-thirty in the morning. Dixon enjoys smiling at this private image. He is fond of Rosie and his fondness is increasing. It takes the shape more and more of wanting to teach her, to show her things, to introduce her to books and to music so that she can share the things he loves. They are not sure yet if she has conceived. He does not think about this much—it is something outside his experience. Vaguely, he remembers that when friends of theirs (his and Delia's) travelled with small children they sent postcards from Naples, Grenoble, and Vienna with no message except that one child or the other was sick. He, when he does think about it, is not in a hurry for conception to take place. Delia, who is very recently gone away, is to be away for a long time.

The fellmonger is gazing at his girl, who is as badly dressed as Rosie is. Dixon, in his mind, dresses Rosie in green and white, which he imagines with reverence as the colors of the Elizabethan court—the area of his thesis many years ago, now in the same obscurity as the other aspects of his work. But the freshness of green and white is something he can tell Rosie about sometime soon. The fellmonger, in his gaze, seems to admire his girl's dress; it is dark red and clumsy. Obviously, Dixon thinks, all those tucks and pleats have been sewn by hand by a mother with a great deal of patience and absolutely no taste. This mother, he thinks, must approve of the fellmonger's financial state to encourage her daughter to accompany this man who is certainly not handsome. Perhaps the girl's mother is imagining the proposal being offered at this moment. Visions of an unwieldy kitchen come quickly—homemade plywood cupboards and cracked but well-scrubbed tiles behind the too small sink; a wood stove and stretches of worn linoleum; a Formica-topped table with chrome legs and four ugly chairs to match; a back door straight onto the dirt of the yard. The fellmonger might, in his earnest conver-

LEONORA'S KITCHEN

(After a Story by Eric Larsen)

Imagine we do not know that she was so young,
that she encountered a sudden illness and fell,
gone out to the hen coop to gather eggs
for Sunday night's light supper.
The men and her boys are in town.
In the simple kitchen, the radio stutters with lightning
that flashes far off, near the station.
On the table in the middle of the room
stands a colander of beans,
red tomatoes that sweat on the oilcloth's design,
the cloth translucent
in every crease, it has been there so long.

The light is peculiar,
as if some realist painter had found a method
with light that holds the painting's mystery.
The scene can't yet be informed
by any particular pathos—
we haven't learned she lies out there,
the white hens walking idly near her,
stepping now and then across her ankles.
We cannot yet be moved to picture
one of them perched for a time on the swell of her hip,
cocking its head, spreading its meagre
feckless wings and jumping down.

And the kitchen itself: it seems to do nothing
but replicate the kitchen in any house
of the country working poor,
framed as it is by porch pillars, bowed,
a floor bowed up,
a ceiling down.

The light is the apparent light of southern
Illinois on any of fifty or sixty
humid evenings—from far away
the flashes of heat.
Soon the moths will tattoo the screens,
beige on rust. She hasn't been discovered,
so the fact that she was young, was pretty and decent,
cannot mean anything yet,
if in fact it will ever mean anything.
We can't imagine in this moment
the room illuminated by anything

like that aura said to rise off the spirit rising.
Yet somehow, still, it's radiant,
and moves us, though unmoving.

—Sydney Lea

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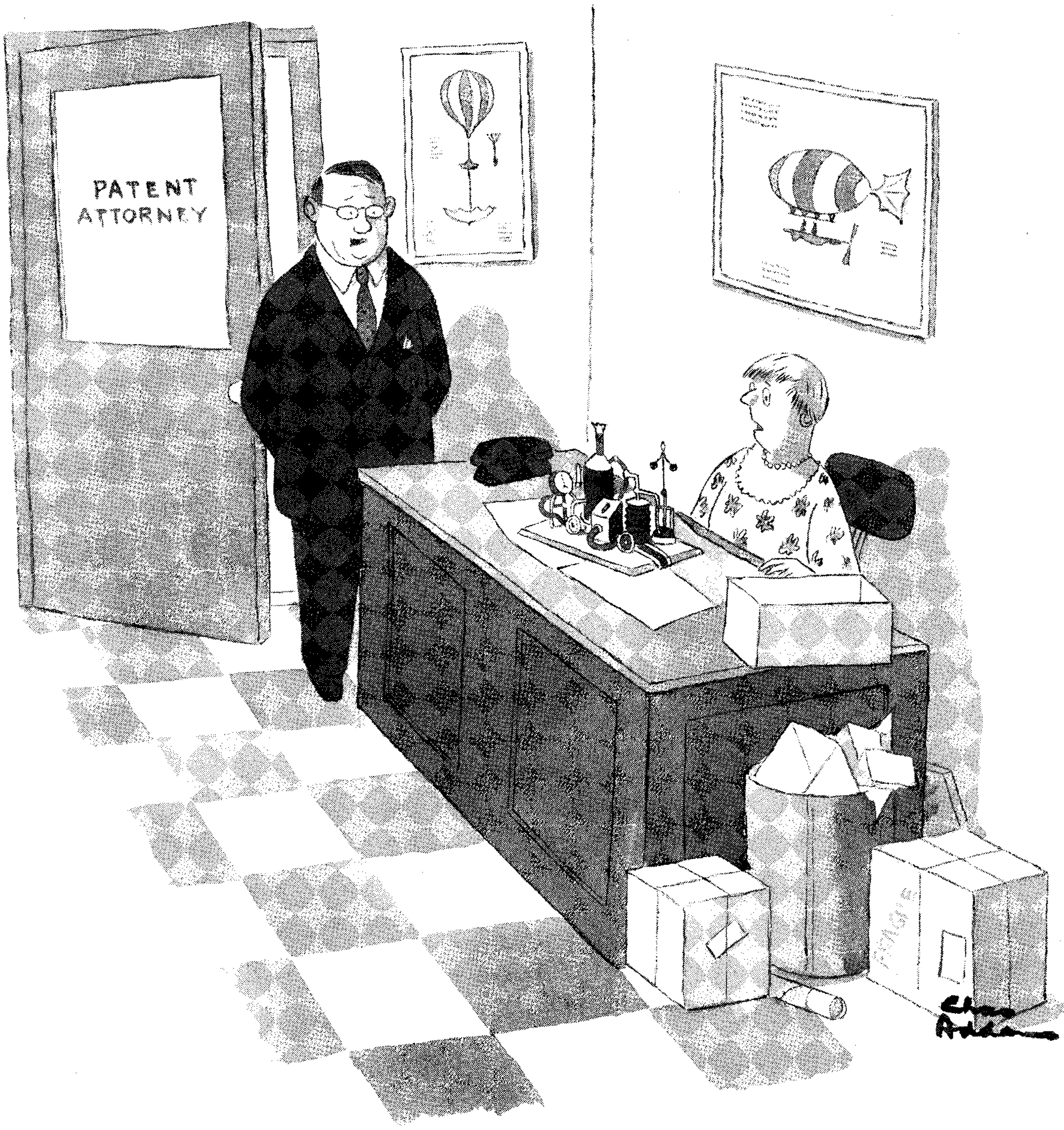


"Miss Benson, I wish you'd stop saying 'What will they think of next?'"

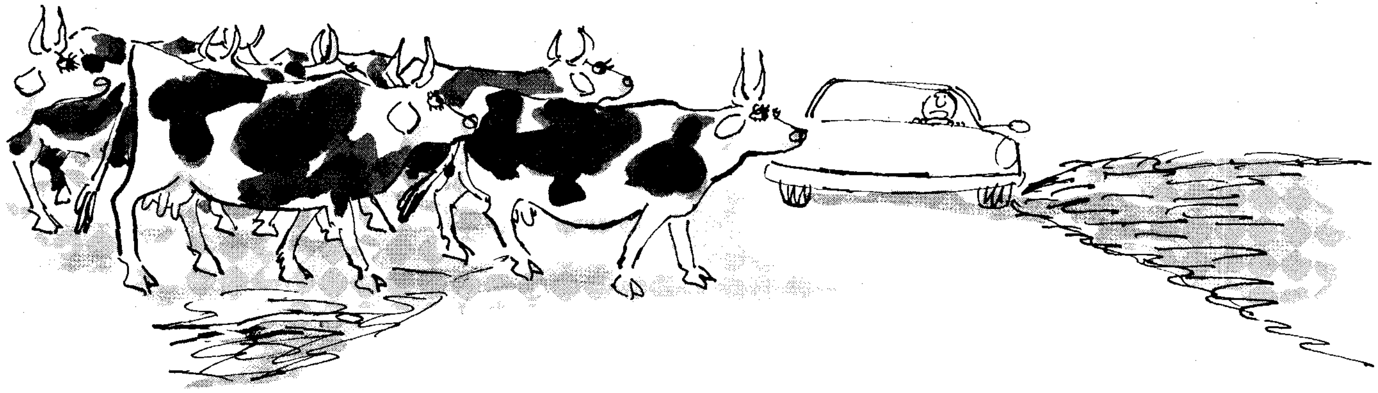
• •

sation, be at this moment offering his previously unwifed home to the one person he sees as eminently suitable to be wrapped in an apron and up to her elbows every day in flour and soapsuds. He is possibly at this moment seeing little fellmongers, two or three podgy small versions of himself, crawling on the worn linoleum and hanging on to the uneven hem of her skirt. As he leans forward even more in his conversation, it is as if the future wife's airless bedroom were being exposed. From the unopened window of this room is a narrow view of the tufted grass and a part of the immense sand dune at the side of the shed opposite. Dixon is sure the fellmonger lives where his work is and does not notice the smell. He will expect his wife to get used to the sight of the hairy matted hides and to their smell. Rosie's mother, Dixon thinks, approves of his (Dixon's) financial status. He knows that though she does not really know him she knows more about him than he knows about her. Her wonderings at this moment as she sits alone waiting for a telephone call from Rosie are unimaginable. Watching the fellmonger as he leans to speak to his girl and watching the girl sipping her large, dark drink (it must be at least a pint of Coke), he feels a curious sense of something undefinable, something he does not want to feel or think about, something so disturbing that he puts down his heavy knife and fork rather suddenly.

"Is your fish not nice?" Rosie, with her mother's kind of question, asks. His action has obviously surprised her into initiating a question.

"Oh, perfectly," he says at once, and, dabbing his lips with his napkin, he reaches for the wine. Lifting it from its bed of crushed ice, he tops up their glasses. He smiles at Rosie and she smiles back with her usual, shy look. They sip their wine looking across the small table at each other.

The food, which is well cooked, together with the quality of the wine, restores Dixon. The small tour of sightseeing in what seemed to be a ramshackle town has depressed him. He realizes now that a Saturday evening is not the best time to be cruising in a slow-moving expensive car through streets of closed-down sandwich bars, cheap clothing shops, and shabby Chinese restaurants. The street-corner population, these groups of youths, all turned to look as he was obliged to reverse all the way from the end of a street from which, because of some half-finished industrial construction, it was impossible to turn. He felt then all the more conspicuous because of Rosie, who is very young, sitting close up beside him. To have a holiday anywhere, he knows, he needs his books and his music with him. He likes his own bed and he is used to the bathroom at home, and because of this he has always felt it better for him to stay at home. "What if we go to Europe?" Delia has often suggested, needing a change from her demanding work. "Why don't we go to Spain, or what about a month in Paris?" Stubbornly, he has refused to travel, and when Delia's work demanded the time away he said at once that she must go by herself and that he would be perfectly all right looking after himself at home. After all, he reminded her pleasantly, he did vacuum the house, didn't he, and it was he who at about



four-thirty in the afternoons went to the supermarket to replenish the pantry. He had developed quite a skill in recent years at discovering the bargains and had learned to look the other way when he saw wives of colleagues advancing with conversations that would hamper him. Rosie's coming freshly and unexpectedly into his life is an unasked-for gift, and this little holiday is something different. Apart from the lovemaking, the getting Rosie with child, for which there is ample opportunity at home, since the idea has been a suggestion from Rosie's own mother, he feels he wants a chance to talk with Rosie, to know and understand her. It is the excitement of offering her his intellect which he wants, and for this he needs to have time alone with her. At the beginning he had been afraid that this was all that he would be able to offer, and on discovering that this was not so he is now agreeably pleased with himself and is able to put aside those doubts which grow from gossip and hearsay about advancing years and the ensuing lack of ability.

He watches Rosie eating hungrily and is glad they gave up the idea of trying to find an interesting place in what seemed to be just industrial areas and used-car lots. The motel, though dull, is proving to be quite satisfactory. He had previously no idea that a town could offer so little. His first feeling on arrival, a few hours earlier, had been the wish to drive on to the next place, which must surely have more promise and would be worth the extra distance he would have to drive. Rosie, who is plump, likes her food. She eats all the sweet corn and with an unself-conscious use of the white table napkin wipes the melted butter off her face. Dixon, still watching, smiles.

The one redeeming thing about the town is the distant sound of the sea. He imagines that this can be heard constantly at regular intervals. It is a faint, deep roar followed by a long, drawn-out sigh, as the waters of the ocean, swelling with waves, come up dashing against the steep, hard sand of the beach only to slide back into the dying fall of the wave before the next one comes riding in. He looks forward to hearing this sound during the night, when Rosie will be beside him, both of them relaxed and contented in each other's arms. Dear Rosie. He smiles at her again as he feels the welcome desire returning, as it so often does now. There is no reason they should not go to bed early.

The fellmonger is bringing his chosen girl to the table just across from where Dixon and Rosie are sitting. It is clear at this moment that for the fellmonger no one exists except this girl. She has, Dixon notices now that she is closer, a mauve-colored plastic hairband, an amusingly simple dressing for her long, straight hair, which comes straight down on either side of her country-red cheeks. Like Rosie, she does not have a great deal to say but answers the fellmonger's slow, earnest conversation with a few quietly spoken words. When the fellmonger speaks, he leans toward her, tilting his head and pushing it forward, swaying slightly as cattle do when they turn slowly to regard an intruder. Dixon wonders whether the girl is inwardly shrinking from the man, whether beneath the folds of the ugly dress her legs are pinchingly drawn close together. Certainly her feet, in white plastic strap sandals, are placed neatly side by side, drawn back a little toward the shelter of her chair. Perhaps the fellmonger, too, has a motel reservation and will plan to go to bed early. On reflection, Dixon is sure they will have a wedding first. Rosie, when they were walking briefly at one stage in their exploration of the town, kept wanting to pause to look at wedding clothes in a rather mean shopwindow. In their wanderings, they came to the shop more than once, and Rosie searched the display each time saying which bride's dress she liked best and why. Dixon, when his attention was drawn to it, agreed he had never before realized how attractive a square of heavy lace on the bodice of a simple bride's dress could look.

The fellmonger must have ordered champagne. The waiter brings it with a little flourish. The ice bucket is ornamented with silver lilies of the valley and is on a special trolley with tiny, competent wheels. Honey-colored wood has been used for the trolley, and carved ribbons and roses have been glued along both sides. A contemporary replica, Dixon knows, of an ancient art in furniture-making. He is surprised that the decoration is not plastic. Rosie is eating apple pie and cream.

"You're very quiet." Surprisingly, Rosie ventures a remark. "You're not talking very much." Perhaps she has noticed him watching the fellmonger.

Dixon laughs with the pleasure of feeling criticized by her. "It's you. You are quiet," he teases, longing to hold her close.

"Am I?" she asks.

As he looks at her round face and the sweet expression in her eyes, he suddenly thinks of something so awful he wishes he had not the power of thought and reason. His thought is linked to the thought he has had earlier in the meal. He knows at once that he is suffering from one of the most powerful of human emotions. Perhaps envy paves the way for jealousy—he winces at his own cliché. He is not envious of the fellmonger's possession, not jealous over that; it is something more complicated and far more difficult to face with reason. It is something that the fellmonger has as he sits there opposite his girl; it is something

about his hopes, which Dixon, in spite of his experience, his good looks, and his position and his money, does not have.

DIXON wakes up with a backache so severe he thinks he will be unable to move. It is some time since he has had a backache like this. Rosie, toward the other edge of the bed, is still asleep. The motel room in the early morning, with the heavy curtain pulled aside slightly, is diffused with a gray light making everything dreary. The dark-blue tiles in the bathroom the night before were depressing, and the matching blue towels did not seem quite clean. The smell of an air-freshening tablet fastened in a hidden place is nauseating. The cup of tea Rosie made before they went to bed simply tasted of this—pine, was it?—disinfectant. Trying to ease into a more comfortable position, he wonders whether it is the sea he can hear or merely the air-conditioning unit for the motel. He thinks once more about the town. Unless a visitor wants boating or fishing or simply a clean stretch of beach, it is not possible to visit a place for a holiday. "Mr. and Mrs. Crabber," he has seen notices, "welcome for bed and breakfast." The only way to take a holiday is to drive on to the next place and then on to the next and in every place to spread temporarily, shrinking from contact with the unwashed counterpanes, one's belongings taken out for one night and then repacked the next morning in order to be off on the long, straight main road once more.

The motel room has in it a double bed and a single bed. Rosie's mother could have come with them. The agony of his back and this ludicrous idea of three adults sharing one bedroom causes him to twist his lips into a smile. A notice pasted firmly on the inside of the door states that, under the Lodging Houses Act, five adults are permitted to occupy the room. The evening before, he and Rosie laughed about it.

"Five men or five women."

"Two couples and one mother-in-law."

"Four men and one girl—four women and one old man."

The possibilities, they decided, still laughing, were endless.

The fellmonger when he was talking to his girl during dinner, Dixon remembers, had quite a tender expression in his eyes, an expression that could transform even the face of an oaf. For the man was an oaf. . . . It is possible, Dixon thinks now, to imagine the girl's mother, in her hopefulness for the girl's future, reminding her repeatedly about table manners and other little ways of being agreeable to her companion. Until her mother tells her, the girl will not understand that in the immediate future with the fellmonger she will be expected to rear a band of boy children. The fellmonger's business will need them.

Rosie, of course, knows now her part in the arrangement they have made. He wonders if she understands how he has come to feel about her in spite of the relationship's simply being an arrangement between her mother and him. Ardently, at times, he wants her to know. At other times, he is not at all sure that he wants a child. He has never been certain that Delia does, and when he looks in the mirror he feels as if he were looking at a stranger. In this uncertainty and in that particular despair picked up in passing from the despair felt by other travellers—like an infection picked up in the street or in the bathroom at the motel—Dixon is surprised to find himself wondering if the fellmonger's future bride will choose, as her right, the bride's dress with the wonderful breastplate of lace. Mechlin, Honiton, Chantilly—does that girl know, does Rosie know, he wonders, these diversifications of decoration. Perhaps the fellmonger's future mother-in-law will sew the dress herself and will make in white slippery material instead of the heavy red the same pleats and tucks with which she is familiar. Rosie, he thinks, by rights should be having the wedding dress. The fellmonger, a distinctly ugly and commonplace man, offered affection during that dinner the night before, an affection with a humble sincerity which would last. He offered hope and an intense but carefully hidden desire. He offered his future. Dixon, allowing his realizations of the night before to spread over him in the bitterness of a terrible remorse, groans aloud.

“Rosie,” he says softly in the end of his groan. “Rosie, are you awake?” He moves toward the sleeping mound. There is a comforting softness and a warmth. When she wakes and turns toward him he begins at once to feel better. Taking her in his arms, he begins to stroke and to fondle her young breasts and feels with pleasure her response matching his own.

Perhaps that oaf the fellmonger does have, in his own way, this knowledge of life beneath the skin. Perhaps he knows more than many about the life that springs from the bone and the hide. He, the fellmonger—Dixon is unable to dismiss him from his thoughts during the mounting rhythm of their movements—probably understands far more. He will know, for instance, that human life depends so much on animal things, things like bone and glue, things that smell so terrible they cause the sides of the mouth and neck to stiffen in readiness for the power of vomiting. He will tell Rosie, in a minute, about the making of furniture. The fellmonger will probably know that animal glue has to be kept warm. Rosie, he will tell her, did you know . . . He is as close to Rosie as one human being can be to another and she is as close to him. Rosie, do you know, he will tell her soon, that rose petals and ribbons like the flowers you held in your lap yesterday can be carved in wood and they can be held fast by animal glue that never gives way. The petals and the ribbon, he will tell her . . . The carved petals and the carved ribbon, which is folded into a bow—he holds her with his legs—are pressed deep into hot sand, he will tell her, and she will ask him why, and he will tell her: to darken the edges in places to give the rose petals burnished shadows on their crinkled edges and to give the ribbon the reality of the folds of the bow as it is tied in taffeta or silk. There is no reason, he will tell her, that something really felt deeply should not last forever. If it is felt only once, that once should be enough to hold forever. In a minute he will tell her.

“ROSIE,” Dixon says, stopping the car in the main street of the ramshackle town. “What would you like?”

“What d’you mean? Something to eat? I couldn’t after all that breakfast. I really love hotel breakfasts.”

“No, I mean some other thing,” he says, smiling at the memory of the motel dining room. He puts one arm round her shoulders and gives her a small hug. They are in the main shopping part of the town. It is Monday morning and their weekend is over. Rosie, without hesitation, says, “I’d like the bride dress, the one with the lace—if you are thinking of something big like that.”

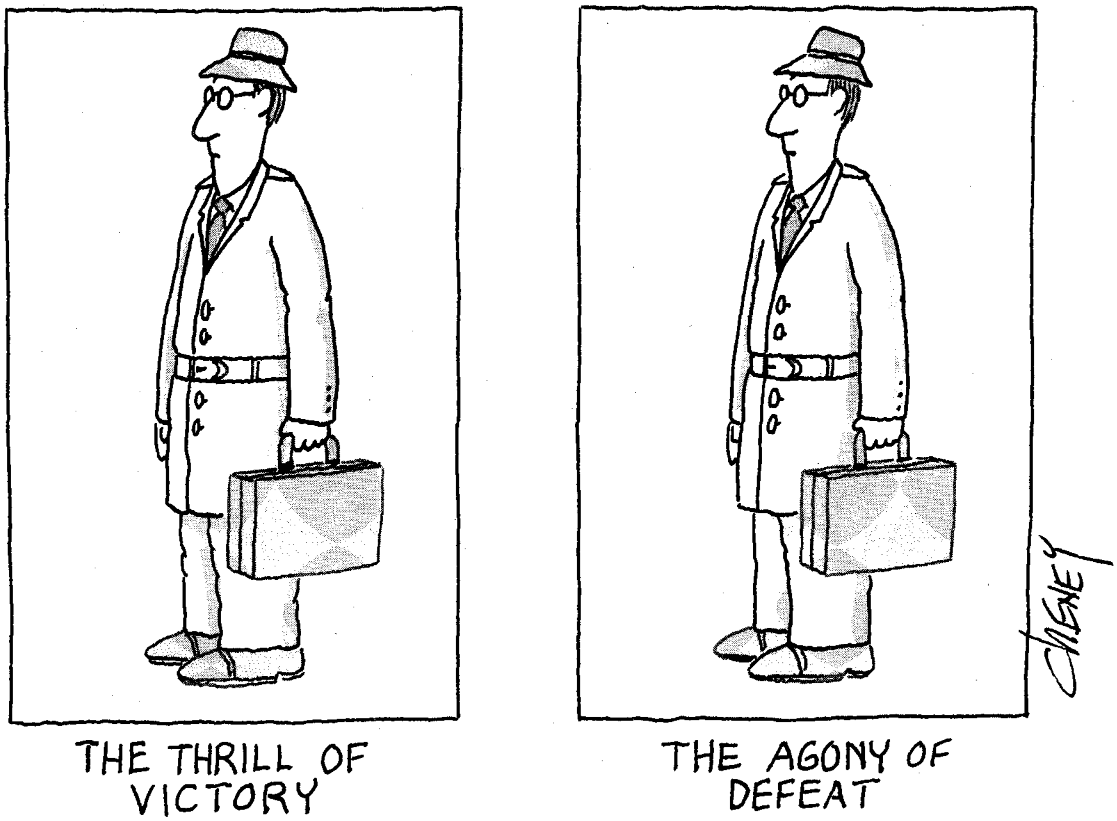
“Oh?” Dixon tries not to show his surprise. “Are you sure that’s what you’d like?” A feeling of tremendous relief which came unexpectedly while he was in the shower is coupled now with the pleasure of being about to leave the utter boredom of the small town and set out for the long drive home. He enjoys driving. Rosie, unprepared, had called out to him in the bathroom that she needed to find a chemist’s or a supermarket. She wasn’t due for another week but she supposed it was the excitement of going off for the weekend. She said she was sorry to be such a nuisance. “I feel a right dill,” she said. “I’m flooding all over the place.”

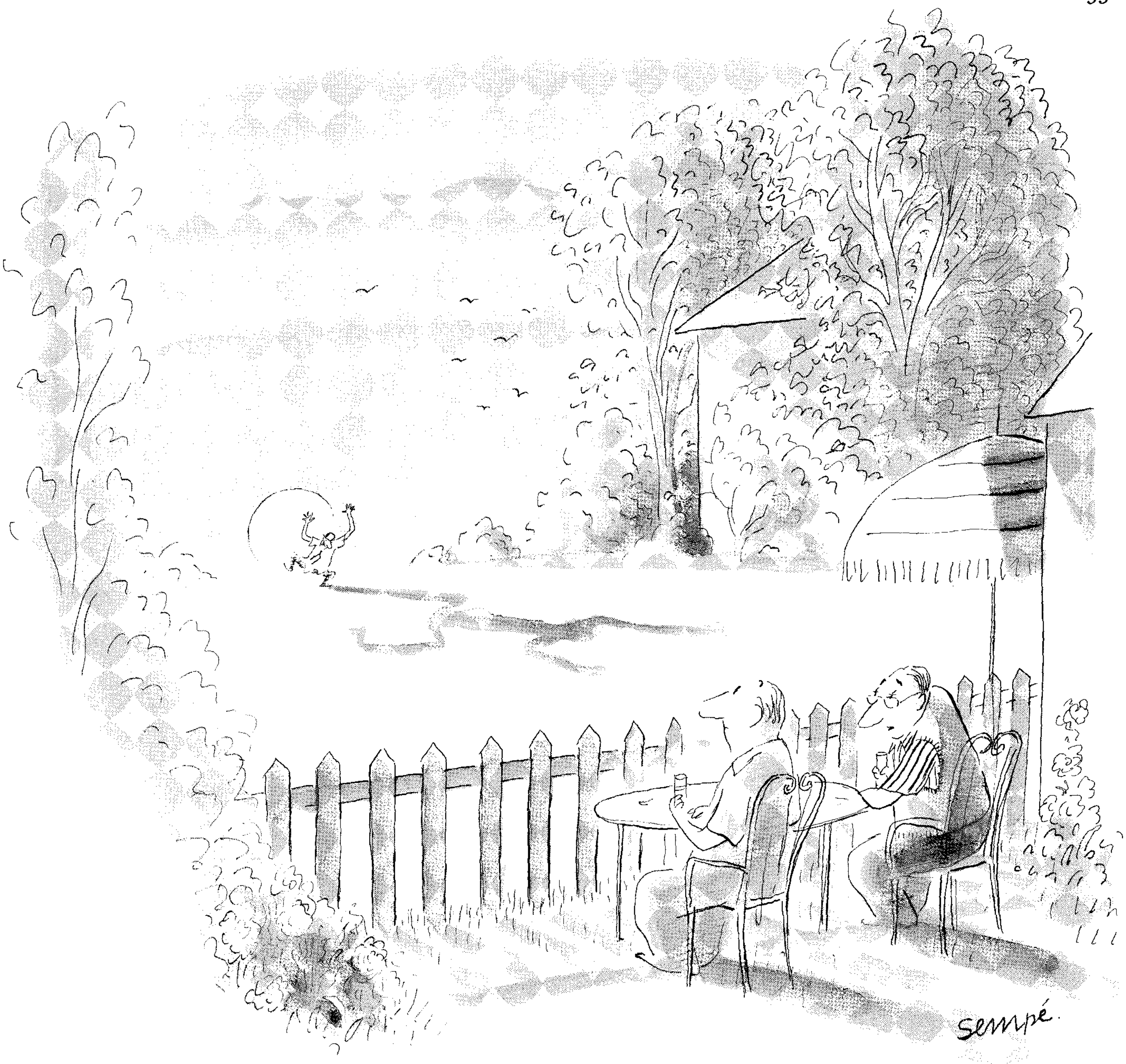
Dixon, laughing with a sudden delight, had reached from the shower and pulled her in under the warm water. “Nonsense!” He heard his own voice crack with joy. “You could never be a nuisance. Never!” He had soaped her all over, and, hardly able to stop himself, his laughter had become high-pitched, uncontrollable almost, the relief was so tremendous.

“I’ll pad myself up somehow with all my pairs of pants.” Rosie was suddenly competent. “Till I’ve done my shopping.”

“Are you sure about the dress?” Dixon asks again, an uneasy thought crossing his mind. She surely couldn’t be hoping for the impossible. He begins to compose a fatherly little speech about himself and Delia and how they hold the bonds of marriage to be sacred, but Rosie interrupts him.

“If it’s a big thing I can have, I really would like the dress,” she says, nodding toward the shopwindow. The slanting rays of the early-morning sun are contriving somehow to make the material of the dress gleam, so





"We used to be close friends as well as good neighbors. Almost every evening, we enjoyed the sunset together, philosophizing about this and that. Then, one day, we had a slight difference, and ever since then he's tried to spoil this wonderful moment."

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that in spite of its mean setting it looks rich and full of promise. "Oh, doesn't it look lovely!" Rosie exclaims. "You see," she says, "I'd been thinking that as soon as I'd done surrogate I'd look around and get married. And now that I'm not surrogate—and you don't mind—there's nothing to stop me and I'll have my dress all ready and . . . "

BUYING the dress, Dixon thinks as he swings the car into the roundabout and onto the long, straight road he enjoys so much, is the smallest thing he could have expected to do. After remembering with more than slight annoyance that he has left his corset—for him an almost irreplaceable item—on the back of the motel bathroom door, he returns to his good fortune, dwelling on it with enough pleasure to enable him to dismiss the unfortunate loss of the unmentionable garment. He refrains from congratulating himself too much and increases his speed so that the small houses and gardens are soon left behind. It is hard to know what Rosie thinks as she sits holding the silver-wrapped parcel across her lap. She is gazing now at the wide, calm waters of the estuary, where swans glide slowly just beyond the reeds. He wonders vaguely why, during his climaxing, he should have wanted to tell her how certain kinds of furniture are made. He has not told her but reminds himself to tell Delia. "What a hoot!" she will say. They, both of them, like to have things like that to tell at parties.

—ELIZABETH JOLLEY

PERSONAL HISTORY

GETTING AN EDUCATION—II

WHEN, in the fall of 1926, I went as a boarder to Annie Wright Seminary, in Tacoma, my Uncle Harold's friend Mark Sullivan offered to write to me. His letters did not start arriving till after Christmas vacation, but then they saved my life. Could this homely, red-faced boy—a junior at the U. (the University of Washington)—have guessed the significance for my social standing at school of having a regular male correspondent even though I was only fourteen? My classmates were mostly a year older but still hopeless babies, not yet weaned from the food packages sent by their mothers, which, despite the rule about sharing, constituted for them the most enviable part of the mail. Poor Jean Eagleson and Barbara Dole, poor Frances Ankeny, Ruth Sutton, Clover Rath, Mary Ellen Warner—if any boy wrote to them, it was a brother.

The girls I admired and wanted to copy were juniors and seniors, some of whom had fiancés who wrote every day. To those girls, who were not all as unapproachable as I originally feared, it was irresistible for me to pretend that Mark was mine. His letters, running to several pages, tended to bear it out, and a bloodstone ring given me by my Great-Aunt Alice for Christmas made a "perfect" engagement ring. In case doubts were inspired by the flat stone in its filigreed-silver setting (to carry one-hundred-per-cent conviction it should have been a solitaire diamond), I explained that Mark was poor and bent on being a great writer. He had chosen the bloodstone, I added, to match my green eyes.

The center of my life, though, during that second term at Annie Wright—gabled, dormered, casemented, and beginning to be creeper-covered, with a cloister, to walk in on rainy days, which had a camellia tree blooming beside it—was not a man or a boy but Mary Ann Lamping, a senior. Every night after study hall I sat in her room till bedtime with the rest of her clientele, doing my best to amuse that fair-haired, dry-spoken girl, who came from a social family in Seattle (her father's name was Roland), wore a black riding habit with a stock and bowler hat, was not going to the U. after graduation but heading instead for a big wedding with ushers, and already had a "settled" air about her that was part of her allure. An absence of drive was part of it, too: her short dark-blond hair was untouched by marcel iron or water wave; she had indolent, slightly broad hips and elegant, tapering legs, never crossed, never folded under her, never wound around a chair leg, but squarely held apart, giving her the lap of a young matron as she sat in her armchair idly buffing her nails. She did not have a roommate, which was unusual for a senior; she had no best friend in her class and took no part in school activities—riding was not considered an activity, not being a team sport or competitive, and cost extra.

In Lampie's ambience, a fiancé's lack of "family," his not having a car or belonging to a fraternity ought to have been severe liabilities, yet these shortcomings in Mark, if she knew of them, seemed to leave her indifferent. I never had to admit to her that Mark's father was a policeman, since she never asked; the "engagement ring" elicited no sign of disapproval (never more, anyhow, in her case than a mild wrinkling of the short, lightly freckled nose) or quiet comparison with her own sparkler, and, looking back, I cannot decide whether she was sweet-natured—rare in a social girl—or lazily permissive, disinclined to raise questions. Although she had to hear parts of Mark's letters whenever one came (they were over her head, I guess), only once did she query me about him, and that was to wonder aloud where he took me dancing when I was home. The Butler Hotel, I answered, lying. A safe choice: though my Uncle Harold went there (he liked the band), Lampie never would.

Mark's motive in writing me was surely kindness. He had a fiancée and didn't need another. But there must have been something in me that brought out the pedagogue in young men, and he was still taking an interest in what went into my mind. He may have feared that Annie Wright would be just a fancy finishing school—the same fear that my real (or semi-real) fiancé voiced about Vassar three years later. Mark's letters (typed with two fingers, newspaperman style) were tutorials of a sort, recommending books, making cryptic jests, copying out lines of poetry, maxims of Schopenhauer, aphorisms. Like Don Marquis's archy, he never used the shift key or any mark of punctuation beyond a few dots.

"how odd
of god
to choose
the jews"

he wrote—quoting Hilaire Belloc, he declared—and he always signed himself "mark," typewritten like that. I cannot remember how he closed his letters; it was my first husband, not Mark, I think, who used to type "S.L.S.O.C.Y.K." at the end of his, meaning "So long, sweet one, consider yourself kissed." No, it couldn't have been Mark, because the funny initials (looking like a Polish surname) were in capitals and had periods. When Dwight Macdonald called his dissident magazine *politics* (note the small "d" in what is more commonly written "MacDonald"), I at once thought of Mark. That was in the forties, but they were the same generation. For a young male of those days (cf., e. e. cummings, a forerunner, born in 1894), such graphic devices, like armorial bearings, were a "statement," a machine-age manifesto, and the elimination of the shift key on the typewriter was a form of capital punishment. Females were unaffected by this revolution. In handwriting, distinction was sought by the cramped practice of backhand (which, in fact, did express quite well the personalities of those laboring to perfect it) or in florid capital letters (I practiced and practiced on my "M"s and "C"s), while in the other hemisphere the aristocratic Isak Dinesen, writing of her African farm on an old Corona,

"It's a no-pepperoni pizza—a message of hope for all mankind."

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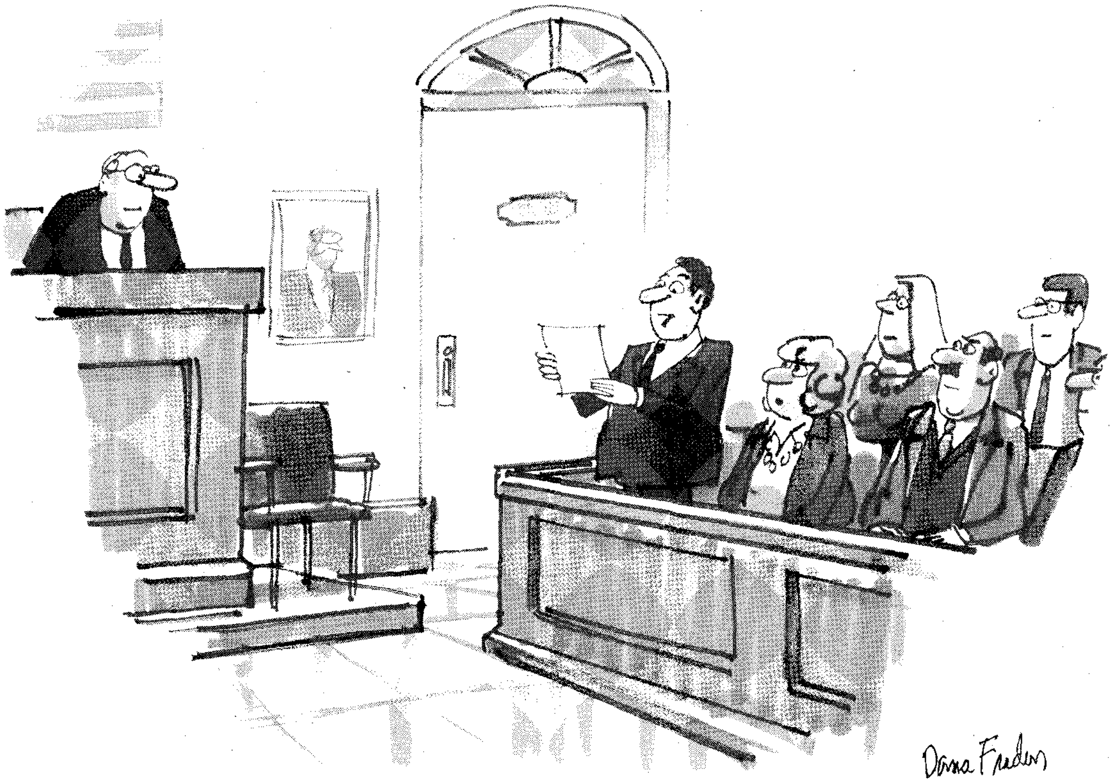
strewed capitals about with a munificent feudal hand: "the trunk of an Elephant," "the Native People."

An additional motive for Mark's writing me was no doubt the act of writing itself. Probably he sat down to the typewriter late at night after a party, the way someone else—my Uncle Harold, for instance—might tickle the ivories on the piano. I was receptive, and he was literary—the editor of the college magazine. In his free time, he was writing squibs and short stories and sending them to *College Humor* and maybe the old *Life* and *Judge*. Among the modern books he was reading that year, I remember "Count Bruga" (1926), "The Mauve Decade" (1926), "Nigger Heaven" (1926), and perhaps Huneker's "Painted Veils" (1920). And it was during that year (1926-27), my first at the Seminary, that he got into trouble with the U. over an issue of the magazine which he had published and mainly written—the February number, evidently. The offending lead piece was called "Lincoln Apple Sauce."

He must have sent it to me at school; there was no other way I could have got hold of it. It was a shellacking of Abraham Lincoln, or, more precisely, of the Lincoln myth, as I now realize. But at the time I did not distinguish between the two, and in that I was no exception. In suspending Mark, the university (whose liberal president had just been fired at the instance of the governor) was punishing him for blasphemy against the martyred President as much as for irreverence toward the Lincoln myth. Perhaps the two were all but inseparable, just as Christ cannot be pried loose from Christianity or Communism from Stalin, despite many highly motivated attempts. Perhaps all efforts at repristination are doomed to failure because anti-historical, like overcleaned frescoes, which always look so glaringly new—worse than fakes. In any case, "Lincoln Apple Sauce," which pleased me inordinately, very much grieved my grandfather, not only for Lincoln but for Mark. He felt Mark had done himself a lasting injury at the very start of a promising career. My grandfather, a lifelong Republican, was a democrat, one of the few I have known, but he must have thought that the upwardly mobile son of a police officer had to watch his step on the swinging rope ladder of success.

"Lincoln Apple Sauce" owed its inspiration to H. L. Mencken, obviously. It was a piece of debunking. But that was not why I liked it. My reason was simpler: I hated Lincoln. All through school, and in the convent, too, our teachers had the habit of confronting us with opposites and making us choose between them. Evidently it was a form of head-counting, but its purpose I cannot guess. A pet opposed pair was Washington and Lincoln (later on, in college, it would be monism and dualism, or Voltaire and Rousseau), and at Garfield High the previous February they had made us fall into line on opposite sides of the gym and march to music to show our preference. Even in the Sacred Heart convent—my school before Garfield—where you would expect Mount Vernon to outshine a log cabin and a powdered wig a scraggly set of chin whiskers, Washington's claque was always smaller, and that was enough, naturally, to keep me loyal to it.

Actually, I did not care all that much for Washington. I was bored by the cherry tree, by the "Father of His



"Your Honor, on the first ballot the jury voted ten to two for conviction. For three emotionally charged hours, we discussed our points of difference. On the next ballot, it was seven to five for acquittal. Over the next several ballots, the vote seesawed back and forth. One juror became ill and was replaced by an alternate. By now, we had been in session for ten hours straight. Tempers were rising and some jurors were near the breaking point."

• •

Country" label, by Martha Washington's neckwear, by his flat, red Gilbert Stuart face. Among Presidents my real liking was for Jefferson, with Martin Van Buren second, but in school they never gave you that choice. And if the alternative to Washington was Lincoln, I had no hesitation about where I stood. My sympathies were aristocratic, which was also to say with the few against the many. Yet my dislike of Lincoln did not mean that I was pro-slavery. I had mentally freed my slaves long ago, in the wake of John Randolph and John C. Calhoun. But I was passionate about states' rights, which made me support the South in the Civil War.

In any conflict I was almost automatically for the losing side; that was an appeal that George Washington lacked. I loved Bonnie Prince Charlie, Mark Antony, Vercingetorix, Beauregard, General Jeb Stuart, the absurd Charles I, and despised any victory that was not won against fearful odds. One might think that John Wilkes Booth's bullet would have softened my heart toward Honest Abe. But no. His myth was stronger than the bullet, and the myth was too uncouth, too plebeian, for me. It was not till I was much older, nearly thirty, that I developed a real sympathy for and interest in Lincoln. But it was his intellect and, above all, his melancholy that did it. Neither had a place, naturally, in the common Lincoln applesauce, which Mark was deriding.

It should be evident from his literary tastes that Mark did not share my aristocratic views, even though, like Mencken, he hated and scorned the "booboisie." Yet Mencken in later life became what is called a reactionary, and maybe that is how a true hater of the bourgeois (look at Flaubert) is pretty well bound to end. By what criteria, if not simple lack of money, can the antique *demos*—"the people" —be told apart from the mass of middle-class boobs? In a country like America, which has shed its proletariat, except for coal miners and an under-class of permanent relief clients, no distinction is visible. In any case, Mark did not live long enough to sour into a reactionary. When he died (of t.b., I think), during the war, he was arrested at a stage of pure misanthropy—normal in a newspaperman.

At the university, Mark was soon reinstated, and the only penalty I remember his suffering was the suppression of the offending issue of the magazine. I continued to be proud of his temerity, and for a while he kept on writing to me, probably till he finished the university and found a job on a paper. It seems to me that he did not come to Lake Crescent with us the next summer and that, shortly after, our correspondence ceased. Maybe he got married. But he had been there when I needed him, like a pair of water wings; his letters saw me through my sophomore year. After that, I was *somebody* in the school, even when under a cloud; the teachers had noted me.

MY sophomore year marked, too, the first time I was turned loose in a library, like a colt in green pasture. There was no librarian to hover over me; I was usually alone in the tall, dark-panelled room lined with books—not just sets, as in my grandfather's library at home, but modern books. And there were periodicals laid out on two round tables under central lamps, where you could sit and leaf through *L'Illustration*, *The Illustrated London News*, and *Punch*, as well as (I think) *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, *The Yale Review*, *Scribner's*, *The Century*. It was like entering a house with a little table all set as in a fairy tale. I would climb up to explore the shelves and bring down booty—all of Sinclair Lewis, for instance, to choose from, including one called "Free Air," featuring a filling station; Galsworthy, of course ("The Forsyte

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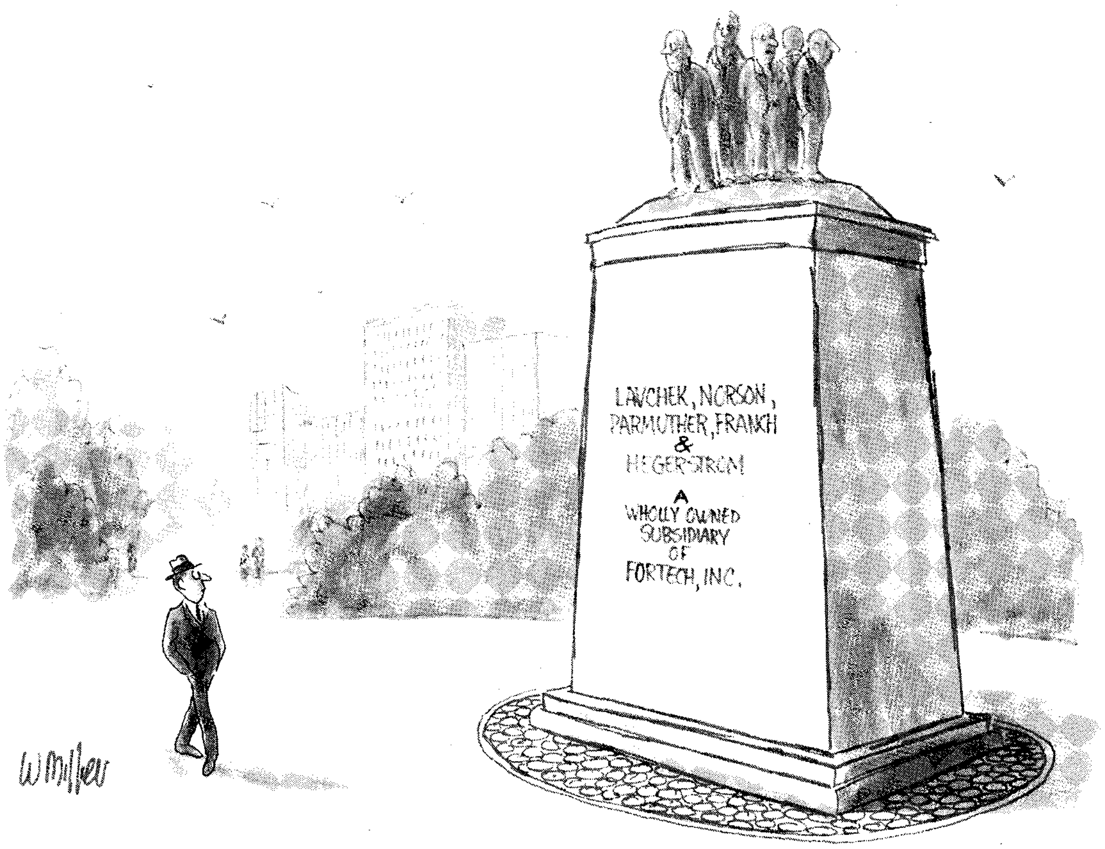


Saga" and a new one, in a violet cover, called "The White Monkey," about Fleur); Arnold Bennett ("Clayhanger," "Hilda Lessways," "The Old Wives' Tale") and H. G. Wells' "Ann Veronica;" a whole line of dark-green volumes ("Fortitude," "The Green Mirror," "The Dark Forest," "The Duchess of Wrexe") by an author, Hugh Walpole, whom no adult appeared to admire as much as I did. In twentieth-century books the taste was mainly English. I remember May Sinclair but not Willa Cather or Ellen Glasgow and am unsure about Dreiser. I can see a yellow volume, though, with a colored sketch of a Friend on the linen cover—"Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," by S. Weir Mitchell, America's first psychiatrist.

But the great thing was to find the complete Tolstoy. I raced straight through it, and the volume that really struck me was not "War and Peace" or even "Anna Karenina" but "The Death of Ivan Ilyich." I think I had fallen in love with the title. Of "War and Peace" I remember most my disappointment with Natasha for marrying fat Pierre after Prince Andrei. The letdown was familiar; it was what happened to the reader when an author was a moralist and had to punish his heroine for her own good. I knew the sensation from having heard "Emma" read aloud in the convent—by a little, whiskered Madame who also read "A Tale of Two Cities" and "The Gentleman from Indiana" while we learned to make buttonholes and sew a French seam. Well, you know how the story ends, with "headstrong" (read "high-spirited") Emma forced to marry Mr. Knightly. In "Anna Karenina," I of course fell for Vronsky and did not notice his bald spot, any more than I had the sense to notice Prince Andrei's small white hands.

Did I know that Tolstoy was better than Hugh Walpole? Unfortunately, I am not really sure. What I do remember is my immense surprise on learning that my grandmother had read Tolstoy—all the Russian classics, which she spoke of, tartly but half fondly, as "those old books." She and Aunt Rosie had gone through them when they were young and—wonderful to think of—when the books were still young, too.

At the Seminary poetry was kept in study hall, rather than in the library. It was there that I discovered Swinburne and "So we'll go no more a-roving" and the Cavalier Poets. None of this can have furnished material for letters to Mark, who was fonder of prose than of poetry and more partial to Americans and the French than to the English. That year he was talking of "Jarnegan," by a hobo named Jim Tully, now forgotten—if you look "Tully" up in a current book of reference, you are told "See Cicero." In the summer he brought me "The Hard-Boiled Virgin," by Frances Newman, a new writer thought by us in Seattle to be H. L. Mencken's mistress.

Mencken, in fact, was the tastemaker, not only for apprentice journalists like Mark but for various young provincials seeking a direction. I remember trying to read "Thus Spake Zarathustra"—a typically limp volume lent me by my Garfield friend Ethel (Ted) Rosenberg, who normally would have been more likely to press the "Rubáiyát" on me or Rabindranath Tagore. Indeed, putting the donor together with the title, I supposed I was being initiated into some new branch of Oriental wisdom. I did not know that Nietzsche had been launched by Mencken almost twenty years before, and perhaps neither did Ted. Yet it was he who had made "Zarathustra" a must for young aesthetes like her, who considered themselves far beyond the reach of his influence. More consciously a Menckenite and somewhat older (though surely still in her twenties) was Miss Dorothy Atkinson, a Vassar graduate and *American Mercury* subscriber, who in sophomore English was giving us "As You Like It," the de Coverley papers, "Silas Marner," "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," Macaulay's essay on Johnson, and Thomas Huxley's "On a Piece of Chalk."

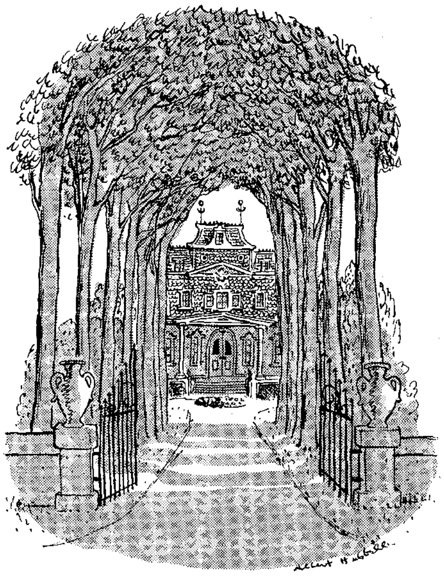
Like that reading list (more or less standard in private schools at the sophomore level, though we did not suspect it), Miss Atkinson was exacting and in appearance severe. She wore her ash-blond, soft hair in funny puffs or whirls over her ears and her folding eyeglasses on a long chain or ribbon, had pale slate-blue eyes, thick milk-white skin, and a satiric way of talking. Though I had her only that one year at Annie Wright (her successor, very different, was her popping-eyed younger sister, Miss Marjorie Atkinson—"Macbeth," Burke, "Lycidas," the essays of Elia—whom I made cry one day), Miss Dorothy Atkinson must count as a major influence in my life, since it was in order to be like her that I went to Vassar. Her room at Annie Wright was across the corridor from mine, and I used to bring her the stories I was beginning to write, one of which—"A Wife and Mother"—she advised me to send to Mencken. It was unlikely that he would take it, she explained, but he might return it with comments and possibly words of encouragement—he had an interest in new, young writers. She was wrong in my case: I never heard from him. But to be given that advice by her, the cool essence of bluestocking, was flattery enough; I was amazed.

The stories I wrote (in study hall, behind the screen of an open textbook) were gloomy satires on respectability and received ideas. Long ago, someone—myself, I suppose—saved them, and then they must have been sent on to me when my grandmother died and the Seattle house was sold. Anyway, here they are. On ruled exercise-book paper, the kind we used for our themes, they confront me with a total absence of early talent. Miss Dorothy Atkinson must have been out of her mind. The heroine of "A Wife and Mother," unalluring to begin with, in a few pages reaches an acme of repulsiveness ("She is more than fleshy; she rolls in fat. Her English is poor; her whole person carelessly tended. She has plenty of flashy jewelry and wears it often"), along with a complacent, self-made, Republican husband ("Old Honest Abe is his ideal"), who calls all foreigners Wops. "So they live on, contented, average American citizens. . . . The wife and mother of whom sentimental songs are written." Poor Mencken.

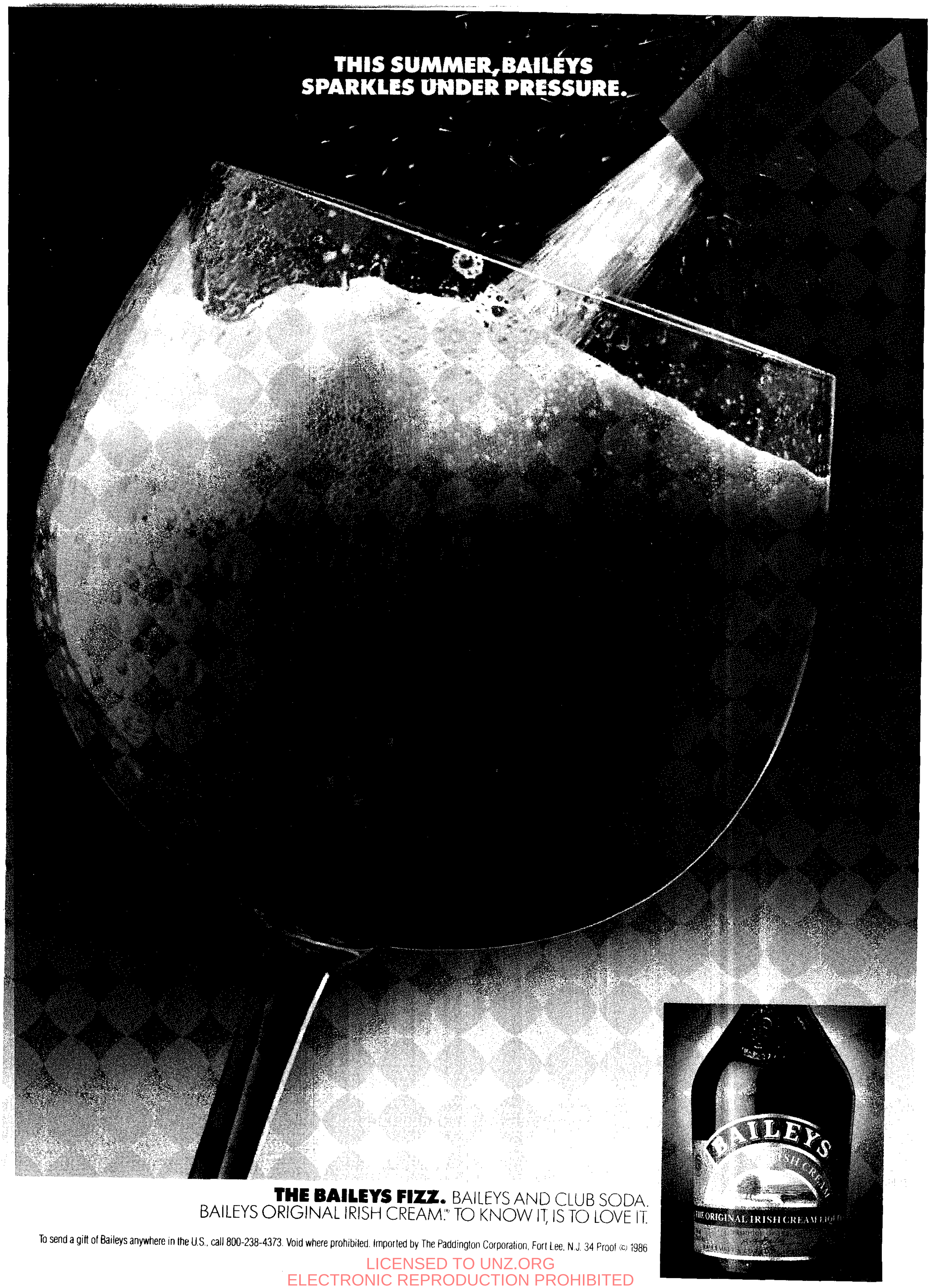
Another one tells of a prostitute named Gracia (the Wife and Mother was Daphne), whom we first meet as a department-store clerk selling cosmetics. She loses her job because, at twenty-seven, she is losing her looks ("she would soon join the ranks of the waddling, middle-aging women who insist on buying their clothes in the 'Misses' section"); next, she is seduced by a coarse Jewish businessman "with great pouches under hard bright eyes." When, after six months, this Mose Nordstrom tires of her ("The brute! The cur! He couldn't have me again now if he wanted to. . . . He was really awful fat and funny-looking anyhow"), Gracia, now a "middle-aged, fussy, dumpy woman," gets work as an usher in a cheap movie house, where she meets solitary men and, unaware of what is happening, seeing each of her clients as a new Prince Charming, sinks into professional vice. The final sentences sum it up: "What did she amount to? What was she? Just another prostitute with ideals." The theme of both stories is self-deception, reality being represented by fat—both heroines have a grave figure problem; both "waddle."

Another, *unfinished or only partly* preserved, "The Story of a Suicide," seems to have started out as an essay—"These People Called Suicides." Both story and essay begin with a quotation from the Gospels and proceed: "Life is a wild, bitter, brutal thing, a thing that sears, that kills. Life is the reason for death. Most people picture death as a grim, old spectre, whose all-destroying hand reaches out and clutches us. But to many, death is a calm, white spirit with a soothing hand, and a tender eye, that takes us away from that horror, life, when we are able to bear it no longer. To some it comes voluntarily; they are usually the ones that it hurts. But to those who cry for it, beg for it, pray for it, it does not hearken, so they are driven to summon it against its will. These people men call suicides."

Beside this passage, a hand has written in the margin, "Very good, Mary—I like your theme but don't make it [illegible] inhuman. I hope, Mary dear, that this version of suicide isn't your own!" So I had turned the essay in as a class theme. More important, to my surprise, I notice that the "y" of the teacher's "Mary," just like mine even today, has a long, sweeping flourish of a tail, and that the "i"s are dotted with circles, just as mine were before Miss Kitchel, in freshman English at Vassar, discouraged the practice. Till this moment, I never knew where I had got those circles from: what Vassar gave, apparently, Vassar took away. As for the fear that I might be thinking of suicide, I can't decide whether Miss Atkinson (for of course it was she) was being whimsical with her gay little exclamation mark or whether she was worried. A little of both, perhaps, which would be the Vassar way.



A fragment of still another story, "What Doth It Profit a Man," has to do with suicide, too. A young woman, Diana Stone, seemingly pregnant, waits in vain for her lover to return to her in the woods by a mountain lake, where she lives. "Ordinarily she would be described as a tall, slender, green-eyed, black-haired creature with a glowing natural complexion. But tonight the sorrow, the regret, the pensiveness of her face, as she stood gazing at the beauties of the mountain lake, made her beauty a matter beyond any doubt." Her man, named Keith, had left her. "Oh, God, why should it be?" It was finished. "Perhaps he had never cared, never meant those fond caresses, those words, those looks! Perhaps she had been just one more girl to pet with. . . . Keith . . . the man of her dreams had gone . . . she was alone, alone to face the consequences." For they had done more than pet. They had sinned, and sinned gravely, against the great commandment. After he left her, he intended to write, to ask her to forgive and to marry him. "But the lure of his bachelor life was too strong and the letter remained unposted." Nevertheless, "his thoughts and dreams were haunted by those gay yet wistful eyes of Diana Stone. He should marry her, by all the rights on earth, he should. He hesitated, for his will was weak." Finally ("her time was near"), *she wrote to him:* "One pleading childish letter ending with 'I tell you, no matter what happens I will love you forever and ever, Keith darling, from your waiting Di.' " But her letter, misaddressed, was too long in reaching him. When he got it, he at once telephoned for a ticket on the next train. "For he loved her, really, you see." But by the time he reached the familiar house in the woods she had taken strychnine. That night, she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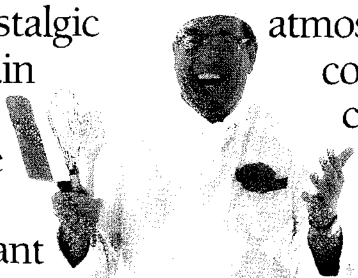

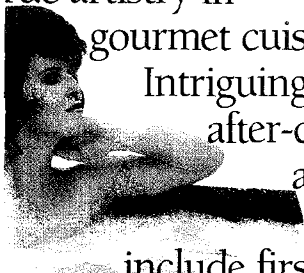

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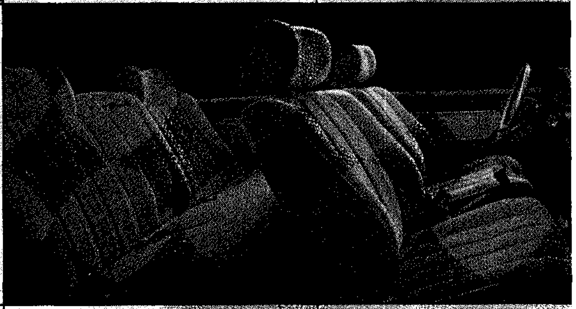

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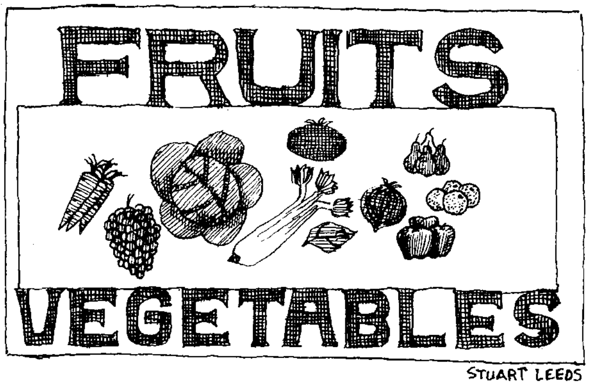
If Miss Atkinson saw “What Doth It Profit a Man” (which looks earlier to me than “The Story of a Suicide”), it can hardly have occurred to her that Di’s misadventure was strongly autobiographical. Yet the strange thing is that this tritest and trashiest of all my study-hall narratives is the only one to correspond with anything in my experience. Underneath the embroidery I recognize “Keith,” a girl’s green eyes, a mountain lake, a path through the woods, seduction and abandonment. The mountain lake was Lake Crescent, in the Olympics, where every summer—the happiest times of my life—I shared a cottage at Singer’s Tavern with my grandfather, and my Uncle Harold shared one with Mark. The path through the woods was the one going from the hotel to Marymere Falls, along which a pipe-smoking “Keith” (alias Forrest Crosby, aged twenty-three) had led me, although my seduction and abandonment, for the time being, were averted by my grandfather, who came thundering after us down to the lakeside. Except that I was not pregnant and did not have a glowing natural complexion (my skin was rather pale), the account was not far from the truth, while in none of the other tales, despite what a reader might surmise, is there the slightest trace of direct experience: I myself had no figure problem and, unlike poor Daphne of “A Wife and Mother,” no pimples. The sole reference to real life that I can find in these determined-to-be-lifelike fictions is the first name of Gracia’s Jewish seducer: Mose. Uncle Mose was Aunt Rosie’s husband. I cannot imagine what prompted me to give his first name (unless it was the only one I knew that sounded Jewish or, to be frank, Jewy) to a coarse little rotter; I *liked* Uncle Moses Gottstein.

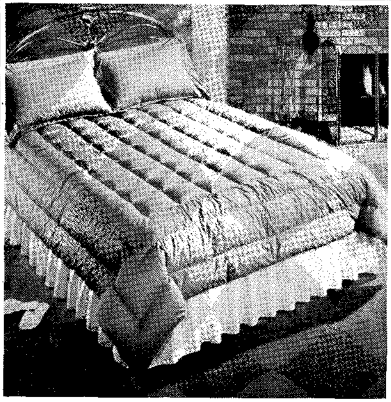
This brings us up against the mysteries of creation, from which trash seems no more exempt than serious literature. Even with trash, sources, like Psyche’s Cupid, hide themselves from the light of inquiry. But, apart from Uncle Mose, apart from the absence of waddlers from my personal history, another puzzle rises to meet me as I study those numbered pages of crumbling yellowed paper with torn holes running down one side. What made me write those things? Had they been autobiographical, like so much juvenilia, there would be no need to ask the question. Or if a teacher had set us to writing stories. But I was not responding to any visible pressure, from within or without. If I could ignore a strange ferocity of treatment, I would say that the urge that seized me was purely literary, by which I mean an urge to write words on paper regardless of any connection with myself or the world immediately surrounding me. In “Suicide,” for example, it is almost as if my motive had lain in the epigraph: “I am the Resurrection and the Life,” which opens the Episcopal burial service. This was one of my favorite passages from the New Testament, and doubly dear to me because Dickens had used it in “A Tale of Two Cities,” as a preface to the dissipated Sydney Carton’s valediction (“It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known”) as he steps up to replace his highborn rival, Charles Darnay, at the guillotine while the knitting women count. I think I may have written both essay and story simply to have a pretext for setting down in my own hand those tremendous words from the Gospel. If that is so, I sensed already, in my fifteenth year, that I belonged to the order of scribes.

In fact (now it comes back to me), those very words of Holy Writ are bound up with my awakening to literature: In the convent, during sewing hour, the tiny black-eyed nun, Irish or French, is reading to us from Dickens in a deep voice with a strongly rolled “r” the indictment of the tribunal (“Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay”), to be followed, next week, by the speech of the dissolute barrister (“ ‘I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord’ ”), while, bent over my embroidery hoop, like Kant awakening from his dogmatic slumbers, or the child Samuel hearing the Lord’s call in the Temple, or Archimedes in the bathtub, I feel the short hair rising on my scalp. A voice has summoned me, from the lips of a small, hoarse old Madame with gray hairs straggling out from under her pleated wimple. Come to think of it, those words recur, uncannily, as though completing the circle, in my last novel, “Cannibals and Missionaries,” and in “The Group,” though maybe the strangeness is not so strange if you know that in both cases the dearly loved John 11:25-26 crops up at an Episcopal funeral.

It is true that I was fond of epigraphs, scriptural or not, that over a text I liked to set headings, like tomb inscriptions, which gave me great pleasure to copy and had little to do with the story. Among these same Annie Wright relics, I find entire poems —Edna Millay, Margaret Widdemer, unidentified others—written out as though for commonplacing. Yet I cannot think that such an instinct for magical preservation, for the tracery of groups of words carefully indited in my ornate hand with those fish-eyed “i”s, was my whole motive in writing. I spoke just now of a “ferocity” of treatment. Or “vehemence,” I could say. I cannot escape the impression that I wrote in anger. The aesthetic urge was secondary. I had “something to say.” Those waddling Daphnes and Gracias had got under my skin.

But, as I say, I did not know any women like that. There were none in my family—both my grandmother and my mother, I was often told, had been in their time “the most beautiful woman in Seattle,” and my other grandmother, while stout, was solid and bulldoggy—and I was in no danger of becoming one myself. A school picture shows a thin, somewhat tense girl, a little taller than average, not too different from “Diana Stone,” allowing for some romantic footlighting. Those Gracias and Daphnes must have represented, for some reason, the enemy. Clearly they embodied some thing or quality I hated with passion. That cannot have been fat or shortness of stature, however displeasing when combined, but must have been, rather, moral traits —triteness and self-deception. In my study-hall compositions, the two are allied, occurring together like elements in the periodic table. And, in fact, I believe I was right to have noticed that:





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triteness, the resort to well-worn counters, is an evasive device that protects you from reality's rough edges, which may hurt if you bump into them. But is reality, or truth, always so uncomfortable? That is not my opinion now (truth produces elation, surely, because of its closeness to beauty), but I evidently thought so when I was fourteen, for what was I doing but rubbing my heroines' noses in it, furiously, as though to wake them up? You are a prostitute, fat stupid Gracia, admit it, don't pretend you do it because the fellows find you irresistibly attractive; you are the same as a streetwalker, no matter what, like the Pharisee, you tell yourself: "God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are." That was what the anger, the ferocity, the vehemence were all about. They sound excessive, because the provocation is not disclosed. What was biting me, after all? Even if I was surrounded, at school and at home, by triteness and hypocrisy (and adolescents do feel that, even if they later forget), why take it out on a vague notion of the average housewife, the average prostitute—in other words, on total strangers?

But wait! An awful thought has struck me. "Fat and shortness of stature"—who does that remind me of? Why, Aunt Hennie, of course—Uncle Elkan Morganstern's wife, my grandmother's sister-in-law; it was a family we did not see as much as once a year. But immense-breasted Aunt Hennie, no more than five feet high, could be viewed as a waddler; her daughter and granddaughters—my second cousins—had certainly inherited a tendency to put on weight. I could scarcely have been afraid of coming to resemble them (the body structure, plainly, did not come from the Morganstern side), but I intensely disliked the way they looked, together and separately. I did not care to be associated with any of them, and doubtless the feeling was mutual—by all indications, they were clannish, temple-going Jews who, unlike Aunt Rosie, did not mix. Then was my ferocity, unknown to myself, directed at the "Jewish connection," at what my mother in a letter to her mother-in-law had called "the Hebrews"? (My father, for his part, referred to "another Yiddisher fellow" when writing to his brother, Uncle Lou.) I rethink "Mose Nordstrom." It is true that I liked Uncle Moses A. (for Abraham?) Gottstein, but it is also true that I did not much like his appearance—glasses, incipient cataracts, full, rosy cheeks, raised eyebrows, cigar in teeth, rosy lips showing gums, benign smile. It almost looks as if my impulse to write had had some relation to a juvenile anti-Semitic bias, to an anger that had to be directed against myself, the Jewish quarter of me that I half tried to disavow.

As if in confirmation of this disagreeable thesis, memory suddenly presents me with the roommate—a huge-hipped, hook-nosed girl from Montana—whom the school had foisted on me that first fall and whom I had asked to be separated from after two weeks. Maybe we had both asked to be separated. She did not like Annie Wright and never returned after what must have been Christmas vacation. But the reader must not think that our school was anti-Semitic. The position was more delicate than that. Miss Adelaide Preston, the principal, would never have tolerated expressions of anti-Semitism in teachers or pupils, any more than she would have accepted anti-Catholicism. We had several Catholic girls at the Seminary, including the little dark-eyed LaGasas, whose mother, wife of Dr. LaGasa, took me to Mass on Sunday. The little LaGasas were pets, and this was illustrative of what could happen also to an attractive, appealing Jewish girl in our Christian schools. I think of darling Susie Lowenstein, with her dainty retroussé nose and finespun, pale red-gold curls—that was at the convent. At Annie Wright, after my roommate went, in junior or senior year there came the universally popular Elizabeth Staadecker, from Seattle, with her deep voice, blond hair, freckles, and big, amusing teeth. It was as though the Jewish people had always to have two representatives with us, their bad angel and their good angel, and this, I think, applied—and perhaps still does—to any minority in our country. Our country needs two of each, like Noah's Ark, for the sake of fair representation, which will allow us to be tolerant and prejudiced alternately—enable us, that is, to point to examples justifying either set of emotions. I am not sure about blacks and Catholics, but as far as Jews are concerned I suspect that there is a bottom layer of hostility, which then can be top-dressed or overpainted to any desired degree. Nobody in this land—

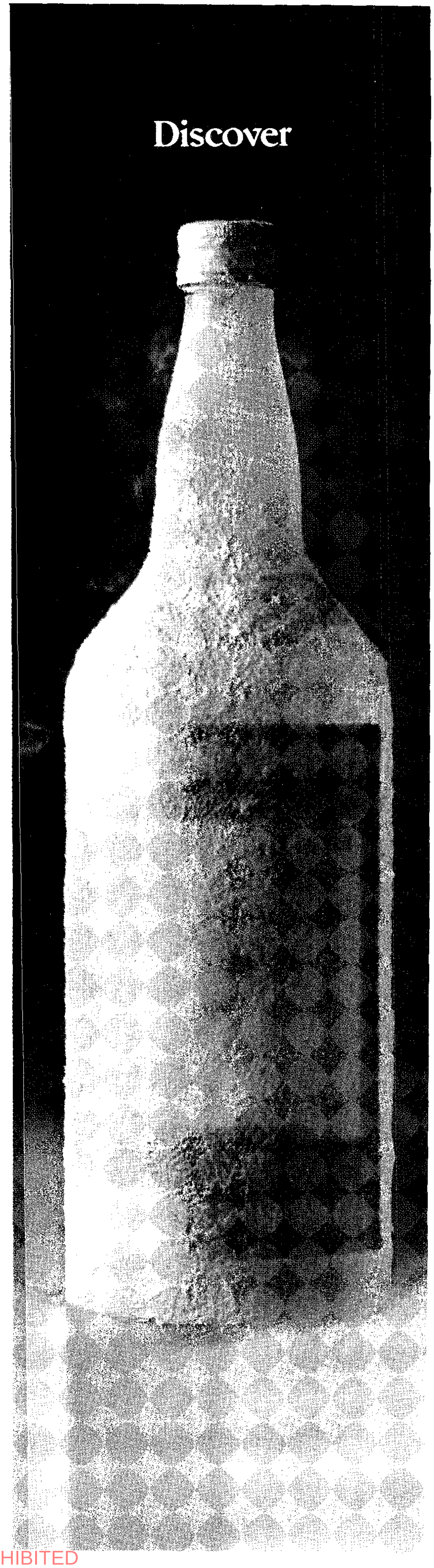
certainly no Christian—can accept hating on a full-time basis; it is liable to reflect back on the hater.

So then did my impulse to write come out of my allowed quota of private, unvoiced anti-Semitism? I hope not. I prefer the explanation that a fierce dislike of self-deception had something to do with it. Moreover, the nicer explanation is more convincing, I am relieved to see, in that self-deception remains, to me, a major sin or vice, whereas any dislike of Jews I had as a girl has been, let us say, pretty well sublimated. But I cannot let it drop there. Where did the hatred of self-deception come from? To have been so violent, it must have contained a fear. Yet, so far as I know, I never harbored such a fear. Nor can I find any ground for it in my makeup. True, through fear of a monstrous guardian I had become a terrible liar, and I was only now getting over it. The Seminary helped, even though there were many silly rules, such as the prohibition of fountain pens (because the girls, shaking them down, could splatter the walls), that made one impatient to break them and then, when caught, deny it. Yet lying to parents and teachers is a quite different thing from lying to oneself. I suppose the first can lead to the second, but the process, I think, generally begins with the lie told to oneself and goes on to the lie told to the world. And yet, in all honesty, I don't recall lying to myself ever, though I do recall trying to. On the other hand, would I know if I *had* lied? How, unless someone else caught me? And who could that be? Unless there is in each of us a *someone else* watching—what used to be called our conscience. I believe that there is: I *know* that other person. But even if I can accept that I am not a dyed-in-the-wool hypocrite, and do not habitually lie to myself, it does not resolve the question of what made me so sensitive at the age of fourteen to the perils of self-deception. Perhaps I got it from reading—wasn't Sir Roger de Coverley an example of the vice?—or had been painfully familiar with it in a previous life. I can never know the answer.

MISS ATKINSON, I see, was not my only reader in the school. On the back of "What Doth It Profit a Man," to my mortification, I come upon a pencilled note in my handwriting: "If you don't like this, why all right, neither do I. If you say you do, I *know* you're lying." This may have been addressed to my seatmate, the proud, tall, languid, bronze-eyed Ellen Watts, from Portland, though I wonder whether I had the courage to take that tone with her. Or Katie Urquhart, pale, with flaring nostrils, another member of Lampie's nightly court? In any case, if there was an answer it was not written on the back of the story.

It seems reasonable that I sent some of my stories to Mark, but what he said I cannot guess. I *know* that I sent a story about a prostitute (not Gracia, another one, with "eyes like dirty dishwater") to a boy named Ed Bent at the University of Idaho, in Moscow. How our correspondence began I don't know, unless it was through an intermediary—a sort of blind-dating by letter. Perhaps I imagined that still another male correspondent would add to my prestige. However we started writing, before long I sent him that story, and he replied more or less in kind. That is, not being up to fiction, he did the equivalent by mail of talking dirty to me. What this consisted of, exactly, I have forgotten; doubtless a censor has been at work. In those days there could have been no question of four-letter words between us, and I doubt whether he dealt very concretely with what was on his mind. But I remember being slightly repelled by what must have been naïve male fantasies and by the handwriting (which I can still see, though the words have faded from my memory): sloping, close-set, characterless, like a boneless handshake, running evenly across his embossed fraternity-house paper. Evidently there had been a sad misunderstanding: what had begun, on my side, as a literary encounter of minds had turned into a callow campaign on his part to paw me with smutty language. But since Moscow, Idaho, was hundreds of miles away I felt safe. As they kept getting thicker in their envelopes (requiring extra stamps), far from arousing me, his letters turned me off, and eventually, when I continued not to answer them, they stopped. It was ironical that by the time my grandmother found a stack of them in my bedroom and read them they might as well have gone to the dead-letter office.

That happened when I was home on vacation, between sophomore and junior years. I am not sure why I had kept them—as trophies, or because already I had a respect for the historical record which would not let me destroy any piece of paper with writing or



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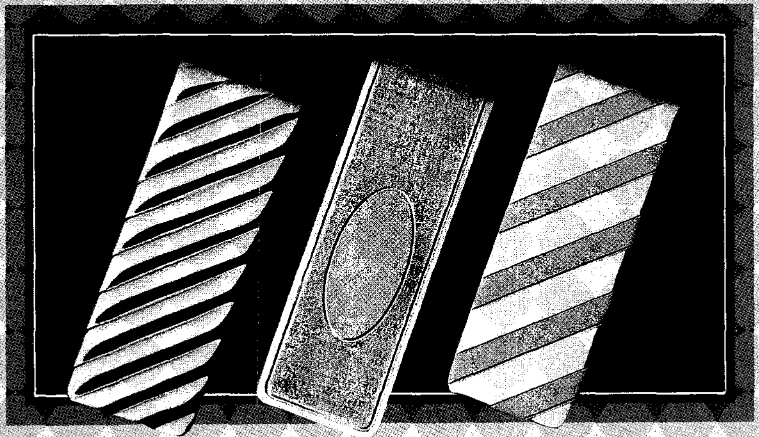

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typing on it. But there is no mystery about why I had brought them home: obviously, I could not leave them at school. My grandmother had no hesitation about destroying the whole lot, but not, I think, before she had shown at least a sample to my grandfather and their married son, my Uncle Frank, then a young lawyer in my grandfather's firm. I don't suppose any legal action was contemplated (on sending obscene matter through the mails, surely a federal offense), but the discovery of that trove in one of the drawers of my violet and pale-green bedroom furniture brought on a full-scale family crisis—the first and last I remember in Seattle.

There was talk of taking me out of Annie Wright, but where they thought of sending me, short of a reformatory, I do not know. And it was not just a question of the morals of a minor; a crisis in belief was shaking the family—a credibility gap. My grandmother could not accept that this twisted Ed Bent in a fraternity house in Idaho was someone I had never met. For her, the only sense in such a correspondence would have been familiarity between the two parties: somehow, while I was meant to be safely at the Seminary, we had met at a wild party and "gone the limit." For her, that explanation, while not exactly an excuse, would have been more acceptable than the incredible truth, which was that her granddaughter, barely yet in silk stockings, had written some crazy story about a prostitute and sent it to a total stranger. For her, in fact, poor woman, the improbabilities *began* with my writing a story like that, for no reason (a pity I had not thought to say that I had hoped to sell it to *True Romances*), and what did I know of prostitutes? Who had told me about them? That it had all come out of my imagination was almost worse than the thought that somebody had shown me a real "house" in Seattle's red-light district.

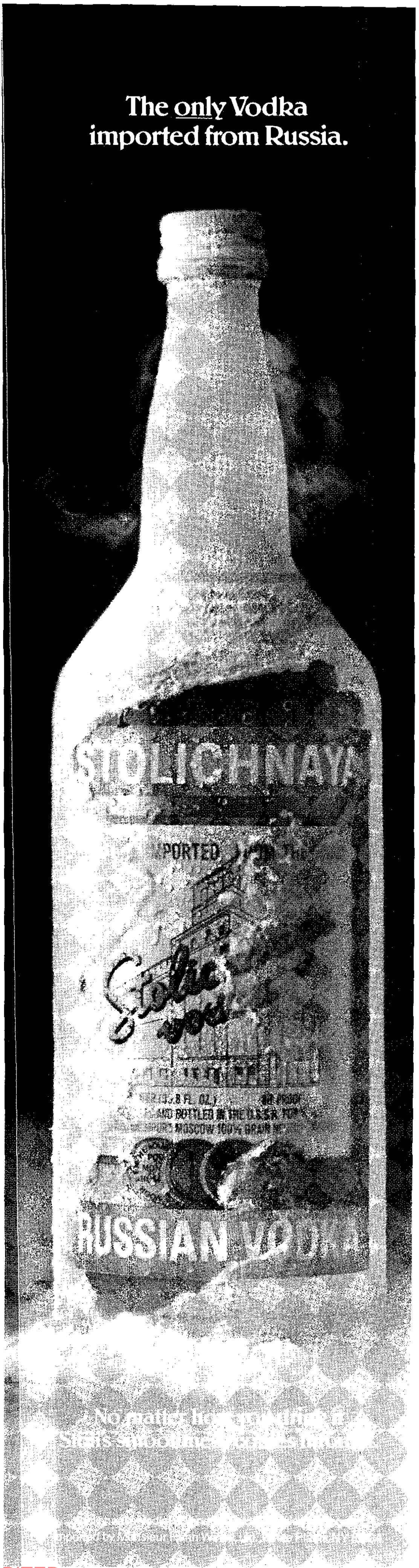
Finally, I must have been accorded a suspension of disbelief, for I was sent back to the Seminary in September, without a word's passing, thank God, from my grandfather to Miss Preston on the need for keeping a watch on my mail. He was too kindly, the dear, upright man, to want me to be spied on. Nor would he have liked to have that stout spinster (with whom he had discovered a common ancestor back in northern England) learn what "Cousin Mary" had been up to while in her care. Also, it seems to me, he was not nearly as upset as my grandmother; I guess that was because my misstep (if I could be believed) had been a mental sin, linked to a talent for words—the real blame, he probably decided, lay with that fool boy in Idaho. My grandfather was always indulgent where my mind's adventures were concerned. It must have been some time, though, before my grandmother could feel the same about me. I suppose it is perfectly likely that she never trusted me again.

SHE had let me have my first evening dress the previous summer. It was made for me by her dressmaker, Mrs. Farrell, and I cannot think why, except to have in my closet just in case. I was still not allowed to go out with boys; at Lake Crescent, as she must have known, evening dresses weren't worn. She could not have been looking ahead to junior prom, in the spring, for I remember my prom dress, which was much more sophisticated: flame-red chiffon, straight cut, with tiers of short ruffles. *This* dress—could it have been for the wedding of a Morganstern cousin?—was yellow chiffon, with a round neck, a fairly full skirt, and an uneven hemline that finished in picoted points. It had a narrow silver belt and a bunch of red cherries at one hip. I had silver slippers to wear with it. That first, girlish evening dress lived on in my memory to figure in an essay I wrote on George Orwell in 1969. At seventeen, Orwell, then Eric Blair, had written to a schoolmate describing the terrors of a night spent outdoors in a farmer's field. That brought back to me the night I spent in the "back yard of a university student I loved," dressed in an evening gown ("a bride of Death was the principle of my costume") and hoping to commit suicide. The student was Mark Sullivan.

I cannot say exactly why I was roaming around his back yard with a bottle of iodine in my hand, all dressed up to kill myself. It was a cold night; the house was dark. Either Mark was not home or the whole family was asleep. The time was around midnight. I think I was relieved to find, on edging softly past the garbage cans into the back yard, that the window I imagined was his showed no sign of life inside. Though my plan was to kill myself in serenade posture, so to speak, below his window, he was the last person I desired to see. It would have been awful if he had caught me parading around like a mummer. I was also afraid of waking his parents or some neighbor who might call the police. As I wrote in the Orwell essay, "Though eager to die, I was terribly fearful of being caught trespassing before I could swallow the iodine and be discovered on the premises as a corpse." That was partly true—indeed, wholly true except for "eager to die." I no more wanted to die than I was in love with Mark.

It was all theatricals, which I was putting on for my own benefit. I would have "died" had I had any other audience—that is, if anyone had seen me. Yet something must have put the idea of that charade in my head; there must have been a precipitating cause. I had been crossed in love, all right, but that had been back at Thanksgiving time, when the aforesaid Forrest Crosby (what names young men had in the Puget Sound area!), of the Crosby ferry lines, had finished the job of seducing me, in the front seat of his Marmon roadster, and thereupon dropped me utterly, his last word an unsigned letter of commonplaces of the "Hope you are fine and painting the school red" type. In any case, that awful episode was "one of a kind," without sequel, and had nothing to do with Mark. No, it was some trivial chagrin: I had quarrelled with my family that evening maybe or a friend had disappointed me or I had nothing to read, having finished my library book. Or—just possibly—Mark had promised to bring me a book that afternoon and had not come. Or had gone up to see my Uncle Harold without stopping to talk to me. Something like that might account for my wish to lay my death, as tribute, or blame, at his door. I knew very well that his feelings for me were kindly but not at all amorous. Perhaps what was troubling me was simply general boredom and a sense of the vanity of human wishes.

All of a sudden, it strikes me that my main motive for that theatrical suicide was to have an occasion to wear the yellow dress. I see it hanging in my clothes closet—a perfect symbol of deluded expectations. Perhaps I had never actually worn it until that night, when I stood posing before my cheval-glass mirror, cherries dangling on one hip, silver slippers on my feet. Perhaps not having worn it was the entire trouble. So, boldly resolved to kill those two birds with one stone, I took the iodine bottle out of the medicine cabinet, glided down the carpeted stairs, and let myself out the kitchen



door, shivering. I had decided against putting on a coat, having no evening wrap of my own and unable, in the circumstances, to borrow one of my grandmother's—my regular cloth coat would have looked horrible with the uneven hemline of the dress sticking out.

In Mark's yard, I tipped the iodine bottle to let a drop or two run down my tongue into my throat. I had tried it at home a few times already, without mustering enough determination to swallow. At Mark's, contrary to my hopes, though the stage was set it was no easier, and after half an hour or so of nervous attempts I finally let the burning sensation convince me that I would never succeed in swallowing the whole bottle. Meanwhile, the cold was helping me to decide to go home, though in the dark, in my pale dress, I felt reluctant to leave that protected enclosure for the open streets. On the way over, I had not even thought to be frightened; doubtless the promise of soon being dead anyway served me as armor. But on the way home, robbed of that assurance, I was full of terrors at every street crossing; doubtless I had gooseflesh along my bare arms, and my thin-soled shoes with Cuban heels made me unsteady on my feet.

I got home. No one had missed me. I let myself in with the kitchen key, which I must have hidden for myself—what a confession!—under the doormat. I tiptoed up the stairs and undressed for bed, first replacing the bottle of iodine in the bathroom medicine cabinet. And, in doing so, all at once I felt sadly ashamed of my cowardice. I *ought* to have taken the iodine, having made such a parade of it. There was no excuse. Lack of nerve had stopped me—nothing else. Though a few hours ago I had had no particular reason for ending my days, now I had one, in discovering myself to be such a craven. I went to bed. It was my first encounter with self-knowledge—a very bleak sensation. And though I cannot truthfully say today that I think a better person would have gone ahead and killed herself, I still feel something of that shame.

Yet as I look back over the episode, so strangely fresh in my memory, down to the grateful feeling of the key in my hand, I am puzzled mainly by the dating of it. It was during a vacation, since I was home from school. If I take into account the coldness of the night, I am inclined to place it at Thanksgiving or Christmastime of my

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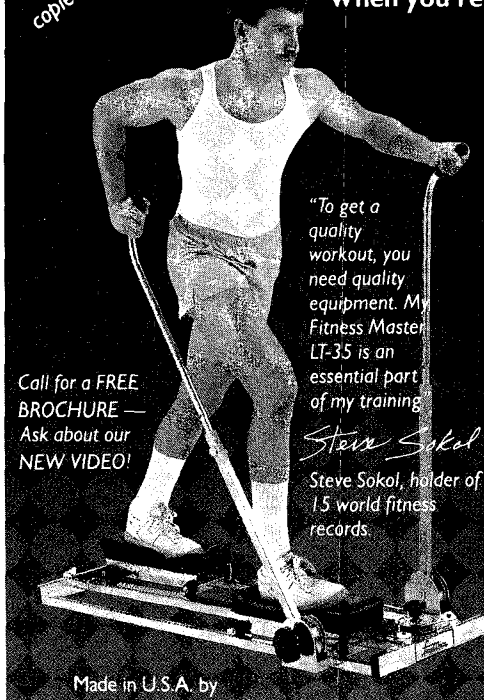

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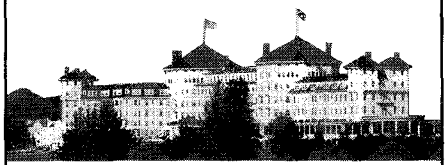

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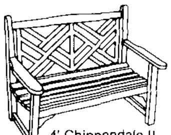

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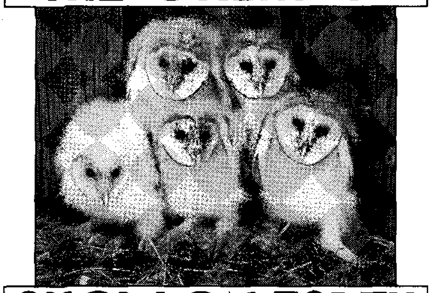
junior year. I would have been around fifteen and a half. Yet that cannot be right. By that time I had other interests, and Mark (I think) was no longer writing to me. So it must have been my sophomore year still, that endless year of being fourteen, and the vacation could have been Easter, sometimes chilly even in a mild climate like Seattle's.

Yes, if we set the time frame of my "attempted suicide" back to spring, 1927, everything will fit. It was an unsatisfactory semester. Except for Lampie and Miss Atkinson, no one I liked reciprocated, and there was doubt as to them. I was not yet doing Caesar with Miss Mackay; at Captain Proby's riding school they made me ride in the ring, a stableboy leading me; I had lost my love for French and had not yet found my vocation for the stage—not till next fall would I terrify the junior school with my one-man show of "The Fall of the House of Usher," followed by its encore, "The Cask of Amontillado." But at present Katie Urquhart (whose name I loved), from Chehalis, was beginning to show a double face; she no longer seemed to remember that our mothers had been Gamma Phi sisters at the U. And, instead of taking natural science, I had signed up for cooking with a pink-cheeked alumna who had gone to Simmons, in Boston, and married a man named Claude; to my surprise, I had turned out to be the *cancre* of the class—I can still see the lumps in my white sauce and Mrs. Morrill straining them out. The only good thing was taking the three-hour boat trip from Seattle to Tacoma—a practice soon to be supplanted by car travel. Obviously, it was at this time that I wrote those stories about suicide. The evidence bears it out: the next year Miss Atkinson had been replaced by her antipathetic sister, who could not have written "I hope, Mary dear, that this version of suicide isn't your own!" And it was not just suicidal stories and an essay. I have remembered something else.

I am sitting in an open casement window with my legs hanging out while I consider throwing myself down. The height is great enough, I calculate, for the fall to kill me even on soft grass. It is after lights-out, and I am in my nightgown. Behind me is the single room I had sophomore year after the breakup with my roommate—the same room, across from Miss Atkinson's, where I had read Forrest Crosby's at first regular letters, now tied up in a bundle. I no longer pore

THE GREATEST



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over them for clues as to why he tired of his "Di." I have switched to reading sad love poems with a dark philosophy, which are helping me decide to end my life. It is not only that once; for several nights I sit there thinking of doing it—depending, probably, on the weather. It would not be on a rainy night.

I remember edging my bottom over the iron bar to the very edge, resting my feet on the gutter and hoping to make myself fall. It was like the attempts to fly we had occasionally made as children, standing on a windowsill and waving our arms but never taking the plunge. To encourage myself now, I would recite poetry, softly, so as not to attract the night watchman's attention: "But there were dreams to sell, / Ill didst thou buy. / Life is a dream, they tell, / Waking to die." Or "From too much love of living, / From hope and fear set free . . ." Or "You might as well be calling yours / What never will be his / And one of us be happy. / There's few enough as is." Or "When I am dead, my dearest." Eventually I would pull my legs in, drop back into the room, and go to bed. This did not last more than a month. The next year when I sat in an open casement window after lights-out, I was up to something more dangerous: smoking.

I was teaching myself to inhale, with the slight risk of losing my balance and falling out from dizziness, since you had to squat close to the edge to keep the smoke from drifting back into the room and alerting a passing teacher. But smoking out the window was junior year, and suicide out the window was sophomore year. Anyway, whenever the failed drama in the Sullivan back yard took place, Mark never knew of it. *No one* knew or suspected. In my pale-green and violet bedroom, I hung my evening dress back in the closet, and that was that. Neither did Mark ever guess—how could he?—that an entire girls' school in Tacoma had heard that he had asked me to marry him as soon as I graduated.

ONE night several years afterward, when I had grown up and was home from Vassar for the summer, I sat in a car on the road that ran above Three Tree Point—a wooded section of "secondary" residences that were often the scene of parties. Hidden in the trees below, a party was going on; somebody, probably my Uncle Harold, had brought me to it several hours

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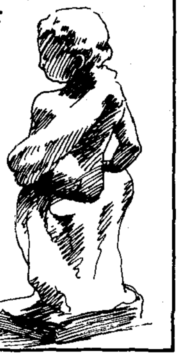
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earlier, and now I wanted to go home. I had made the long climb up the steep hewn-log stairs by myself, hoping that whoever had brought me would follow, but the others were all still down there, drinking and playing music. There was nothing to do but sit in the front seat and wait.

Then Mark appeared out of the darkness, breathless and drunk. He had been at the party, alone (though he was married then, I think), and had decided to come after me. But he had had to toil up a great many of those winding stairs made of logs and grope through discouraging pine woods to find the road and the parked car I was in. He fell into the front seat, put his arms around me, and kissed me. Seeing how drunk he was, I pulled away, sad that it had to be this way *if* it was going to be. I tried to pull away politely, because I liked him, because he was Mark. These woods were reminiscent of Lake Crescent at night, of all the times we had walked home Indian file to Singer's from Rosemary Point.

He did not persist but stayed in the front seat beside me, resting his head on my shoulder. When others finally joined us (the party was breaking up), he explained with owlish precision what he was doing there. "I climbed stairs and stairs . . . stairs and stairs . . . stairs and stairs." His thickened voice was dreamy, and when it stopped I thought he had gone to sleep. But then he raised his head with a jerk from my shoulder and looked me angrily in the eye. "Stairs and stairs. But she was as cold as an onion." —MARY MCCARTHY

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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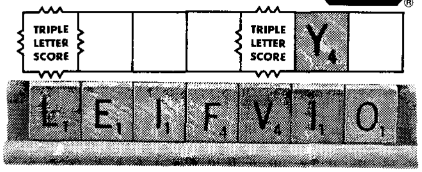

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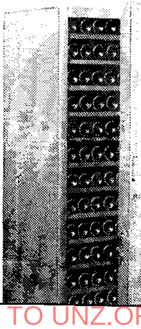

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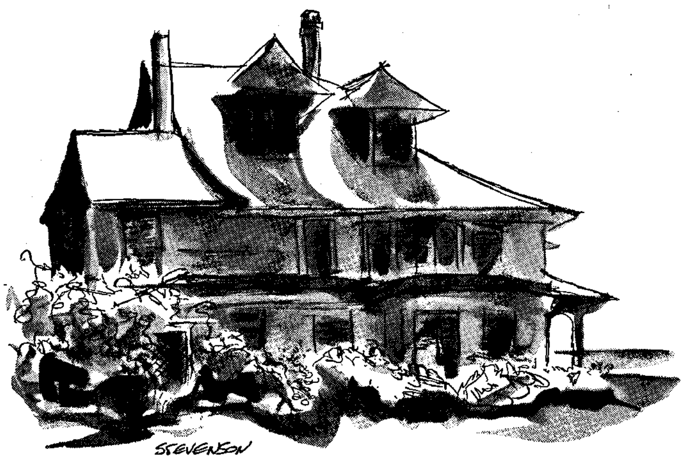
REFLECTIONS

DR. DEATH

ALTHOUGH we called him Dr. Death, George De'Ath (pronounced Day-ahth) never seemed to mind. He shared the tendency of his fellow-journalists to look at life—especially that part of it which made the news we were all covering—through a somewhat different prism. In fact, just after he and I met, in Johannesburg on a warm spring day, he himself told me of his rather macabre nickname. We had a good laugh about it, and from that day on I called him Dr. Death. As both of us pursued the news as we saw it, all over South Africa, he came to call me Ace. That was just one of many little games we played to help us maintain our sanity in a place that daily had a way of making you doubt it. Today, I'm still working at being Ace. Dr. Death is dead. Like so many others, he fell victim to the random violence that has claimed the lives of close to two thousand people, mostly black, in South Africa in the past twenty-one months. Dr. Death was a white South African, born in Pretoria thirty-four years ago. He was fatally wounded—the first journalist to die violently in the last months of racial unrest in that country. It happened while he was covering a day of the latest South African ritual diversion: a clash between two groups of blacks. These clashes have been erroneously referred to by President Reagan in a news conference as "a tribal situation," but journalists have shown them to be aided, if not incited, by the South African government. On one side are the "comrades"—angry young township residents. They are fighting the "fathers"—the name given the government-backed black vigilantes.

Like so many of those who have died, Dr. Death was someone whom South Africa, or, at least, a post-apartheid South Africa, could ill afford to lose, because the idea of trying to be a decent human being informed his life as a journalist. Like those few—too few—other South Africans, black and white, who have actually communicated across apartheid's racial lines on a person-to-person basis, Dr. Death lived in a constant state of ambivalence; for the more extreme among them, it is a constant state of schizophrenia. He had once been a teacher but at some point had become a student—a student of his own country. And he had learned one crucial lesson: that apartheid is hateful. He had chosen to fight in the best way he could: as a journalist, a television cameraman, through whose eyes the rest of the world, and maybe even white South Africa, might see the madness in a way that could not be debated or denied. He despised what his fellow-whites were doing to his country's twenty-four million black inhabitants: denying them the basic right to be called citizens, and treating them as something far less. And he did as much as any person I met in South Africa to help me—a black, but an American, and therefore a foreigner—understand what was happening there.



I HAD gone to South Africa for the MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour, produced for the Public Broadcasting Service, to prepare a series of reports on what it's like to live under apartheid. It had seemed to us that the networks were doing a good job of covering the violent clashes between black township residents and the South African security forces but that any real sense of what life was like for the people of South Africa as they went about their daily existence was missing. So my job assignment was to go and find those I came to call "Apartheid's People."

One of the first of apartheid's people I found was George De'Ath, who, while he hated his country for apartheid, also loved his country—so much that one of the most intense arguments among our crew occurred when our producer wanted to illustrate a segment with some "authentic" South African music. At the end of a long day of shooting, we went to the apartment of our sound man (a young white South African who, less than a month after we finished taping, couldn't take the horrors anymore and left the country). Dr. Death and the others eagerly brought out samples of "authentic" South African music—Dollar Brand, Hugh Masekela, and so on. But the producer, Frank Smith, didn't hear anything that he liked. What he really wanted was a penny whistle. Finally, he made a selection that satisfied him, but it didn't satisfy the South Africans. I had never seen Dr. Death, an easygoing fellow who smiled a lot, so agitated. "It's not authentic, Frankenstein!" he shouted, calling Frank Smith by a nickname he had acquired after several episodes of that television staple called "creative tension."

Months later, when Dr. Death saw "Apartheid's People," our five-part series, for the first time, in my New York apartment, he became agitated all over again when he heard the producer's musical selection. "Damn that Frankenstein and his penny whistle!" he said. At the same time, he loved the series and Frankenstein's role in it. And his own.

When we arrived in South Africa, early in the first state of emergency, in August of 1985, Dr. Death had been free-lancing, covering mostly the violent confrontations between the South African security forces and the black township residents. He felt that, like the violence itself, he was part of a vicious circle—that he was reporting violence without context, and that therefore his reports were of diminishing value. When we told Dr. Death of our plan—to avoid the sporadic violence as much as possible and concentrate on the routine violence of apartheid as it affected the day-to-day

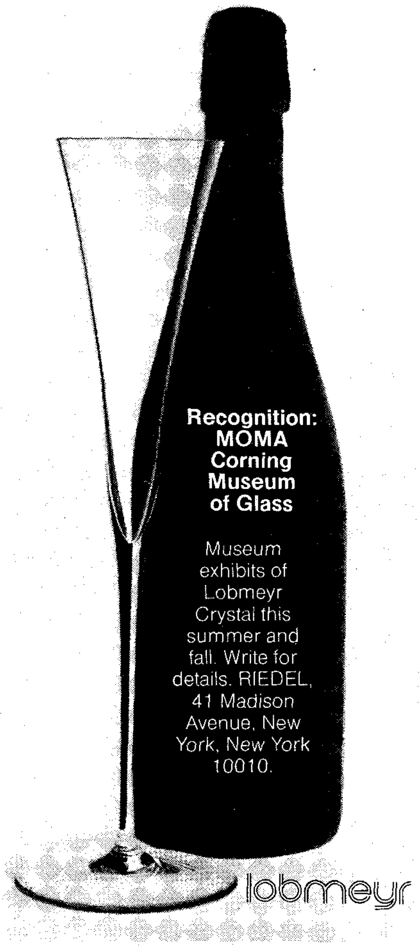
"All right, so we made up. I wish you wouldn't refer to it as my being recalled from Tidewater!"

• •

lives of the people of South Africa, white and black—and invited him to work with us, he got very excited. He told us then—and later, in my New York apartment, he told me again—that he felt that the only way out of South Africa's seemingly inexorable headlong plunge into civil war and doom was through more human contact and communication. It was he who first told me how little contact there was between whites and blacks in South Africa, even when they lived just across the tracks from each other. He begged me to make a tape of "Apartheid's People" and send it to him. He said that the segment showing a large hall with hundreds of black miners attending a union-organizing meeting would be an eye-opener for white South Africans, many of whom rationalized their fear of dismantling apartheid and permitting one-person, one-vote democracy in a unitary state by maintaining that blacks were incapable of organizing themselves, let alone running a modern industrial state. "My God!" Dr. Death had exclaimed. "If white South Africans could just see that meeting the way we've just seen it—on television—half of them would go into a state of apoplectic shock. The other half—well, I think they'd be constructively surprised."

As things stand, rarely is anything shown by the government-controlled South African Broadcasting Corporation that doesn't reinforce the status quo. The newspapers are a little better—some, in fact, are even courageous in what they report. When the latest state of emergency was announced, on June 12th, just before the tenth anniversary of the Soweto riots, carrying some of the most stringent regulations ever put into effect in South Africa (there are those who have called them the most draconian in the Western world), several of the country's newspapers published this statement: "This newspaper has been produced under restrictions amounting to censorship." On the whole, people in South Africa remain woefully and dangerously uninformed about what's going on around them. These latest measures—which, in effect, called for self-censorship—instructed reporters not to report "subversive statements" but provided no guidance on what constituted a "subversive statement," though reporting one could (and did) land journalists in jail or on a plane out. Among those in jail is Zwelakhe Sisulu, a former Nieman Fellow at Harvard whose father, Walter, was imprisoned twenty-three years ago in Robben Island prison along with Nelson Mandela and whose mother, Albertina, is a prominent anti-apartheid activist; those expelled include Wim De Vos, an intrepid Dutch cameraman, and Richard Manning, *Newsweek's* Johannesburg bureau chief. No doubt there will be many more. It's known as killing the messenger—only the messages remain relentless. Yet South Africa has successfully imposed its own brand of obfuscation on those attempting to clarify the situation. Thus, a TV reporter is allowed to film and talk with Bishop Desmond Tutu on any issue, but, having heard all that the Bishop has to say, the reporter must then go on the air saying things like, "Bishop Tutu made a number of statements on the matter, which I am not allowed to report." This is uniquely South African.

That day in New York, I promised Dr. Death that I would send him a tape, and then we hurried off to shop along Broadway before the stores closed. Typically, Dr. Death, a tall, thin man, was travelling in bluejeans and sneakers, but he had been invited to attend a party that night before returning to South Africa, and he thought it might be better if he showed up in something "a little fancier" than what he had on. On Broadway, we darted around as we had in some of our rare unguarded moments in South Africa. Rare indeed. I remember especially one night in a restaurant when a man spent the entire evening staring at our crew's table, then followed one of our female reporters out of the restaurant and disappeared only after she summoned a hotel security agent. We had all been warned that a constant watch was kept on journalists, and this incident helped to fuel our paranoia. The next day, I told all this to Dr. Death. He listened without interrupting, and then said that the man sounded entirely too obvious to be a security agent. "What you have to understand about South African men," he said, very seriously,



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"is that when they want to attract someone's attention they just stare intensely. It's their way of coming on to women." I was only half relieved, and I never relaxed. That's the nature of things in a state of emergency, or a police state, as it were.

As both the violence and the government restrictions on journalists continued, Dr. Death, after his return to South Africa, had no opportunity to do further pieces on individual people. Instead, on the day he was attacked, along with his young black sound man, he was once again out covering violent confrontations. The stories vary about exactly what happened. The sound man, Andile Fosi, told other reporters in South Africa, who called me in New York to let me know what had happened, that the men who attacked him and Dr. Death—with machetes—were members of the "fathers."

My phone rang again the next day, and another South African colleague told me that the prognosis for Dr. Death was grim—that he was comatose, brain-damaged, and paralyzed. I had a live broadcast coming up right then, so I did what we are all trained to do. I put Dr. Death's fate on hold and went on the air. At the end of the broadcast, which included a story from South Africa providing evidence that the South African police were not only aiding the "fathers" but in some cases leading them, I was inexplicably drawn to my mailbox—odd, because I never look in my mailbox after the last mail delivery, around 3 P.M. But that night something drew me toward it. I reached inside, to find a familiar, tissue-thin blue overseas envelope. The return address was George De'Ath, Johannesburg. The postmark was "30 May, 1986," ten days before his final assignment as a journalist.

The letter read:

> Dearest Ace:
>
> Time is coming around for another special. Elections and trouble from the right are making an even more complex situation out of an impossible one.
>
> Everyone loved the piece . . . even some very conservative friends! I've challenged the exec producer of the S.A.B.C. Specials Department to air it, but she just laughed. It's so sad; they don't want to know the truth. The general feeling of my friends (a good cross section) is that it would really help educate and create understanding between whites and blacks if more of this sort of program was made and shown here in South Africa!!!
>
> Love from Caroline, and me, Geo XXX.

Handsome as he was, Dr. Death was

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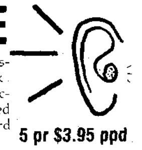

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Dr. Death died of his wounds five days after they were inflicted, without ever regaining full consciousness. He was cremated; hundreds of his colleagues and others, including Bishop Tutu, attended the memorial service in Johannesburg. So stringent are the conditions of the state of emergency that even funerals are not exempt from monitoring or from restrictions on coverage.

At the end of the day (a favorite South African expression), Dr. Death met his namesake because he'd been in the wrong place at the wrong time. He didn't really want to cover the kind of violence that took his life; in fact, for all his good words about "Apartheid's People" he didn't want to cover even the routine violence of oppression. What Dr. Death wanted to cover was life—life in a South Africa where his friends who made authentic music could stay home and make it, and not have to leave, as Dollar Brand, Miriam Makeba, Hugh Masekela, and the rest have had to do.

Strangely, as sad as I am to lose a colleague and a friend, and as painful as it is to contemplate those moments when the blows of the machetes were hacking out his brains and paralyzing his body and ultimately killing him, I have this odd feeling—the perverse journalistic side of me, I guess—that maybe Dr. Death would not have wanted to die any other way but on the job. Maybe with a Scotch or two under his belt, or a bottle of the deep-red South African wine he loved, but with the ambivalence now finally removed. There is no question that Dr. Death will join the long line of the martyrs of South Africa, that country's only truly free citizens.

—CHARLAYNE HUNTER-GAULT

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NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Dixon (Ill.) Evening Telegraph*]

Under the previous early graduation requirement, any student compiling the proper credits could graduate early regardless of their grade point average. School Superintendent Merle McCaffrey proposed requiring a C-plus average.

"Early graduation should be reserved for that student that has demonstrated that they are a cut above," McCaffrey stated.

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Saybrook (Conn.) Pictorial*]

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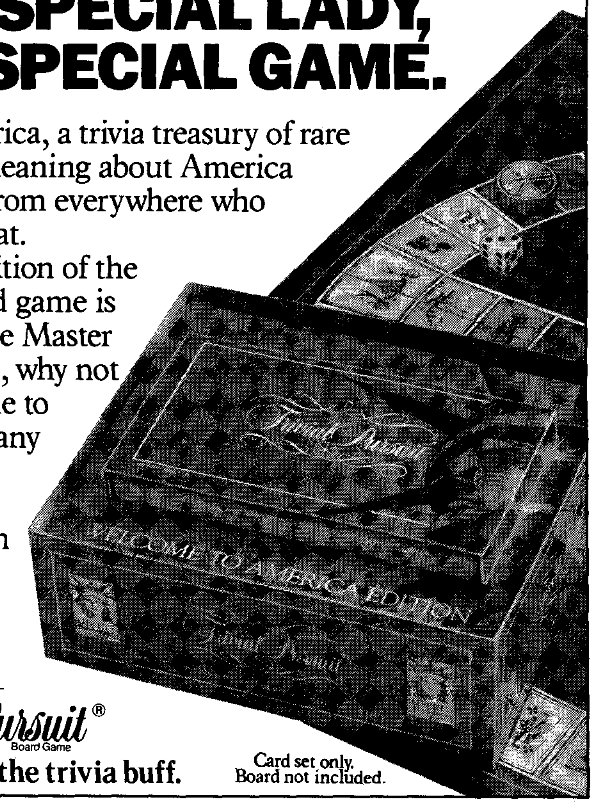

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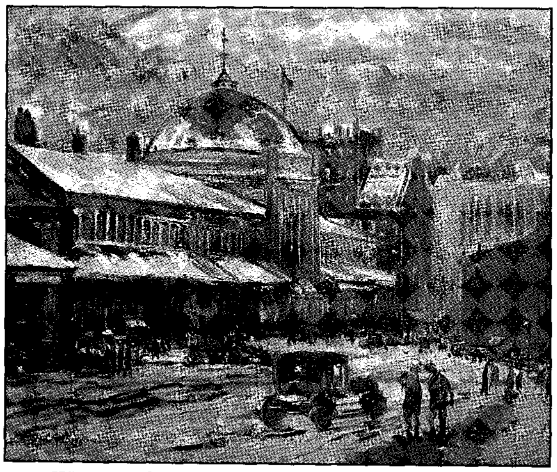

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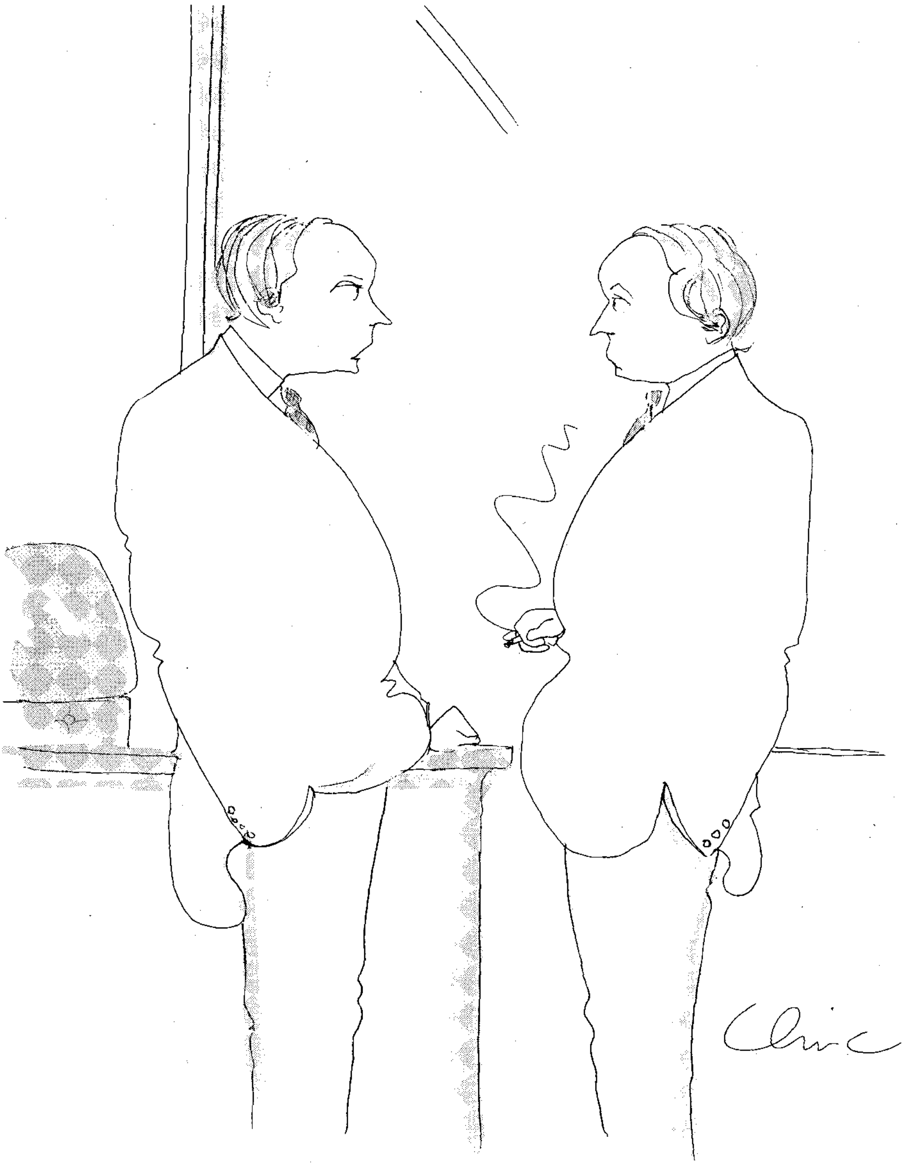
MUSICAL EVENTS

Let's Make an Opera

RECENTLY, I wrote about two operas—Busoni's "Doctor Faust" and Harrison Birtwistle's "The Mask of Orpheus"—whose composers reworked archetypal myths in exciting contemporary music. This review is of three new, less ambitious operas—two with action set in the past, sixty to seventy years ago, and one with action set in the present—fashioned to more conventional formulas.

William Mayer's "A Death in the Family," which was performed last month by the Opera Theatre of St. Louis, is based on James Agee's book and on the play, "All the Way Home," that Tad Mosel drew from it. It is unpromising matter for a musical drama, though not for music: Samuel Barber's concert scena "Knoxville: Summer of 1915" captures at once the cadences of Agee's elaborately wrought prose and the "feel" of his work—the re-creation of time, place, and emotions through a carefully chosen, carefully arranged catalogue of memories. The book also re-creates characters: the boy Rufus, at the center, and many members of his family, stretching back through three generations (through five in an episode where he is taken to meet his great-great-grandmother). One merit of Agee's work is its reflection of the way, in life, one gets to know and understand people: observing behavior, hearing sudden revelations, piecing together past and present, sometimes realizing the import of scenes only years after they happen. The quiet, slow autobiographical novel is a subtle and tender piece of work. A balance between the boy's perceptions and the adult narration is finely held.



"Art, you're beautiful, but you have three minutes."

In a dramatization, that merit is lost. Things move now at stage time. Dialogue must replace catalogue, description, and accounts of what people think and feel. Abridgment that retains only the most striking phrases and incidents distorts them: their context is destroyed. The book moves on two time scales, one spanning days, the other years. The action is the death—"offstage," in a motor accident, unobserved even by the narrator—of Rufus's father, Jay; the effect of it on the family; and his funeral. But there are important scenes outside that foreground span—Rufus's memories of earlier years—which Agee's editors placed in italics after Part I and Part II of the main narration. ("A Death in the Family" was posthumously published.) Both play and opera (Mayer was his own librettist) collapse Agee's two time schemes into one, cram the events of years into a few overfilled days, and thus introduce further distortion. Rufus is sometimes six, sometimes three or four. His little sister Catherine, his companion in the principal action, is dispensed with: she can hardly be at once unborn and an important presence. All that remains of Agee is incidents. And what might be called the ground bass of his work, the conflict of religious faith and unbelief, is unsounded.

There is music in the book—actual music, beyond the melody of Agee's prose. Jay sings to Rufus, and so does Mary, his mother—song after song after song. Some of the songs appear in the opera, but not as they do in the book; if they did, operatic action would have to stop for a solo recital lasting "nearly an hour" while Jay comforts his son after a nightmare. In one of Agee's memorable scenes, Catherine watches her grandmother, after the funeral, apparently playing her piano but in fact only pressing down the keys silently; and there is no place in opera for silent scenes. I can imagine an evening of music in the theatre—it might be called "Scenes from 'A Death in the Family' "—that would include something like Barber's "Knoxville," Jay's song recital to his son, the Charon-like scene in which Jay and his car are ferried across the river, Uncle Andrew's account of the funeral (a butterfly lighted on the coffin, rested there, and then flew up into the sun), Rufus's careful listening

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to his parents' singing of "Swing low, sweet chariot":

> When she sang the second "Swing" she just sang "swing low," on two notes, in a simple, clear voice, but he sang "swing" on two notes, sliding from the note above to the one she sang, and blurring his voice and making it more forceful on the first note, and springing it, dark and blurry, off the "l" in "low," with a rhythm that made his son's body stir. And when he came to "Tell all my friends I'm coming too," he started four full notes above her, and slowed up a little, and sort of dreamed his way down among several extra notes she didn't sing, and some of these notes were a kind of blur, like hitting a black note and the next white one at the same time on Grandma's piano.

Such a work might capture the essence of Agee's book more faithfully than any attempt to wrest from it a conventionally well-made opera. In Mayer's version, the bar to which Jay takes Rufus ("There was no music: only the density of bodies . . . only the thick quietude of crumpled talk") becomes a singing saloon, and is then invaded by a comic posse of Temperance Ladies with cornet and drum. Many operas include a reflective ensemble, a largo concertato. It was an element of the operatic form within which Verdi worked, and so the slow ensembles launched by Macbeth, Violetta, Amonasro, Desdemona seem musically essential and dramatically natural. Janáček, in later life, feared he had sacrificed dramatic verity to musical form by including the largo concertato "Every couple has troubles to overcome" in "Jenůfa." His fears were groundless; the ensemble bothers only directors who would stage an opera as if it were a spoken play. But in Mayer's opera the ensemble "Who shall tell the sorrow of being on this earth?" sounds like a number contrived so that, somewhere, there will be the traditional ensemble. Similarly with the flashy "Hallelujah!" production number that ends Act II, when Great-Aunt Hannah buys Rufus a flashy cap; it's out of scale, and too evident a bid for brightness.

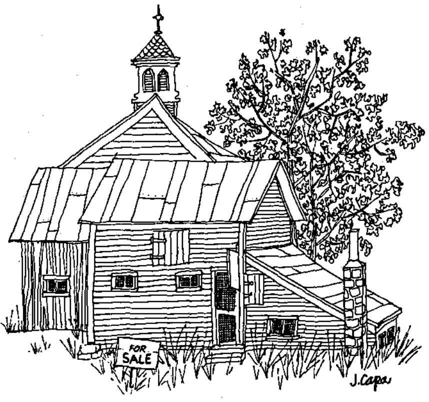
Opera composers, it is often said, must "rape" their source material to produce vital offspring. But there is no such violence—rather, loving coöperation—in Verdi's handling of Shakespeare, Berg's of Büchner and Wedekind, Britten's of Melville and Henry James. The operas rise to their subjects. Only trash—which Agee's "A Death in the Family" is not—needs transfiguration. Metaphors aside, let me suggest that if Mayer's music were stronger it might conquer objections to his libretto. But his music is for the most part trite. The Tennessee songs are deftly but glibly harmonized, as if for a campus glee club. The score follows and illustrates the situations and the text, whereas in admirable operas the text and the situations can seem, albeit paradoxically, to have been determined by the score.

The opera, the composer said in a program note, went through "an extended workshop" in Minneapolis. It was first performed in 1983, by the Minnesota Opera, and was revised for this St. Louis production. No composer could hope for a better presentation of a work. Jake Gardner, as Jay, and Dawn Upshaw, as Mary, gave beautifully precise and freshly, admirably sung performances. Young Jeremy Cummins, as Rufus, was a star who put not a foot wrong. The large cast, Rhoda Levine's direction, Bruce Ferden's conducting, and John Conklin's décor did everything possible for the piece.

William Neil's "The Guilt of Lillian Sloan," which was produced by the Lyric Opera of Chicago last month, is based on the 1922 murder trial of Edith Thompson and Frederick Bywaters. Edgar Lustgarten, in "Verdict in Dispute," says of it:

> Few are unfamiliar with the outline of a tragedy that cast a City bookkeeper and Ilford housewife for a rôle befitting Bernhardt or Réjane. Beneath a commonplace plot of jealousy and intrigue lay hidden a drama of such spiritual intensity that it fascinates even those most repelled by crime.

The acts of the crime are not in dispute. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, he thirty-two and she twenty-eight, were walking home after a visit to the theatre (to see Cyril Maude in "The Dippers") when Bywaters, Mrs. Thompson's twenty-year-old sailor lover, appeared, thrust her aside, and confronted her husband. In the words of Bywaters' statement, "I said to him, 'You have got to separate from your wife.' He said, 'No.' . . . We struggled. I took my knife from my pocket and we fought and he got the worst of it. . . . I loved her and could not go on seeing her leading that life. I did not intend to kill him. I only meant to injure him." Mrs. Thompson was heard to cry out, "Oh don't, oh don't," and she ran off to summon help. Bywaters maintained steadfastly that she had had no hand in the murder. But among his belongings the police found sixty-five letters that she had written to him during the year since their meeting. They proved fatal to her.



The letters give the case its lasting interest. Edith Thompson, a reader of romances, was living a romance of her own. Amid accounts of her daily life, she poured out her love:

> I'll always love you—if you are dead—if you have left me—even if you don't still love me. . . . I shall always have this past year to look back upon and feel that "Then I lived."

Sometimes she reproached Bywaters for not thinking about her, for not writing to her for at least five minutes a day while he was on his voyages. She reflected on the difference in their ages: "Shall I always be able to keep you? Eight years is such a long time—it's not now—it's later—when I'm Joan and you're not grown old enough to be Darby." She talked about books in a way disturbing to anyone who tends to escape from life into literature:

> Aren't books a consolation and a solace? We ourselves die and live in the books we read while we are reading them and then when we have finished, the books die and we live—or exist—just drag on through years and years, until when? . . . We are not the shapers of our destinies.

In another letter she wrote, "The endings are not the story. . . . Do as I do. Forget the end, lose yourself in the characters and the story, and in your own mind make your own end." And in some letters she described attempts to murder her husband by putting ground glass in his food, poison in his tea. Modern commentators tend to agree with her statement in court that these were fantasies, not facts: "I wanted him [Bywaters] to think that I would do anything for him to keep him to me." Thompson's body, exhumed, showed no traces of glass or poison. But the 1922 jury decided that the lovers had planned the murder together. Edith Thompson and Bywaters were both hanged.

Is this matter for a musical drama? I hesitate to say no, for Janáček might have made much of it. His "Kát'a Kabanová" deals with a woman in a somewhat comparable plight. The Neil opera, which has a libretto by Frank Galati and the composer, is tame and ordinary—cast as a trial scene with flashbacks. The characters are puppets put through their paces. The music never takes command but flows on drably, undramatically, in arioso unrelieved by vivid word setting. There is a moment right at the end where Lillian (as the protagonist is renamed) breaks into a passionate, Turandot-like phrase, "Turn your eyes as I do." One expects an aria or duet to ensue, but nothing happens. Neil has been composer-in-residence at the Lyric for three years. He contemplated an Anne Frank opera, but someone else had the rights. He began "The Devil's Stocking," after the Nelson Algren novel based on the Hurricane Carter murder trial, and the first scene had a workshop performance in 1984. But again there was a rights difficulty, and he turned to "Lillian Sloan." Five scenes had a workshop performance last year. Both works-in-progress were chewed over by panels; after one or the other, the composers Stephen Paulus, Gunther Schuller, and Dominick Argento, the librettist and director Stephen Wadsworth, the conductor Bruno Bartoletti, the scholar Philip Gossett, the Chicago *Tribune* critic John von Rhein said their say. I don't know what advice they gave, or whether Neil took it.

The performance, put on in a campus theatre by the Lyric Opera Center for American Artists in conjunction with the Northwestern University Theatre and Interpretation Center, was unimpressive. The librettist directed. The cast barely acted and seemed to have no idea that dramatic singing lives in the way words are uttered. Only those of the tenor Donald Kasch, in the Bywaters role, were consistently audible.

CHESTER BISCARDI'S "Tight-Rope," which was produced last October by the University of Wisconsin-Madison, has an original libretto, by Henry Butler (the librettist of Marvin David Levy's "Mourning Becomes Elektra"). A film is being made about Luther Dane, "poet and cult hero," who disappeared and is presumed dead. The actor playing Dane jibs at speaking lines he feels ring false. Dane,

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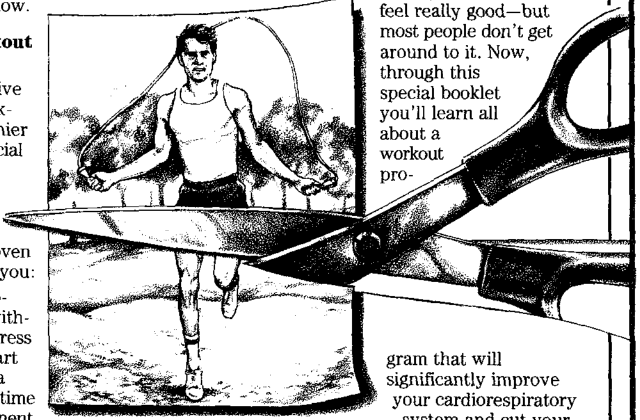

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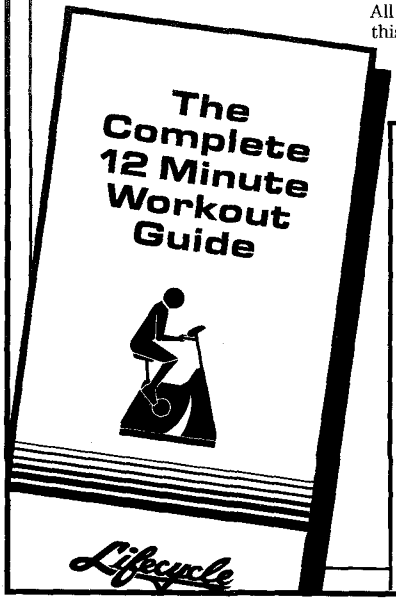
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alive after all, steps forward and declares that he might well have written them. The actor protests:

> I will not lie! . . .
> We walk a tight-rope:
> one false step, one dishonest word,
> and we fall . . . we deserve to fall.

Dane, dropping into the blank verse in which much of the libretto is written, replies:

> I had forgotten such sincerity.
> Then let me help . . . my memory is good.

He takes the actor back through some "memory scenes," on a living visit to Kathryn, a woman he loved, and to a statue of himself erected in a public park:

> Go back to work. You know me now . . .
> dreamer, scoundrel, lover, bastard, saint.

And the actor does go back to work on the film, reciting with new confidence the lines

> I must live with my many selves:
> lover, striving saint, drunken comrade,
> and above all, the fool . . .
> until the fabric is worn thin
> and can no longer safely hold my heart.

The libretto is soft-edged and arty. (There is one good idea: in one "memory scene," the actor's quick identification with Dane enables him to take over the poet's part.) Biscardi described his music, in an interview, as "someplace between Sondheim, Puccini, Gershwin, and me." Of the "me" who composed "At the Still Point," in 1977, there is little trace. Biscardi spoke of breaking free from Schoenberg and Babbitt, of relaxing into triads and tunes. The result resembles cocktail-lounge music—bland, innocuously amiable.

The opera was commissioned by the Music School of the University of Wisconsin-Madison (where Biscardi once studied) to celebrate the reopening of the Music Hall, an agreeable Victorian Gothic building dedicated (as the university Assembly Hall) in 1880. The scale is right for chamber opera, but the pit is deep, preventing the direct communication between singers and instrumentalists that chamber opera requires. Ten performances of "Tight-Rope" were given, with two casts. The first cast included John Reardon, accomplished veteran of many premières, as Dane, and Adria Firestone, as a gleaming Kathryn.

NONE of these operas was of musical interest. Mayer's had what might be called vision; the others seemed like exercises in opera-making. All three conformed to some lowest-common-denominator view of what the public expects opera to be. Not that opera *is* any single thing. A shortlist of contemporary operas worth listening to (and not requiring large-company resources) would include works as diverse as Birtwistle's "Punch and Judy," Peter Maxwell Davies' "The Lighthouse," John Eaton's "The Cry of Clytaemnestra," John Harbison's "Full Moon in March," Henze's "Elegy for Young Lovers," Argento's "Postcard from Morocco," and, by older composers, Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress," Britten's chamber operas, Tippett's "King Priam" and "The Knot Garden." Do they have anything in common? Perhaps this: each is a strong musical construction, not just a play set to music.

IN Merkin Hall last month, there were three concerts of contemporary music on three consecutive days. At a Sunday-afternoon recital, the pianist Samuel Viviano devoted the first half of the program to George Crumb's "Makrokosmos II." An infant in the hall set up a rival performance—"Modern Voices of Children"?—adding gentle wails to eleven of the twelve pieces and using the last of them to accompany his toddling processional exit up one of the aisles, parents in attendance. The result was piquant, Ivesian, but not really helpful to a composition in which Crumb has already worked out, with delicacy, ingenuity, and thoroughness, all the effects he needs (including some cries from the pianist). Mr. Viviano is a very able performer—sure fingers, clever timing, large-scale control—but sometimes I found his musical presentation a little too smoothly, almost glibly accomplished. In the second half, he played the Alcotts movement of Ives' "Concord" Sonata; John Anthony Lennon's rhapsodic but also effusive, slack-limbed "Death Angel," a New York première; and the first performance of a ballade by Don Freund entitled "Feux d'Artifice—Tombeau ('Shuttle Explodes; Seven Feared Dead')."

The next day, the American Composers Orchestra, conducted by Paul Dunkel, played five works for string orchestra "plus": plus a string quartet in Mayer's "Inner and Outer Strings," a prerecorded tape in Elias Tanenbaum's "Kaleidoscope," a woodwind quartet in Laura Karpman's "Duets, Trios, Quintets," a double-neck electric guitar and two drummers in Elliott Sharp's "Re: Iterations,"

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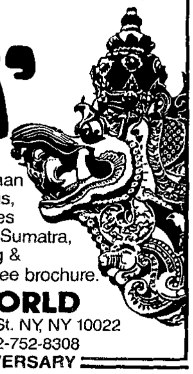

and a solo clarinet in Gary M. Schneider's Concerto for Jazz Clarinet and String Orchestra. The Tanenbaum, Karpman, and Sharp pieces were first performances. None of the music was memorable; none of it could have left a listener feeling that life was richer for his having heard it. But there was some virtuoso playing: Perry Robinson's soft, furry growls and quicksilver riffs in the Schneider concerto, and, best of all, Stephen Taylor's incisive oboe solos in the Karpman.

The next day, the clarinettist William Powell gave a glittering recital. He is a performer who catches a listener's attention with the first phrase and continues to hold it, in the way great singers once did, by precision of timing, variety of attacks, and masterly, imaginative molding both of single notes and of melodic strands. He played Joji Yuasa's "Clarinet Solitude" (1980), an elegiac span of long, affecting melodies. With Virko Baley as pianist, he played Kathleen St. John's "The Sacrifice of Iphigenia" (1978), a suite of thirteen movements with titles like "Agamemnon with Clytemnestra," "Artemis' Revenge," "Iphigenia's Transport to Tauris." Mr. Powell's artistry lifted the work above the obvious. Baley's own "Sculptured Birds"—the first movement, "The Jurassic Bird," composed in 1979; "Eagle," "Bird in Glide," and "The Chinese Nightingale" added in 1984, for Mr. Powell—struck deeper. The imagery was keen, the musical thought original. Again and again, Mr. Powell touched a nerve of pleasure with a clarinet specialty: a note stealing gently from silence. His timbres were protean. Even to a city that houses many fine clarinettists Mr. Powell—who is Juilliard-trained but now lives and works in the West—is a remarkable visitor. I'd love to hear him and a Don Alvaro of comparable magnetism collaborate in a performance of "La Forza del Destino." Mr. Baley began the recital with the Second Piano Sonata (1975) of Valentin Silvestrov, one of Russia's better-known serialists. It's a gently poetic but slightly wan piece.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

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[*Bill Monroe in the Portland Oregonian*]

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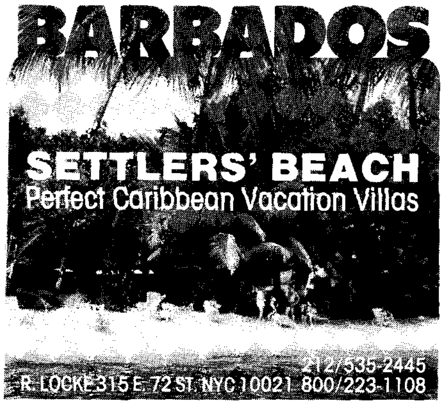
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

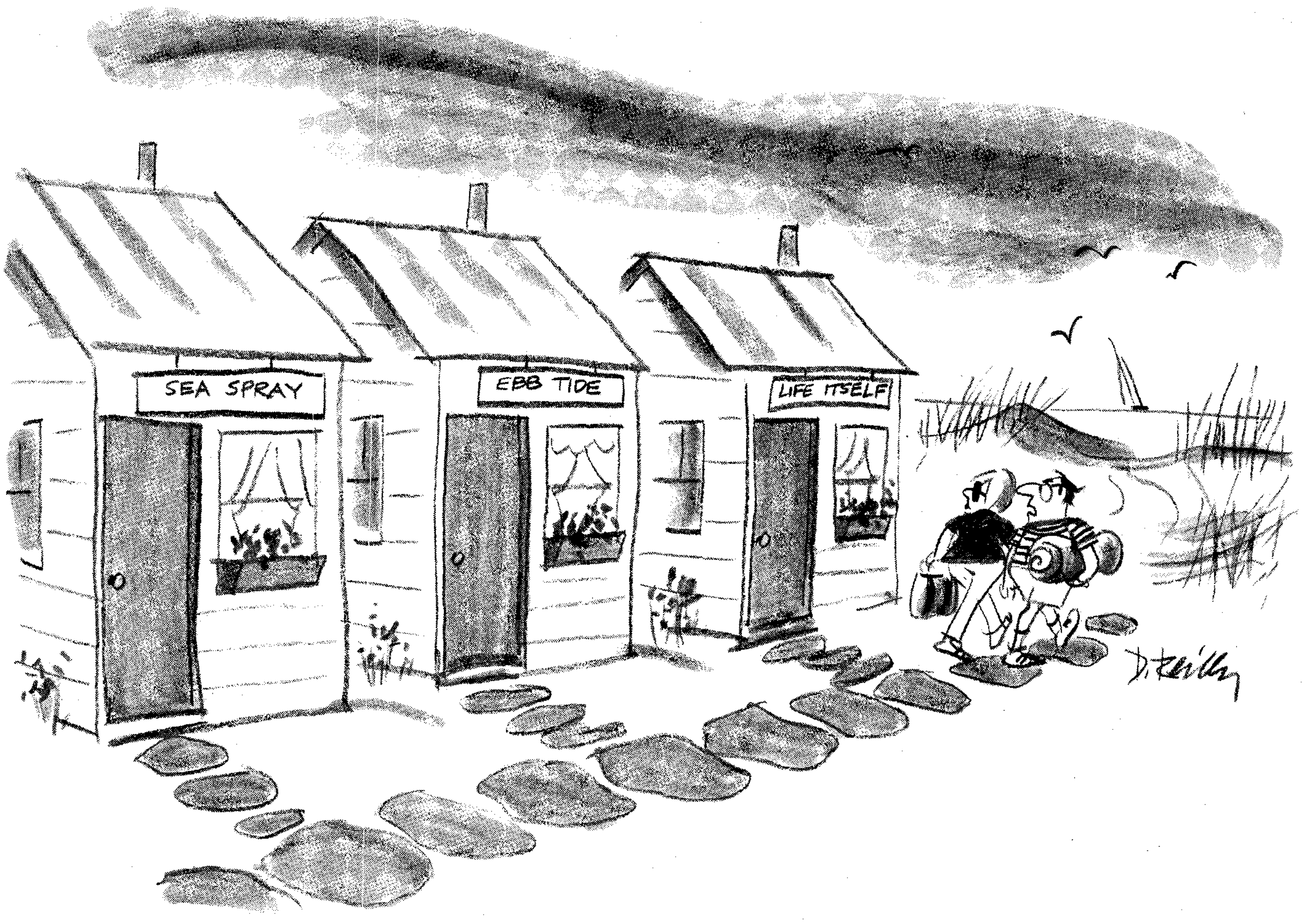
Toads

David Mamet's one-act play "Sexual Perversity in Chicago," first performed in 1974, was, like the 1971 Mike Nichols–Jules Feiffer film "Carnal Knowledge," taken to be a commentary on the sexual sickness of its time. These are works that encourage people to beat their chests. Each is constructed as a series of duologues, and each is about two perennial male adolescents—a monster and a weakling—who depersonalize women. In "Carnal Knowledge," the men are of the educated upper middle class; in Mamet's play, the two are a few social notches down. They're salesmen in restaurant supplies who hang out together, cruising the singles bars. Bernie, the major character, is empty and overbearing, a macho braggart; the passive Danny soaks up Bernie's poison—his obsession that women are out to trap them. The "perversity" in the title sounds jazzy and risqué; it's a come-on. What it refers to is the compulsive, repetitive singles scene where men find sex but back off from sex with feeling and women turn harsh from disappointment—it's a covertly moralistic title. The movie version has been given the innocuous tag "About Last Night . . ." because a number of television stations and newspapers refused advertising for the film under Mamet's more suggestive title.

Mamet's plays are pared down—he works to achieve a crackling tension, an obscene, lowbrow wit. (Bernie's jokes give him away.) The screenwriters, Tim Kazurinsky and Denise DeClue, retain much of Mamet's dialogue, but they piece it out, and then the director, Edward Zwick, punches up the breaks between scenes with rock music. It's like being pounded on the back every two minutes when your back is already sore. And it *is*, because the dialogue has been whacking you so hard.

Jim Belushi is a blastingly loud Bernie. He did a stint as Bernie on the stage, and his interpretation is a plausible (if monotonous) reading of the Mamet character, but he and the director haven't allowed for how the material has been altered in this version. In the play, Bernie is the lewd comic who fixates the audience, and Danny is his stooge. But in an attempt to bring the early-seventies text into the presumably more cheerful, optimistic eighties, Kazurinsky and DeClue make Danny (Rob Lowe) the major character—and a hero. He's intimidated by Bernie's know-it-all cynicism, but he's happy when he's with Debbie (Demi Moore), an illustrator for an advertising agency. "About Last Night . . ." is the story of Danny and Debbie getting off the singles treadmill and learning to trust their love for each other. Danny has to cast out the Bernie he carries inside him; Debbie has to cast out the doubts that are engendered by her roommate, the kindergarten teacher Joan (Elizabeth Perkins), who is a female equivalent of poisonous Bernie—she constantly undermines Debbie's faith in Danny. (Joan brings home a different man every night, because each time she begins to care about someone she's jilted.)

The story is much like that of the



"Who the hell do they think they are?"

trivial 1969 movie "John and Mary," in which Dustin Hoffman picked up Mia Farrow in a singles bar—sex came first and romance afterward, but John was afraid to make a commitment, and he had to overcome this block before he and Mary could be a couple. Except for the sex first, "About Last Night . . ." is close to being a conventional Hollywood romance—it's about the adjustments two people have to make in their first year of marriage (or, as here, of living together). What keeps it from being exactly that is the presence of Bernie and Joan. You don't know why Danny puts up with the yelling Bernie or why Debbie puts up with Joan's hatefulness. (Every time Joan opens her mouth, a toad jumps out.) The hostility between the sexes that gives Mamet's play its raucous dynamism becomes an abrasive nuisance—an intrusion on a boy-meets-girl movie that is clearly going to have a happy ending. Mamet's language has bite, but since that bite isn't the point of this movie and it gets in the way of the progress of true love it's mostly just unpleasant. Bernie and Joan are spoilers. And, of course, moving Mamet's singles-bars promiscuousness into the eighties doesn't work; AIDS has changed the scene. Bernie himself seems to belong to an earlier era. (So does the brassy, dictatorial boss at the restaurant-supplies company—he's like Bernie at a further stage of development.) As for Rob Lowe's common-man Danny, with his dreams of the future, he doesn't belong to any era. He comes out of the theatre and TV and movies; he's the confection of desperate writers.

There's a candy-man quality to Lowe himself. He has no weight, no density. It's not that he's a bad actor—it's that he doesn't suggest a real person. He's trying his damnedest to play Danny as an ordinary guy who doesn't like to shave and has mussed-up, funny-looking hair; you watch him, and, by God, he's acting, but what is it, exactly, he's doing? Suffering comes too easy to him; when his nostrils quiver he looks as if he's impressed by his own sensitivity. Maybe that's the clue: Rob Lowe acts Rob Lowe acting. The role of Joan is horrendous (she's forever putting everyone down), and so I wanted to be rid of her. At the same time, I thought that Elizabeth Perkins, a newcomer who has a lovely, piquant face for comedy and appealing, plaintive undercurrents, gave the most promising performance. Demi Moore

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is a hardworking but somehow impersonal actress; she has good vocal control, yet even her husky voice is reminiscent of half a dozen other voices. She isn't bad, but so far there isn't much that's distinctive about her—she doesn't make a role her own. As for Jim Belushi, if he's lucky he'll move on to some quiet roles—ones in which he doesn't have to be a rancorous pig from the word go. Maybe if he'd been able to suggest that Bernie had a genuine love of bawdiness—that he was an irrepressible porno fiend, that he was fun to be with—the character might at least seem colorful. But Belushi has been directed to show us that underneath the bluster Bernie is a pathetic, lonely mess—and that's intolerable.

Mamet wrote a screen adaptation of his play which wasn't used, and perhaps he found a way to expand it without adding bland slapstick scenes, like the ones here that are an insult to the audience, such as Debbie bringing mountains of possessions with her when she moves in with Danny. But would the play work onscreen if it were shot as it was written, and kept in its period? I don't think so. A great deal of what's the matter with "About Last Night . . ." is straight Mamet. The play has a virtuosic nastiness—Mamet writes with a whip hand. His dialogue is mannered, with calculated pauses and blackout effects to give the zingers their maximum explosiveness. The two salesmen aren't like the sharpers of Mamet's more recent "Glengarry Glen Ross," but Bernie might be on his way to that. For the theatre audience, Mamet's vitality and assurance and the verisimilitude of his language can be a shock. Some of the people at "Glengarry" reacted as if they'd never heard hucksters talking—as if the play were an incredible revelation to them, a new kind of truth. Mamet is like Arthur Miller taken a step further and crossed with Pinter. His rancid, cruel characters don't have to be denounced; they incriminate themselves by their choice of words. His monsters are the vehicles by which he's *telling* us something, and the theatre audience is impressed. Mamet belongs to the much-honored blowhard tradition in the American theatre—he's the hippest of the bunch. But in a movie, with the characters up close, the insistent language of a grotesque male chauvinist like Bernie can be painfully obvious. And the playwright's skillful, worked-out stresses can make a movie an ordeal to sit through. At "About Last Night . . ." you feel as if you've been looking at an ant farm for two hours.

A LOT of normally bright people seem to like getting dumbed-out when they go to movies in the summer. "Ruthless People" is a cheesy low farce with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. It was directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker—from a script, by Dale Launer, that's a reworking of an O. Henry twist. (Probably its last time around was the 1967 "The Happening.") Launer provides a semblance of clever construction, but you see each complication being set in place. And the three directors don't have an eye among them; what they've got is some kind of affection for pop culture of the past and an amateurish knack for "romps." I didn't actively hate the movie (they're blunt, innocently bad directors), but it's a little oppressive listening to people in the audience whoop with pleasure—it's alienating, like staring at the unfunny actors in a TV sitcom while the laughtrack goes wild. The kidnapped wife has a scene in which she realizes that her husband doesn't want her back and that the kidnappers who set her ransom at half a million dollars have reduced it to ten thousand. She cries out, "I'm being marked down!" What's worst about this movie is that it marks down Bette Midler's talent. —Pauline Kael

•

A slightly bemused Times man reported last week that a property was on the market—but its whereabouts were secret. A psychotic desire for privacy by the seller? Not a bit of it. He's had a nightingale nesting in his garden many years and doesn't want it disturbed. His bungalow is for sale at £80,000—preferably to an ornithologist who will leave the nightingale undisturbed.

This story will unquestionably be printed by the New Yorker. They love such items from our side of the water and keep a standing headline for them all: There'll Always Be An England.—*London Sunday Times.*

There'll always be an England, all right.

•

(25) (2) (15) (6A) The Love Boat: April Lopez makes trouble for the crew, two brothers wager a bet on women, and a reporter thinks he has the ultimate scoop when he meets a woman. (R)—*TV listing in the Columbia (S.C.) State/Record.*

Lots of us have had the same feeling.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

EXCHANGE

THIS morning, I walked beside a freshwater pond on Cape Cod, and, somewhat to my surprise, I didn't see the pond. I saw, in my mind's eye, a pond by Monet—a glimmering, glistening, unforgettable pond, filled with dazzling reflections and unfathomable depths. And now, back in my house and looking out at masses of trees, I do not see *these* trees but trees of varying shades of blue and green by Cézanne—trees that, although merely paint on canvas (and not in front of me), seem to move and sway with a power all their own. The mundane facts can be simply stated: I recently visited the National Gallery, in Washington, to view an exhibit titled "Impressionist to Early Modern Paintings from the U.S.S.R."—paintings from the Hermitage Museum, in Leningrad, and the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts, in Moscow. (The exhibit has moved on to Los Angeles, and will be at the Metropolitan Museum from late August to early October.) I am now remembering that visit, and I find that, as so often happens when one is in the presence, or the afterglow, of great art, it is difficult to deal with so-called reality. I find it hard to determine what is more real: the Cézanne trees I saw in Washington or the stately locusts (in full bloom) just outside my window.

Fantasies aside, my visit to the National Gallery began at eight-thirty on a gray and sultry morning, when, an hour and a half before opening time, I arrived in front of I. M. Pei's stark white vaulting triangles, known as the East Building. J. Carter Brown, the gallery's director, had suggested that I spend a quiet hour and a half alone in the galleries, before they opened to the public, and before visiting with him and some of his associates involved in the preparation of this important exchange show. Almost all the pictures from Russia are from two pioneering collections—that of Sergei Ivanovich Shchukin, a bold and farseeing lover of art, who, in addition to myriad other paintings, collected some thirty-seven Matisses and fifty-one Picassos, and that of Ivan Abramovich Morozov. Both Shchukin and Morozov were wealthy textile merchants. Many of the paintings had hung in the elaborate, heavily chandeliered dining room of Trubetskoy Palace, Shchukin's home in Moscow. After the Revolution, his collection was nationalized; the palace was no longer his. His life was, of course, in jeopardy. He was allowed to occupy a small room off the kitchen, and—in what must have produced for him unimaginably poignant moments—to act as official guide, explaining the paintings to visitors. Shchukin, a generous man, truly believed that his paintings belonged to the Russian people. Eventually, though, he moved to Paris, and he died there, in 1936. (Morozov, also a Muscovite, died in Carlsbad in 1921.)

I was met at the door to the new wing of the National Gallery by two uniformed guards, who viewed me with grave suspicion. I was rescued by the arrival of Randall Kremer, a personable young man from the gallery's information office. "We're expecting you," he said. "Come with me." We walked by the guards and through the high area that is the main open space on the ground floor. "People have been pouring through," said Mr. Kremer. "Great lines—thirty-three thousand the first ten days alone. Great excitement."

Suddenly, all the grayness of the Washington morning was transformed into a world of deep red. I was facing, just outside the entrance to the exhibit proper, Matisse's huge "Harmony in Red," a nearly six-foot-by-seven-foot painting that had been one of the centerpieces of the Shchukin home and now belongs to the Hermitage. "Somehow or other, J. Carter Brown managed to get this one for us," Mr. Kremer said. "It had been promised to an exhibit in France, and at first was not to travel to any other American city. Fortunately, the Russians changed their minds, and the picture will be seen in the other two cities. The picture is unforgettable. There is a table, chairs, fruit on the table, fluted glass plates holding more fruit, carafes, and an austere, posses-

"Andrea is waiting for dimples to come back, but so far they haven't."

sive woman with a tall orangy-red coiffure who is arranging the fruit. The wild pattern of the wallpaper—blue baskets, and what seem to be antic branches of trees—drops without perspective to the table itself, and to the same pattern as the wallpaper. Beyond a window are three small white trees: Snow? Blossoms? Memories? I stood silently in front of the painting. "I will leave you alone now," Mr. Kremer said, "and let you wander through the rest of the exhibit."

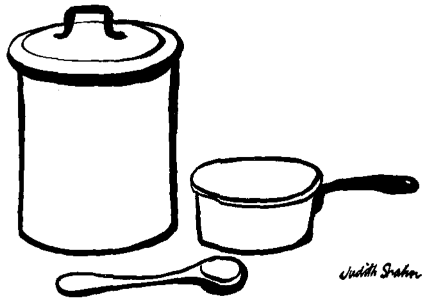
I had the galleries to myself, and for a moment this was hard to believe. I could stand back from the paintings, I could move up close to them. The exhibit had been divided among small rooms, with only a few pictures in each. There was a room of Cézannes: trees, bridges, an unforgettable self-portrait; a miracle of a woman in blue; a mountain deep in mystery, and a still-life with a napkin shaped like a mountain, and equally mysterious. A tragic van Gogh of hopeless prisoners, walking hopelessly in an unbreakable circle—an utterly claustrophobic circular prison space. A room of exotic, warmly colored Gauguins, with titles such as "Aha Oe Feii?," meaning, in Tahitian, "Are You Jealous?," and "Nave Nave Moe," meaning "Reveries," both of these framed in elaborate gold with Russian legends: a room with ancient dreams of ancient gods, blue canoes, cigarette-smoking nude natives with sly eyes, and another piercing self-portrait—this one, of Gauguin, without the deceptive self-confidence of the Cézanne, and betraying Gauguin's dark troubles. A Matisse room. Goldfish in a bowl, atop a purple tabletop with slim green legs. And another huge Matisse, the size of "Harmony in Red," titled "Conversation." Two figures face one another: presumably Matisse, in blue pajamas with vertical white stripes, on the left, and, on the right, a woman in black, her neck bordered in green, who is presumably his wife. She is of stern visage. There is a window between them, and figuratively connecting the two is a curlicued metal window guard. Its design binds them together and at the same time separates them. It catalyzes. Perhaps they are being destroyed. Perhaps they are being restored. Beyond the grillwork, there is truce and a peace—a tree and three small pools of water. But the two figures are commanding and disturbing presences.

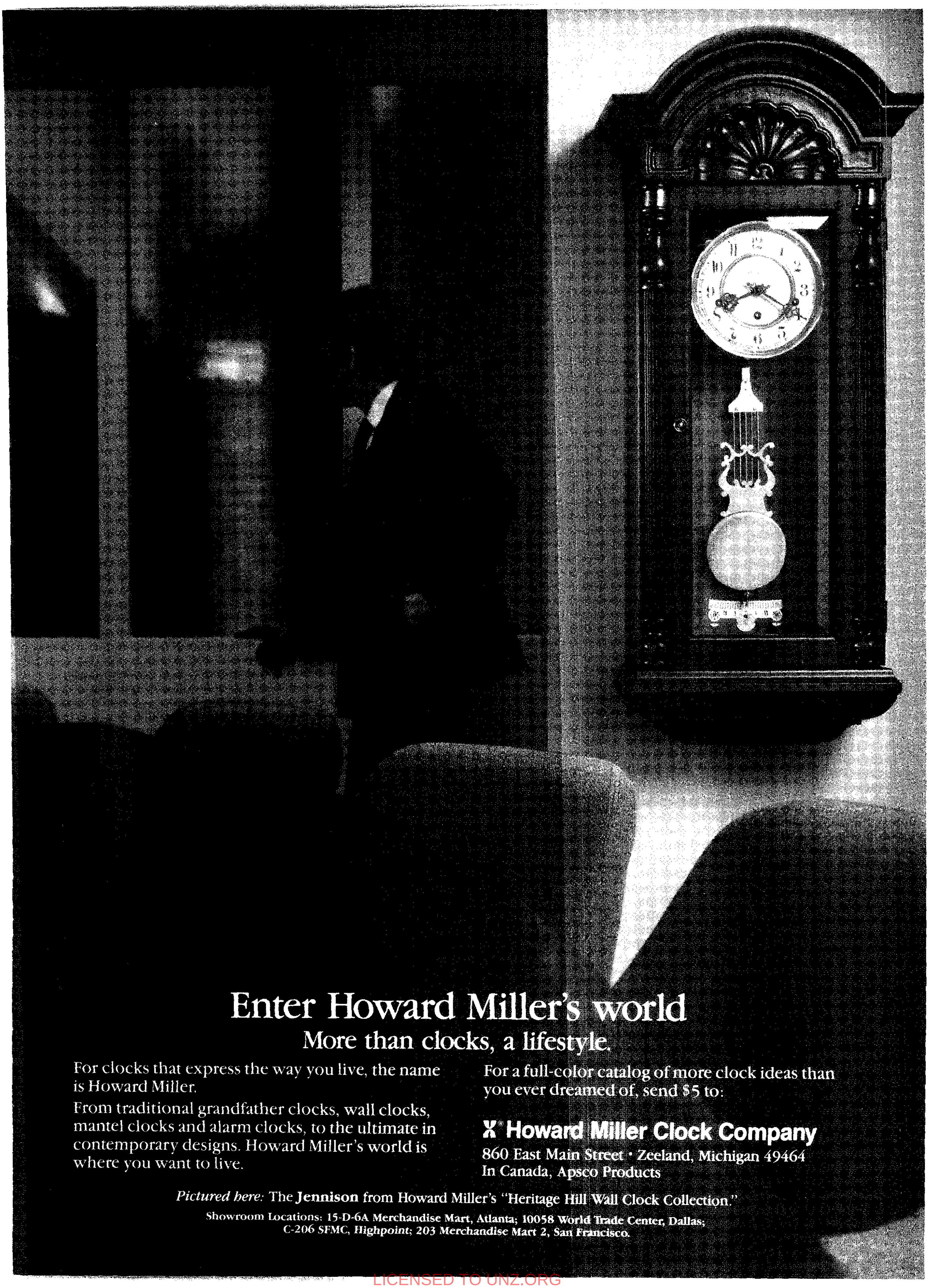
HE: But I don't see how you could possibly . . .
SHE: It is perfectly clear to me, and would be to you if you would be honest with yourself for just one single moment of our lives. . . .

Another room. Picassos. A still-life with skull, a Cubist portrait of the dealer Ambroise Vollard (sly, sullen, imperious, pretending to be asleep), and, in the same room, three monumental women—massive, gigantic figures from some deep and unknown past. I think I could have stood in front of the picture of the three women for many hours, but guards had now begun to come into the room, and there was suddenly a great bustle, and the sound of hundreds of voices. The public was being admitted. The pictures were no longer mine, but there had been almost vocal communication between us. Now the dialogue was to be enlarged.

MR. KREMER reappeared at my side and escorted me to the executive floor, on seven, and into the office of J. Carter Brown. Mr. Brown is fifty-one but looks like a man of forty. He is slim and enthusiastic. He has been the director of the gallery since 1969, when he was thirty-four. He was in blue—blue suit, blue tie. A Capitol somewhat shrouded in mist was visible through his large window, its dome forming a perfect centerpiece. On his walls were a lively Klee, a poetic Rothko, and a religious painting. "Rubens," Mr. Brown said. "Or school of. The painting comforts me. You will notice that St. Peter is holding the keys to Heaven. I have no guarantee, but I like to think this may give me a certain advantage." He smiled a youthful smile. "This whole wonderful exchange of paintings has a somewhat long history," he said. "It derives from a visit I paid in 1983 to Lugano, Switzerland, and to the Villa Favorita, the villa and museum maintained there by Baron Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza. We know the Baron quite well. He is on our Trustees Council. He has a wonderful collection. Well, in 1983 he had an exchange of paintings with the Soviet Union. The pictures were displayed in an inspired manner—in clusters, in small rooms. I instantly said to myself, 'If we ever have a show like this, we must exhibit in the same way, in clusters, never too much in one room—each room a feast.' The Picassos were in a stairwell, the Matisse 'Harmony in Red' in a room with wallpaper of figurations much like those in the painting itself. The Baron stayed home and bargained with the Soviets. They always require symmetry. They give you something, you give them something. One makes them a sporting proposition. Things seemed to be going well in June of 1983, when I saw the exhibit. The Baron had given them some wonderful things, including a van Eyck. Noises from the U.S.S.R. were positive in those days. There hadn't been a chance of exchanging pictures back in 1980, for example, during the boycott of the Olympics following the invasion of Afghanistan. But in 1983 everybody seemed to be for it. Secretary Shultz; Arthur Hartman, our Ambassador to the Soviet Union; Charles Wick, head of the United States Information Agency—they were all for it. I thought we were set, and got back here filled with hope.

"Then, in September, we heard of the downing of the Korean airliner. Flight 007. I knew that our hopes had gone down with that plane. But some instinct was at work in me, and I proceeded as though we would have an exhibit after all. We had the Swiss transparencies of the pictures from the Hermitage and the Pushkin. I had faith. I worked out a truce with Pei for proper spacing for the still imaginary exhibit. I wanted control of the space in our galleries. Space is the key to this exhibit. Cluster is the key to this exhibit. We have learned how to invoke space in our galleries—the long gallery, for instance, in our 'Treasure Houses of Britain' exhibit. One thing I knew was that if the moment of agreement came we had to assure the Soviets that the paintings would be immune from judicial seizure. Heirs whose works have been nationalized might complain. There was an instance once in Paris—perhaps apocryphal—of a truck driven by Russian exiles backing up to a gallery and removing a painting. Some people look upon a cultural exchange of this nature as a political thing. I fight that notion. I see this as being part of the history of painting. After all, great art always teaches you something new. In matters of this kind, the political angle





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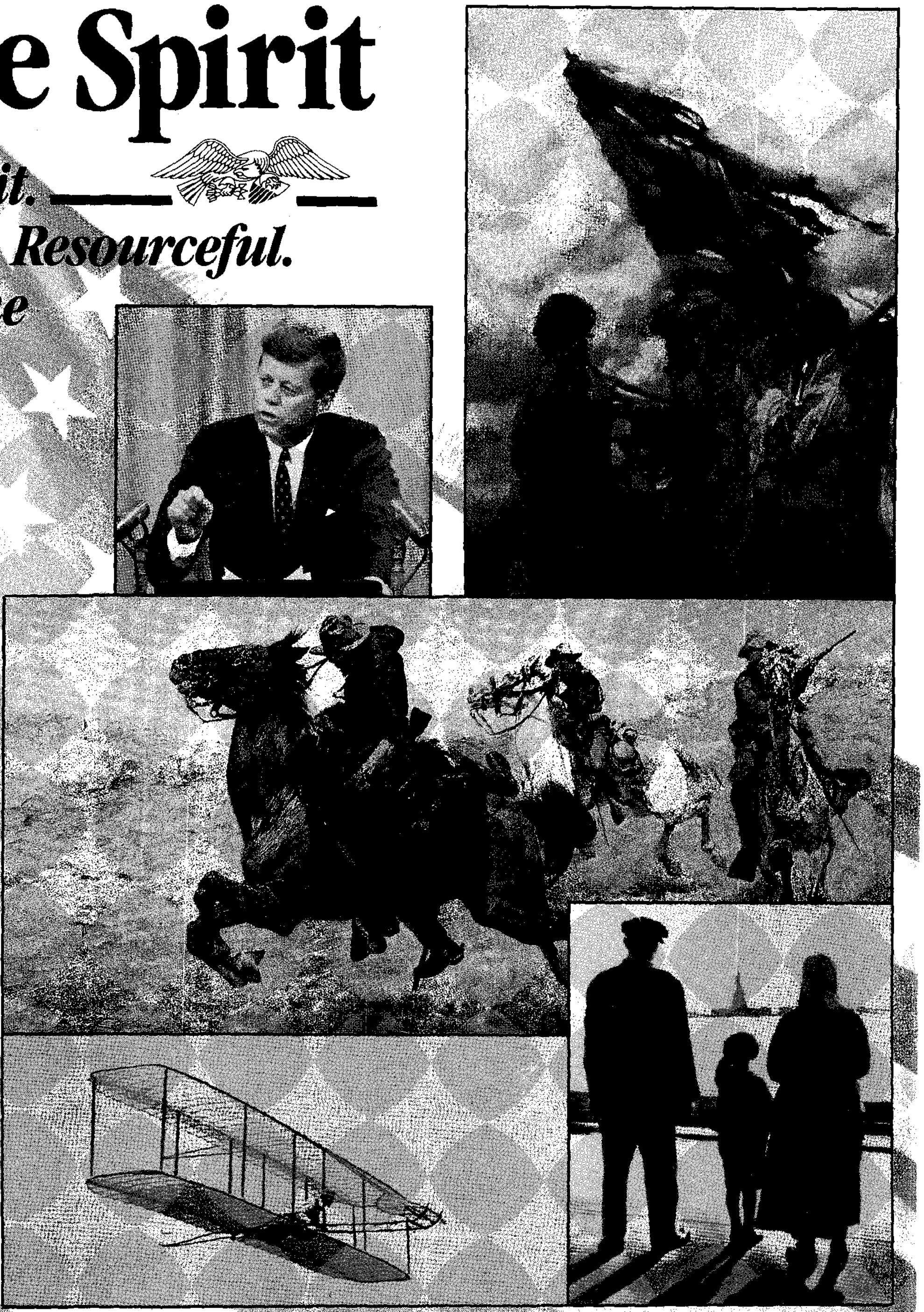

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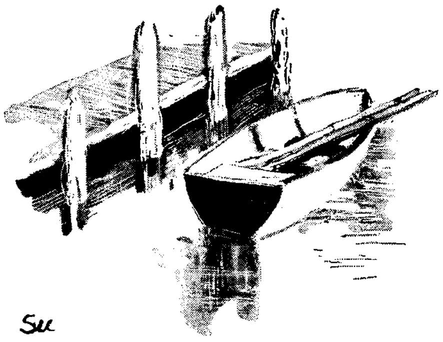
is both possible and impossible, often at the same time. Politics in this sort of agreement is really a roll of the dice. A man like Armand Hammer, for instance, never leaves the Soviet Union without a signed agreement. Won't leave until he has a piece of paper in his hand. To go back for a moment, I went ahead and constructed the galleries you were in this morning. I had a hunch something would happen, and it paid off. First, though, there was a stagnant period. Everything was '*Nyet.*' Not a chance. I said to myself, 'We will wait for a cultural agreement.' I had a strange confidence that *one* thing would come out of a summit—a cultural agreement. That would be the meeting of the minds. When the agreement finally came, in November of 1985, we were ready. We were all geared up. Cables went back and forth. Curators went back and forth. The Soviets agreed to send over forty pictures in eighty days. Quick movement was required. We live, after all, in the real world, and one never knows how long any of this harmony will last. I put great pressure on them for the magnificent 'Harmony in Red.' It had been promised for a French exhibit, but I managed to get it for our museum.

"I want to talk for a moment about some of the paintings. That great Picasso of the three women; 1908. He is getting into African art. When you look at it, you realize he is in the midst of a search rather than a discovery. I am fascinated with this picture—its monumentality. There is a background for it—Cézanne bathers. The women have their arms over their heads as though drying themselves. Russet. Clay colors. Wonderful colors. But Picasso is putting his entire weight into the form rather than the color. The energy is palpable. The figures are *bursting* from the canvas. I see the picture as going back to Michelangelo's 'Bound Slave,' in the Louvre, rather than to the Cézanne. Picasso knew his art history, and he was certainly familiar with that sculpture. As for the Picasso 'Still Life with Skull,' perhaps 1907, that, too, grips me. Picasso made conundrums, and there are many in this painting. There is, of course, a long history of *vanitas* still-lifes, and this picture has many objects reflecting pleasure. There are books, a pipe, a palette with brushes, perhaps a mirror reflecting death and the skull itself. But there is a mystery in the upper right of the picture. I can sense a nude woman in what may be a mirror or a picture frame, and she has a hysterical grimace. Perhaps her hands are over her head, as in the incomparable 'Three Women.' We really don't know. There is a theory that while painting Picasso looked out his studio window and saw the body of a neighboring German painter, Vigels, who had hanged himself in his studio window. This may well be the basis of the picture." Mr. Brown looked out at the misty Capitol dome. "It is a gray day," he said.

WHEN I left Mr. Brown's office, I ran into Charles Stuckey, the curator of modern painting. "Let's have a cup of coffee," he said, and he led me into a nearby employee cafeteria. Mr. Stuckey is in his early forties, with large eyes and, again, great enthusiasm. "As you know," he said, "this entire show is based on Carter Brown's visit to Lugano. There has been a true exchange with the Soviets. We have sent over forty paintings, including Courbets, Degas, Bonnards, Cézannes, Pissarros, Monets, Sisleys, and so on. There was hard bargaining on a high professional level over each painting. Each picture was carefully examined. Curiously, they had their hearts set on one picture, our Manet 'Dead Toreador.' They had seen it reproduced, and they simply had to have it. They got it. Once the summit took place, last November, I promptly went to Leningrad and to Moscow, with David Bull, who is the head of painting conservation here. Bargaining, bargaining. I still don't know how Carter Brown managed the 'Harmony in Red.' But there it is, downstairs. I must tell you that everybody was bending over backward to understand everybody else. The most touching thing is that the pictures we sent to Russia have been viewed by thousands of people, standing long hours in long lines at, for instance, twenty-eight degrees below zero. That says something about the needs of people everywhere. When you are dealing with the Russians, you are dealing with people who know what they are doing. We were always sizing one another up. To our surprise, at first they didn't want Monet's 'Garden at Vetheuil.' It wasn't a haystack and it wasn't a water lily. But they changed their minds. They wanted, for instance, more Degas than Cézanne. They have, they feel, too many Corots. Funny thing, you might have a hard time interesting them in a show by David, for instance, but they would line up at all hours for Goya, El Greco, Picasso. All Spaniards. And they truly love Gauguin. I guess he represents sunshine and warmth in the long Russian winters. We had some trouble explaining that we couldn't lend our great Picasso 'Family of Saltimbanques.' It's part of the Chester Dale Collection and, under the terms of the acquisition, never to be lent. Bull and I concentrated on obtaining the great Matisse 'Conversation.' It has never been seen before in this country. I was so impressed by Matisse's blue striped pajamas that I went over to Woodward & Lothrop the other day and bought a pair that look very much like those pajamas. They are tight. While we were dealing with the staffs of the museums—with, for example, A. G. Kostenevich, of the Hermitage, and M. Bessonova, of the Pushkin (she is a woman, by the way)—Armand Hammer was dealing on another level, with the ministries, the political people. Incidentally, the director of the Hermitage has been there forty years, the director of the Pushkin thirty. One must bear in mind that the exchange process is just starting. There has been a quantum leap in the last three or four months between the two countries. We have experienced quite an education dealing with our Russian counterparts. After all, they have a longer museum tradition than we do. I don't know where these people were trained, but I do know that if there were Olympic prizes for museum skills these people would come up with gold medals."



After leaving Mr. Stuckey, I had a brief encounter with John Wilmerding, the gallery's deputy director. He, too, is immensely personable, knowledgeable, and outgoing. We talked for a few moments of the Shelburne Museum, in Vermont, which was founded by his grandmother, Mrs. J. Watson Webb. It happens to be one of my favorites—a potpourri of everything from farm implements to a sidewheeler and duck decoys. "That side-

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wheeler was a funny one," Mr. Wilmerding said. "My grandmother was intent on its being in the museum. 'Watson,' she said to my grandfather, 'we must have that sidewheeler brought in from Lake Champlain, and placed in the museum.' 'Electra,' said her husband, 'you are crazy, but I know I can't stop you.' So tracks were laid from Lake Champlain, and the sidewheeler somehow got to the museum, sinking many times into the spring mud. But, to get back to our wonderful Russian pictures, think for a moment of the mutual trust that has taken place: our treasures there, their treasures here. They have sent the equivalent of hard currency—millions of dollars' worth of pictures—right into our bastion of evil. The pictures could be held hostage, after all."

I asked how he accounted for the great public interest in the pictures.

"You know," he said slowly, "it has something to do with originals, the real thing. Almost everything these days is a replica. Television offers no nourishment. There are replicas of this, replicas of that. Even the human heart may now be synthetic—a reproduction. A most touching thing happened when our Russian friends, the curators, went through the exhibit here. The curator from the Pushkin walked through the final door, and there was Picasso's 'Woman from Mallorca,' on loan from her museum. There was that beautiful woman with the white kerchief over her head. So quiet, so lovely. And then the curator walked a few steps farther, into a larger room with our pictures, and there was our great Picasso 'Family of Saltimbanques,' and on the extreme right of the picture was that same woman from Mallorca. I could see how deeply moved the woman from Moscow was."

I went downstairs for a last look at the pictures. Crowds six and seven deep were now around each canvas. They were silent. They were engrossed. I stood a moment gazing at the incomparably quiet woman from Mallorca, keeping her message proudly to herself. And then I, too, turned a corner into a larger room, and there the woman was again, seated, over the long years, in a Beckett landscape, in the company of Picasso's travelling carnival players, noble survivors in a hostile world. And I had a slim clue to the message of the pictures: there are no boundaries, no barriers, except those which we erect in our blindness.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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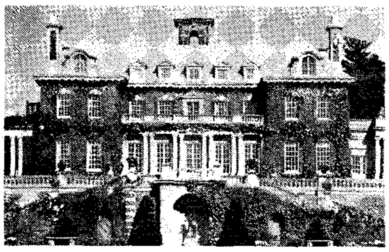

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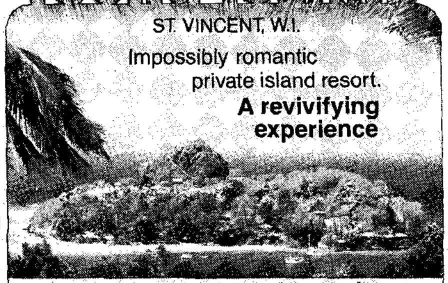

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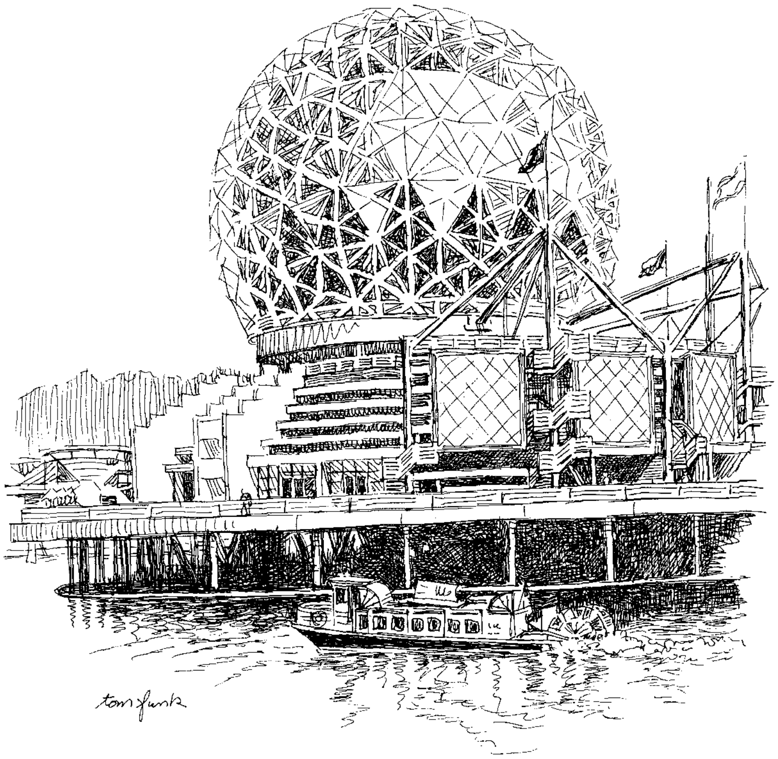
LETTER FROM VANCOUVER



World's Fairs dubbed "Special" by the Bureau of International Expositions, based in Paris, are, unlike "Universal" ones, required by that august institution to have a theme. Thus, last year's Japanese Special, at Tsukuba, was consecrated (in theory, at least) to Dwellings and Surroundings—Science and Technology for Man at Home. Expo '86, a Special that opened here in British Columbia on May 2nd, agreed to devote itself thematically to Transportation and Communications (to either or both of which each exhibitor was enjoined to allocate no less than thirty per cent of its space), and it adopted the motto "World in Motion—World in Touch," which one cynical French Canadian I know has translated as "*Saisir la terre avant qu'elle ne s'en va pas*," or, as I have converted that back into Americanese, "Grab the globe before it gets away."

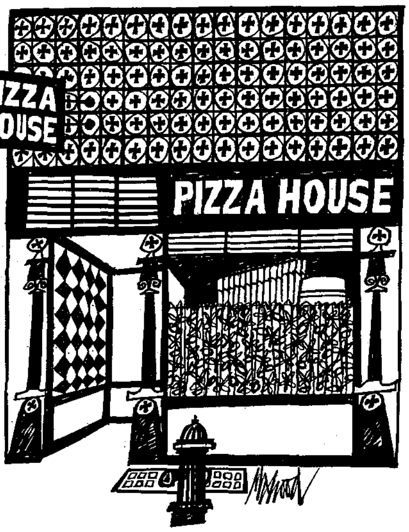
Officiating when the extravaganza's curtain was formally raised was the heir apparent to the throne to which most Canadians pledge allegiance, and although Vancouver lies thousands of miles from Francophone East Canada, he took pains, in this country where bilinguality is a matter of concern (and often, too, of inconvenience), to include in his remarks a "*chers amis canadiens*." (His Royal Highness did not exactly sing the lyrics to "God Save the Queen," which was rendered exclusively in English, but one could see his lips filially moving.) Prince Charles was accompanied by his bonny bride, toward whom nearly everybody in this northwest neck of the woods seemingly tried to move, on the chance of, if not actually touching her, at least getting a glimpse. I was lucky. I actually managed to see her—though, to be sure, in gathering darkness through the side window of a limousine cruising past at a speed of no more than twenty-five miles an hour at a distance of no more than seventy-five feet. She looked great. Another couple to pass through an entrance gate at the outset was a husband and wife who had been designated Expo '86's first two official visitors. They were unarguably familiar with both communications and transportation: he was a retired telephone-company employee, and they'd travelled by camper all the way across the continent, from their home in Newfoundland.

Expo '86 cannot properly be compared with such memorable Universals as Montreal's Expo '67 or Osaka's Expo '70, but as Specials go it shapes up nicely enough. Most of the veteran fairgoers I've checked with rate it, as I do, somewhere between a B-plus and an A-minus. (In my scorebook, Tsukuba got a B, and Knoxville, Tennessee's, tacky 1982 affair barely a C-minus.) Expo '86 has one blessed advantage. Unlike many of its predecessors, it is actually situated in its host city, instead of somewhere off on the outskirts. It covers a hundred and seventy-three waterfront acres—exclusive of the Canadian government's big pavilion complex, which occupies a separate downtown site—and it has exhibitors from fifty-four countries. (At Montreal, there were sixty-three nations on a thousand acres; at Osaka, seventy-seven on eight hundred and fifteen; at Knoxville, twenty-two on seventy-two; at Tsukuba, forty-seven on two hundred and fifty-two.) Expo '86 also harbors exhibits from seven Canadian provinces and two territories, thirty-seven companies and institutions, and three nearby American states—Washington, Oregon, and California. California's pavilion, which, curiously, goes by the name The Californias, has, among other objects displayed to show its, or their, intimacy with outer space, a hunk of moon rock, *sous cloche*. "We saw that at Osaka," I heard a woman communicate to her husband as she urged him to move along. (The proliferation of Expos in the last couple of decades has evidently made some people blasé about them; I prefer to think that I approach them in the manner of a child who can never probe beneath too many Christmas trees.) Expo '86 anticipates a total of twenty million visits before it calls it quits, on October 13th. If a person spends three days on the site, which is probably the minimum time required to cover a decent part of the grounds, that counts as three visits. Expo's statisticians have calculated that to reach the twenty-million total it will have to accommodate an average of a hundred and twenty thousand people a day. The fair's hours, except for the night-life areas, are from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. One of the more popular offerings, a spectacle at the General Motors of Canada pavilion called The Spirit Lodge, in which pictorial images appear to emanate from smoke, has a maximum capacity of eleven hundred and fifty an hour. That's thirteen thousand eight hundred daily. Out of each day's hundred and twenty thousand, a hundred and six thousand two hundred, if my arithmetic is correct, will have to forgo that one. A character in The Spirit Lodge intones, "To stop moving is to die . . . For life and the freedom to move are as one." It's perhaps just as well that these lofty sentiments are not conveyed in advance to folks who have been standing in line for an hour or so waiting to get in to hear them.

WHAT quite a few people, I among them, have concluded about this particular exposition is that its appeal derives less from what can be seen and heard inside its assorted pavilions than from what goes on outside. It's not so much Expo '86's substance that accounts for its charm as it is its style. The scene has an ambience of gaiety, even whimsy. You feel good just walking around. Almost wherever you turn, here is a dancer or juggler or mime or clown, or a musical offering ranging from a single oboist with a basket on his head to a high-school choir or a symphony orchestra. And you don't have to queue up to enjoy any of these. One morning, strolling along the embankment of a lagoon, I chanced upon a young man in a black suit who was apparently engrossed in a trombone solo. He paused, and there was an echo. No, not an echo: a couple of hundred feet away I espied another dark-suited trombonist. But wait! As I cast an eye farther along the shoreline, another and yet another trombonist materialized. There were ten of them in all—as widely dispersed a combo as ever I have encountered. And they were dead serious. They were performing "Tromphones Over Water," a composition by Randy Raine-Reusch—it was supposed to evoke overtones of Swiss alpenhorns—that was commissioned by and for Expo '86. Every day, at the entrance turnstiles, visitors are handed a program of that day's special events—maybe a trombone suite, or a child pianist whose feet can't reach the pedals, or a Chinese-noodle-making demonstration. Something of one sort or another, surely, to please everyone.

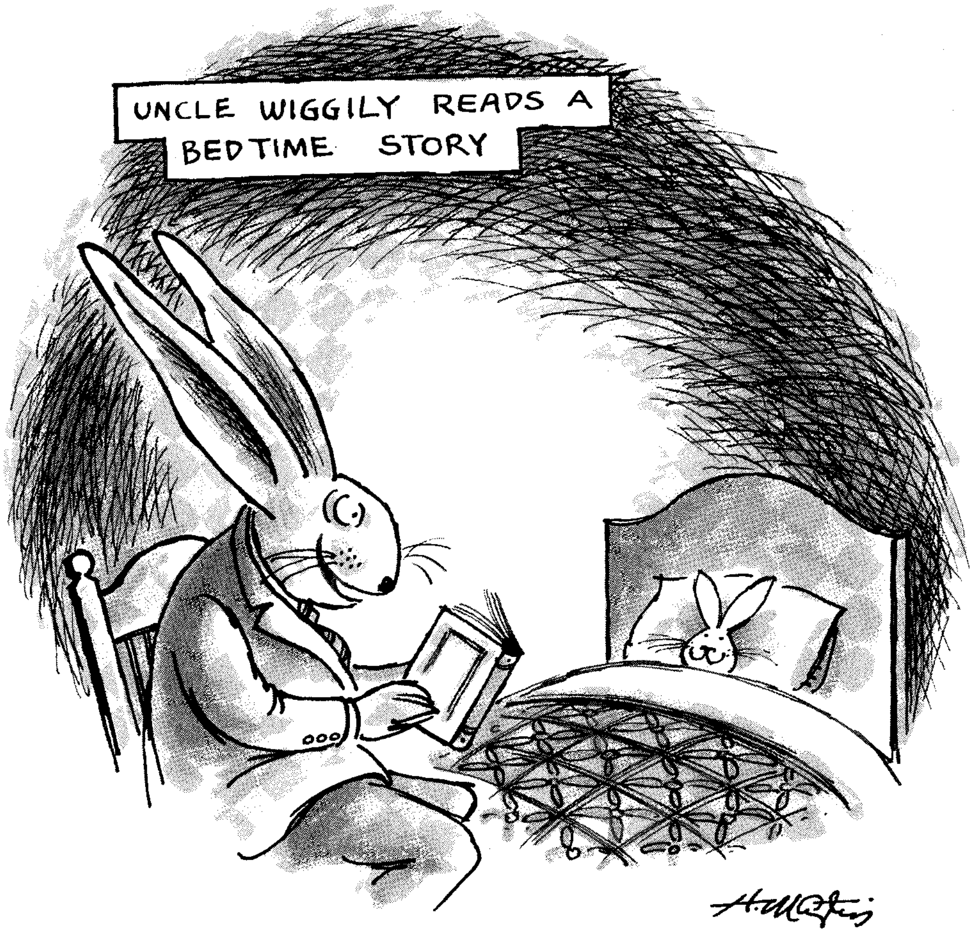
Whatever the eventual total attendance may come to, it has been further calculated that sixty per cent of the fair's visitors will hail from Canada, thirty-five per cent from the United States, and five per cent from everywhere else. The terrorists who have supposedly discouraged travellers from going to Europe this summer and fall may or may not have an effect on those percentages. On the eve of the fair, one Vancouver *Sun* headline went "TERRORISM FEARS A BONANZA FOR OUR TOURISM, AGENTS SAY," but another, citing as its source an American psychologist, went "EXPO SEEN AS IDEAL FOR TERRORISTS." In any event, at last report there were still vacancies in most of Vancouver's hotels (twenty-four hundred of their rooms were unveiled in the last three years), from the toniest down to the much more modest ones, from which, on the eve of the fair, several hundred needy tenants who had nowhere else to live were summarily evicted, evidently at the urging of the British Columbia provincial government. (Its premier, the Honourable William R. Bennett, somewhat mystifyingly proclaimed that Expo '86 would lead to an "examination of Canada's place in the international community.") The suicide of one dislodged person did not go unnoticed. Some observers of the contemporary Vancouver scene found it wryly amusing that at just about the same time that these indigents were kicked onto the streets the prostitutes who habitually plied them were, in an attempt to give Expo a tidier aura, kicked off. More easterly Canadians, and especially those domiciled around Toronto, have long looked down upon British Columbians, thereby arousing so much reciprocal distaste that a recent editorial-page cartoon in the *Sun* labelled Americans "friends" and Central Canadians "foreigners." Toronto's *Globe & Mail*, on hearing of the evictions, promptly ran an editorial cartoon of its own depicting two drenched derelicts huddled in a makeshift shack at Expo '86, one saying to the other, "When the rain lets up you can see our old rooming house."

IT rains a lot in Vancouver, though the indigenes prefer to use the word "mist." A *Sun* headline in May went—no pun presumably intended—"FARMERS PRAY FOR SUN." Vancouver hookers, when free trade prevailed, were notable for carrying umbrellas. And Vancouver is the only city I know of where the better-class hotels furnish every room with an umbrella. I felt my own first drop of mist at 10:15 A.M. my first day here. "Look," a fair official told me, "there are a lot of places on earth where it's snowing today." (I remembered Day One at Osaka. Professing to be an old Japan hand, I had told a fellow who was then my friend and was escorting his wife on their first Asian adventure that she'd make out quite nicely with a spring-and-summer wardrobe. It snowed.) In respects other than precipitation, Vancouver—which, like Hong Kong and Rio, is a seaport flanked by mountains, some of those here snow-trimmed even in summer—is an unusual metropolis, as well as an attractive one. It first attained municipal status in 1886—Expo '86 is a centennial celebration—and was all but wiped out by fire that same year. Vancouver has since been distinctive for, according to its chroniclers, the world's strongest man (the weight lifter Doug Hepburn), the world's fastest man (the sprinter Harry Jerome), one of North America's largest Chinatowns, a classy aquarium, and the highest per-capita incidence in Canada of not only umbrella consumption but also divorce, alcoholism, and suicide. And get this, New Yorkers! Twelve-hour parking downtown, 6 A.M.-6 P.M., eight dollars! That's eight Canadian—at the current rate of exchange, less than six American.



The entire province of British Columbia, for its part, leads the rest of Canada when it comes to belief in psychic phenomena, and trails it in interest in church attendance. B.C., as we who have come to know the province now sometimes familiarly refer to it, is a vast entity—something over three hundred and sixty-six thousand square miles, or one-tenth of all of Canada. It has so many bald eagles—ninety-five hundred at the last census—that it was able to donate to the Californias, when they were down to a pitiable hundred and twenty or so, a bracing infusion of nine more. As for Vancouver itself, it may be significant that—as I discovered during my very first few hours there—the city has at least two taxi-drivers from the Fiji Islands, the second of whom seemed amazed to be apprised of the existence of the first.

Vancouver has a population, counting its environs, of one and a quarter million. It was once called Granville, after a bygone colonial secretary, and one of its latter-day ornaments is the Granville Market, a sprawling gem of


UNCLE WIGGILY READS A BEDTIME STORY

"Once upon a time, slightly to the left of Carnegie Hall, Faith Stewart-Gordon was greeting her guests in the Russian Tea Room."

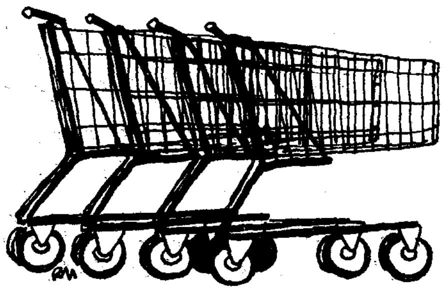
an island mart, which has as mouth-watering a selection of meat, fish, produce (clams from Manila, basil from Maui), and other delicacies as you could hope to find anywhere, and where if you're fortunate you might be treated to a harp-and-flute recital by a sidewalk duo. George Vancouver, who gave the place its abiding name, was a late-eighteenth-century British seafarer who made a survey of the regional coastline, and who called the waters immediately adjacent to what was to become his namesake city Desolation Sound. Subsequent Vancouverites have been partial to such various names as Lost Lagoon, Coal Harbor. and False Creek—this last for an inlet along the banks of which Expo '86 has been erected. (Captain Vancouver was preceded by the equally far-ranging sailor Juan Francisco Bodega y Quadra, as the Spanish pavilion's exhibit firmly reminds us, and perhaps even, way back in the sixteenth century, by Sir Francis Drake.) Vancouver is a sister city of Edinburgh, Yokohama, Odessa, and Guangzhou (formerly Canton), and has just forged yet another sororal bond, with Los Angeles, though apparently over the *Sun's* dead editorial body: "But bold, brash, tarty Los Angeles? Is that really our style?" The style of the old Vancouver establishment—primarily lumber, mining, and railroads—is highly conservative. The last previous cosmic event staged here was the British Empire Games of 1954, in the course of which there was a memorable footrace between Roger Bannister and John Landy, then the only two human beings ever to have run the mile in under four minutes. Bannister won, by a whisker. Vancouverites have been reminiscing about that epic confrontation, because Landy has come back, as the Commissioner General (a nation at a World's Fair usually invests its senior emissary with that title) of the Australian pavilion. This edifice breezily addresses all who stop by as "fun-lovers," and invites their attention (they can hardly miss it) to a three-hundred-thousand-dollar replica —I guess this falls under the rubric of "Transportation"—of the Twelve-Metre yacht Australia II, which wrested the America's Cup from American hands in 1983 and transported it down under. Before we leave the pavilion, we are issued an onscreen invitation from the Aussie Prime Minister, Bob Hawke, to drift down under ourselves for the next Special Expo ("Leisure in the Age of Technology" will be the theme), to be held at Brisbane in, as the Prime Minister puts it, "nineteen-itey-ite."

FEW of the exhibitors from abroad had much to say about the shape of their buildings. Most simply rented modules assembled from pipes, like giant Meccano sets. They fiddled around with these a bit, but concentrated on their interiors. (Korea and the Philippines—the latter displaying no photograph of any recent head of state—have fitted up their quarters rather attractively.) In consequence, Expo '86 is not likely to be remembered for architectural distinction. Or, when it comes to that, for distinctiveness in art. Oh, there are some paintings on view here and there—a single Goya at Spain, a bunch of Caesar Valverdes at Costa Rica. Egypt and Peru—transportation and communications be damned—have sent up some ancient gold articles from museums in Cairo and Lima. The Egyptian treasures are housed in a structure that does stand out: it's surrounded by replicas of eight columns from the temple of Ramses II at Karnak. There is a three-dollar admission charge (same as a roller coaster called the Scream Machine, which you'll never catch me reporting on), and the contents—winged horses, earrings, necklaces, et al.—have been insured, the word has gone out, for thirty-five million, Canadian. Peru dispatched two of its own policemen to watch over three hundred-odd pieces of Incan gold, ranging from a six-foot-wide cape to another earring. As for sculpture, probably the most arresting example—unless you thus categorize a two-hundred-and-five-foot hockey stick or a watch dial eighty feet in diameter—is a seven-hundred-foot-long undulating strip called Highway 86. It's the repository of buses, jeeps, boats, cars, and airplanes—some two hundred objects all told, supposedly attesting to the crowdedness and craziness of present-day thoroughfares, and all painted, even their windshields, a monotonous, impenetrable dull gray. Highway 86 is an artery that goes exactly nowhere, beginning at False Creek, where a plane's tail grazes the water, and ending on an inclined ramp, where the nose of an automobile heads off into the blue yonder.

Before the fair ends, the Mexican pavilion expects to have finished a mural being created, as inspiration strikes, by a succession of itinerant Mexican painters, most of them adult. On the same premises, a chamber from which grownups are barred gives youthful artists free access to unlimited quantities of paper, inked pads, and stamps cut in the image of Mayan seals. When the Mexican Commissioner General was asked to comment on this exclusive nook, he said, "They will be able to stamp the paper and take it home or stamp themselves if they want." What appears to be the most alluring outdoor attraction for the smaller fry is called a UFO-H_2O—in essence, a cluster of fountains from which jets of water emerge in no predictable pattern while youngsters scurry and squeal among them, trying to guess which way to turn to avoid being sprayed or, depending on their mood, to succeed in being soaked. One of the amusement-park-type rides, called a Cariboo Log Chute, permits daredevils of any age to descend loglike down a steep incline and through some water, getting drenched en route. It is hard for an outsider to fathom exactly why, in so often moist Vancouver, anybody old enough to reason would go out of his or her way to get wet. The popularity of the Cariboo, notwithstanding, has been established by the fact that nearby rest rooms have been fast running out of paper towels, used by chutists trying to dry off.

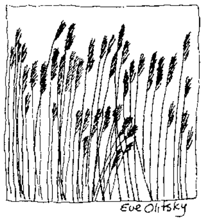
Most of the buildings put up at World's Fairs are destined from the outset to be torn down. One of the anomalies here is the huge Canadian pavilion, with a ten-pointed white Teflon roof, which gives it somewhat the look of a full-rigged sailing vessel. Constructed, at water's edge, at a cost of a hundred and forty-four million Canadian dollars, it will eventually serve both as a trade center and as a terminal for cruise ships. (From here on, all references to folding money will be in Canadian dollars.) For the moment, much of its spacious interior is filled by five theatres, in one of which audiences are told, "To be here at all—and to be joined together—that is the Canadian miracle." The pavilion also has an exhibition hall featuring a robotic arm that can fold paper airplanes. The Ontario pavilion, which is not slated to survive, is abutted by a shallow pond, the bottom of which quickly became strewn with pennies tossed in by people who were waiting to be admitted to its only theatre and were perhaps hoping that their largesse might make the line ahead of them move faster. An usher teasingly called my attention to a solitary United States dime, worth that day thirteen and six-tenths Canadian cents, nestling among all the local coppers. "You Yanks are certainly careless with your money," she said.

One of the more beguiling of the Canadian exhibits is that of the Northwest Territories—which, we are reminded, constitute a third of the area of the second-largest country on earth—the principal display consisting of blown-up quotations from natives of that Arctic expanse. Many of the statements deal with survival: the hardships concomitant on searching for birds, for caribou, for bear. "You walked all day and never stopped," says Matthew Innakatsik—an observation perhaps no less pertinent to his home, at Baker Lake, than to Expo '86 itself. (It's about a three-mile trek from one end of the fairgrounds to the other.) Amaujumajuq, of Arctic Bay, is represented by "When you are old you will care more about food and less about sex. So it is with the caribou." A leaflet distributed at the Yukon pavilion, where visitors are chattily welcomed as "you guys," referred to Jack London. That brought sharply back to me my most memorable, and most exasperating transportation-*cum*-communications experience of '86. It is rare that one keeps an automobile until it has clocked a hundred thousand miles. It's surely rarer still that one actually sees the numbers on one's dashboard change from "99999.9" to "00000.0." Embarking on a drive with my wife a few months ago, I noticed that we were only thirty or forty miles shy of the magic turnover. But then we began listening, by cassette, to a reading of "The Call of the Wild." We got so wrapped up in the good dog Buck's triumphs and tribulations that by the time either of us thought to glance at our mileage indicator it read a frustrating "00023.7." We'll probably never have such a chance again.



Three British Columbia pavilions flank three sides of a big open area called the Plaza of Nations, which comes as close as any other spot to being the hub of Expo '86. That's where the night life is concentrated. Some of the daytime divertissements that can be sampled on British Columbia territory are abrim with self-adulation. One show, for instance, has live actors proclaiming "We've got it all." Another uses film to convey the message "B.C. has it all." ("B.C." is also short, one spectator grumbled on emerging, for "blatant chauvinism.") Let it not be thought, though, that British Columbia's indulgent self-appraisal is unique. A shrill recorded song at the Malaysian pavilion boldly throws down the gauntlet to B.C. with "Only Malaysia . . . We've got it all." And over at the Belgian pavilion, where others' protestations are clearly deemed mundane, one hears, "When you look down from the moon to earth you see a shining light. That shining light is Belgium." Well, indeed.

ONE sometimes gets the impression that World's Fairs are organized to sustain those who communicate pictorially. There must be at least a hundred moving-picture and/or slide shows scattered around Expo '86. A single eight-minute presentation at the Canada port of call is the collaborative handiwork of thirty-six photographers. Canada also offers one of several 3-D movies, which by now are old hat at World's Fairs. This time, once you have your goggles in place you're exposed to the illusion of fencers' blades and two-by-fours leaping from the screen right at your face or—as in the case of a clumsy onscreen robot trying unsuccessfully to handle a raw egg—into your lap. (I've heard that some shots of flapping goose wings you can all but reach out and grab, at Ontario's 3-D delectation, were made possible because a photographer obtained some goslings and trained them to fly close behind his boat and not to be camera shy.) There can scarcely be any film technique known to cameraman to which at one pavilion or another we are not exposed. Czechoslovakians can always be counted on for inventiveness. This time, they've come up with something called Actorscope, a gimmick by means of which spectators are filmed and their images integrated into a previously photographed travelogue. British Columbia offers Showscan: unusually high-speed cinematography—cars careering around curves and the unsettling like—calculated to scare the wits out of you. At the Saskatchewan pavilion, there's an engaging stage-and-screen commingling. A live actress confesses to being homesick, and, the next thing you know, there onscreen is her absent boyfriend, driving alone in his car, and, the next thing you know after that, the girl herself, marvellously transported from the one medium to the other, is climbing into the car and embracing him and riding off in the general direction of, I have no doubt, the sunset. There are displays at Expo '86 of techniques for enhancing sight or sound which have been named Trav-O-Lator, Rondovision, Animatronica, LocoMotion, DI-Surround System, and Holavision, this last being employed in General Motors' smoke-filled Spirit Lodge. In the course of that performance, an Indian grandmother speaks of a legendary magic canoe. One mere stroke of a paddle, she says, and you can go wherever your heart desires. And the whole point of Expo '86, another character in the mixed-media spectacle solemnly chimes in, is that "it reaches for the magic canoe." The rest of the G.M. exhibit is just another auto show.



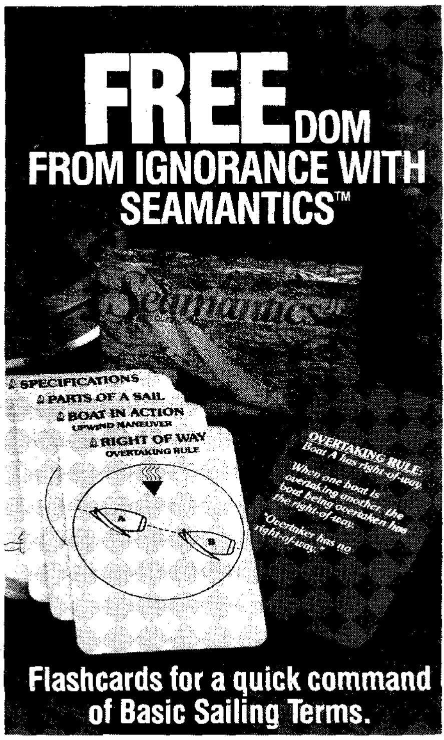
At some of the theatres, where movies or slides are projected on all available wall surfaces, spectators are advised to sit on the floor as close as possible to the center of the hall. At others, one leans against a horizontal bar at approximately hip level. I would be remiss if I did not mention at least a couple of spots with real seats. The theatre in the B.C. pavilion has excellent upholstered chairs, with armrests and everything. And no praise can be too high to lavish upon the seats at the United Nations pavilion. I can't remember exactly what the movie there was about (my notes, scribbled toward the end of a long, footsore day, give no hint beyond "multivisional audiovisional," whatever that means), but I do recall how pleasant it was to take a breather there en route to the pavilions of Cuba and the Ivory Coast—or, to give the latter the name that it not long ago exclusively adopted, the Côte d'Ivoire.

Movies, of course, are a way of communicating. Exhibitors not wishing to be faulted for having paid insufficient homage to Expo's theme have also found other ways of fulfilling their obligation. How would you relate two silent statues of seated men to Communications? For Thailand, it's easy: "Communications Through Meditation." Cuba has deftly spliced the two elements of the theme by having its Ministry of Communications issue, in Expo's honor, a new series of postage stamps, severally depicting railroad engines, vintages 1829 through 1872, from the United States, Russia, Belgium, France, England, and, not least, Canada. Outside the Cuban pavilion perches a natty two-wheeled open coach from the second decade of the nineteenth—and, of course, colonial—century. Inside, one day when I stopped by, a man who seemed to be a member of the staff told me, in reply to my inquiry about when the next film show would begin, that the projector had broken down.

"Are you Cuban?" I asked.

"No, that's why I'm allowed to speak to you this way," he said.

A further venture into communications—"exhortations" might be more apt—is to be found at a Pavilion of Promise, sponsored by Crossroads Christian Communications, an evangelical group that undertakes to "provide six hundred people an hour with a life-changing Christian experience" and does so in three consecutive doses, representing, roughly, the Creation, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection. (In the second sequence, the film director Dr. Radůz Činčera, who was admirably represented at Expo '67 by a nonsectarian contribution to the Czechoslovakian pavilion, has borrowed some footage from Zeffirelli's "Jesus of Nazareth.") The Sail and Life Training Society, another church group, is behind an Old Salts Shipyard, in which ten artisans are putting together a replica of the Pacific Swift, a hundred-and-eleven-foot vessel purchased by the British around 1783. The craftsmen hope to have their vision finished and full-rigged by October's closing day. When I passed by the shipyard one Sunday morning, these dogged Christians were as hard at work as ever, seemingly oblivious of a gospel service in clarion progress at the Kodak Pacific Bowl, across the way. Expo visitors should be advised, incidentally, not to attempt to enter the Saudi Arabian pavilion on Fridays between twelve-thirty and two-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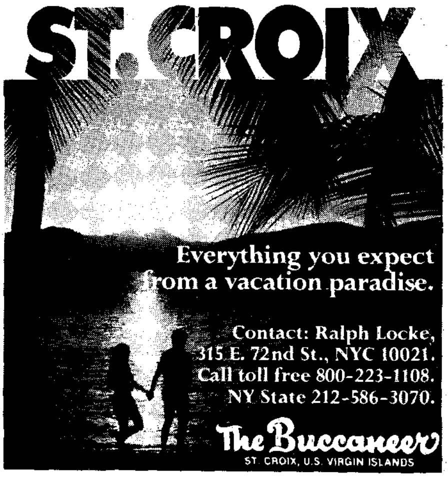
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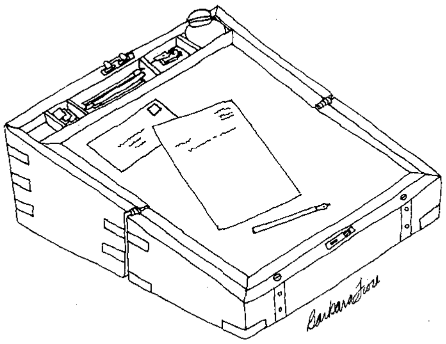
thirty. That's prayer time. At the Saudi pavilion ("Kingdom in Motion . . . Kingdom in Touch"), there are pictorial reminders of the continuing importance to transportation, in some climes, of the camel, and there's also a model of what must be one of the globe's truly remarkable seagoing vessels: the S.S. Mawashi Al-Kaseem, a six-hundred-and-forty-one-foot, thirty-thousand-ton livestock carrier, which, on six open decks, can at one clip accommodate eight hundred cattle and—as staggering a statistic as any World's Fair has thrown at me yet—ninety-seven thousand sheep.

IN British Columbia, which has over four thousand miles of seacoast and seven thousand square miles of fresh-water lakes, boats are naturally a consequential mode of transportation. The province has thirty-nine ships on twenty-four ferry routes. One ferry-boat is so big and so busy that its crew of sixty sleeps aboard. Many of the ferries these days sport an "Expo 86" on their funnels. I played hooky from the fair for a couple of days and took one diesel-powered ferry thus embellished, the Queen Tsawwassen, to the Gulf island of Salt Spring. The sky overhead was clear, but, looking back toward Vancouver, one could see a mantle of mist hovering above the city. At Salt Spring, I met an unusual Western Canadian—the proprietor of an art gallery, who had decided early, though the fair was only three hours away, that she'd have to bypass it. "I'll never get over there," she said. "I can't leave the dog."

It's not surprising that Expo '86 is deep in boats, some of them actually ferrying visitors to the site from various littoral points. Among the numerous stationary craft are a model, in the Korean pavilion ("Korea: A Nation on the Move"), of a sixteenth-century "turtle boat," purportedly the world's first ironclad warship; a model, at the Thai pavilion, of that nation's elegant royal barge; a full-size, fifty-five-foot-long 1908 Haida Indian war canoe in the middle of the spacious Canadian pavilion; and, at a waterside enclave called International Harbour, a whole fleet of exotic craft, among them a reed boat from Kenya, an Indonesian canoe, several of Hong Kong's ubiquitous dragon boats, a renowned Canadian fishing boat, the BCP 45, whose likeness has graced its country's five-dollar bills since 1973, and another fishing boat, from Papua New Guinea, on the foredeck of which, soon after Expo '86 got under way, a Canada goose elected to build a nest.

Norway ("The Maritime Innovator"), as if to enhance its quintessentially watery reputation, is the only non-North American nation with two pavilions. One, called Great Norwegian Explorers, acclaims the feats of, among other far-ranging Norsemen, Nansen, Amundsen, Leif Eriksson, Sverdrup, and anonymous Vikings. Still another member of that pantheon, Thor Heyerdahl, who is now seventy-two but so fit he could probably construct an oceangoing raft barehanded, happened to be around while I was. Musing aloud on why his homeland had spawned so many great sailors and explorers—from whose ranks he too modestly excluded himself—he said that one of the reasons was that Norway, like British Columbia, has a long coastline and many fjords. (If there have been great B.C. explorers, Heyerdahl didn't identify them.) The second Norwegian pavilion is mainly a smorgasbord-serving restaurant. One contemporary of Heyerdahl's was told by a waiter that senior citizens could eat at half price. When the check arrived, though, the old-timer observed that he had been billed just like a normal person. On his calling the inconsistency to the waiter's attention, the waiter said he was sorry, but now that the gentleman and his mélange of herring had been ingested by the establishment's computer there was nothing he or any other human being could do to make amends. This is the sort of thing some scientist ought to make sure gets straightened out before the next World's Fair.

AT Saudi Arabia and also at Barbados, there are large photomurals of airports, and in both a couple of parked Canadian planes are diplomatically depicted. Expo's exterior decorators have given many a fast-food stall the guise of a rocket or helicopter. All in all, so much attention has been paid to aviation—especially the commercial variety—that one fairgoer of my acquaintance wondered if an appropriate slogan for the entire exposition might not be "Fly me." Almost every country that has an airline plugs it; e.g., Singapore's "most modern fleet of airliners in the world." The Malaysian Airline System's exhibit is the first one that meets the visitor's eye once he has passed by portraits of the King and Queen. But to whom are these Icarian messages addressed? How many 1986 sojourners to Vancouver are planning next to fly to Kuala Lumpur or to Singapore, or to buckle up on one of Air Nauru's six Boeing jets? (One alfresco display is the nose of a 747 sticking out of a mock hangar; the sides of downtown buses are festooned with placards reading "Boeing! Boeing!") The sugar packets at the Swiss pavilion are courtesy of Swissair. At the French pavilion, one can program one's own fanciful Air France flight on a computer. For that matter, one can abandon the fairgrounds long enough to take a hundred-minute sightseeing flight on an Air France Concorde. Eight hundred and forty-five dollars. Sounds like a bargain until you reflect that for eight-forty-five *American* you can have a whole day's worth, according to a recent advertisement in this journal, of a hundred-day Royal Viking sea cruise.



Japan proffers a model of a 1903 airplane which is propelled by a watch spring. Great Britain promises—delivery date unspecified—a half-plane, half-rocket that will someday make it from London to Vancouver in less than thirty minutes. Nobody at Expo, so far as I know, has addressed the problem of getting on and off aircraft. The author Annie Dillard recently told me that while she was seated beside Jaime Cardinal Sin, of the Philippines, at a dinner party, His Eminence confided to her, "If God had meant people to fly, he wouldn't have made it so hard to go to the airports."

EXPO '86 has been heralded as the centennial celebration not merely of the founding (and burning) of Vancouver but also of the arrival here of the first transcontinental train. Well, almost. May 23, 1887, is the date of that epic event. The old workyard was a roundhouse on the site that became Expo's, which now, much spruced up, is deferentially known as *the* Roundhouse. It is one of the more engaging buildings of the fair. (Needless to say, this shrine, with less than a hundred and one years remaining before its bicentennial, is not marked for demolition.) At the Roundhouse, pranksters in turn-of-the-century costumes cavort on old-fashioned vehicles attached to overhead wires. A portrait gallery there is consecrated to plaster statues of imaginary inventors of ludicrous machines (a bicycle built for twelve, for instance, and a sail-powered locomotive). There is also, inevitably, a movie, and a delightful one, consisting of one comical transportation disaster after another: bird men essaying to soar and flopping to the ground, engines attached to human rear ends bursting into flames—everything that could go wrong going wrong.

Elsewhere on the scene, CN (the Canadian National Railway Company) uses as the motto for its rail exhibit "Carrying Things." Some of us can remember when railroads prided themselves on carrying *people*. (To CN's credit, it should be noted that everybody working in its pavilion has had instruction in cardiac first aid.) West Germany remembers. Its pavilion houses displays of the trim uniforms of old-time Prussian and Royal Bavarian stationmasters and conductors. There's also an elaborate electric-train setup, which one can get rolling by pushing a button. West Germany (East G. is a no-show) also has on display a voice-controlled wheelchair. Considerable attention is being paid at this fair, praiseworthily, to the handicapped and their needs. "It is like Expo was made for us," one woman in a wheelchair told the *Sun*. Maybe feelings like hers have got around, for I don't recall any recent fair with so many wheelchairs in evidence. One, which the automobile people involved in the proceedings cannot much relish, is featured in a filmed performance at the Canadian Pacific pavilion, given over to railroads, of course: a young woman in a cameo appearance says bluntly and meaningfully from her wheelchair, "Cars are lethal instruments." An hour or so later, at the Sri Lanka pavilion, where jewelry salespersons are as omnipresent as in Colombo hotel lobbies, my attention was drawn to an empty, shiny wheelchair. It looked brand-new. Where had it been manufactured, I wondered. Kandy? Trincomalee? I bent over it, trying to read a couple of tags. "You lose one?" a man behind me asked. It belonged to his wife, who had got up briefly to stretch. The Sri Lanka pavilion, for those of us privileged to walk as much as we care to, has springy carpeting.

When it comes to automobiles, they are produced nowadays, as Expo '86 plainly shows with model after model, not just in the expected places, like Germany (on view: an 1885 three-wheeled Daimler and a modern Mercedes-Benz) and Italy (both a contemporary Ferrari and a Roman chariot), but also in Hungary, Thailand, and Pakistan, among others. Saskatchewan introduces the car of, conceivably, this or any other year. Built by students at the University of Saskatchewan, it has, to be sure, a top speed of only thirty miles per hour but, it is alleged, will get two thousand four hundred and sixteen miles to the gallon. There is also, in a big domed building called Expo Centre, a battery-powered vehicle specially designed and fabricated for Expo '86 but seeming unsuited to this beclouded environment: it runs on solar energy. Back in Toronto, a dyspeptic foreign correspondent, as it were, of the *Globe & Mail* reported that there was so heavy an emphasis on engines of one kind or another at Vancouver that the visitors to whom the fair was most likely to appeal were the subscribers to *Popular Mechanics*.

ONE of Expo '86's claims to lasting fame is that it is the very first World's Fair, of any size, at which the United States, the Soviet Union, and the People's Republic of China have all put in an appearance. Taiwan, with which Canada does not have diplomatic relations, was uninvited, as was that perennial pariah South Africa, without the banishment of which no international conclave could these days aspire to acceptability. To the embarrassment of the P.R.C., it turned out that some of the merchandise on sale at its gift shop had been made in Taiwan. Indisputably from mainland China are a large bronze chariot and four clay horses (all c. 210 B.C.), from the subterranean tombs of Xian. "With a great honor," says a legend accompanying a by now routine P.R.C. display at World's Fairs, "you may touch the real bricks from the Great Wall with your own hands." You may also have your name hand-carved on a seal—five dollars per Chinese character, three per English letter.

The United States and the Soviet Union, which are as fond of strutting their stuff as any smaller nations, both embarked on somewhat heavy-handed presentations, and both ran into bad luck. The American pavilion (theme: "Why Explore?") is devoted exclu-

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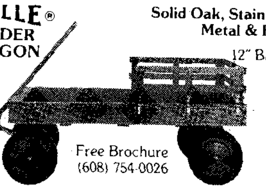
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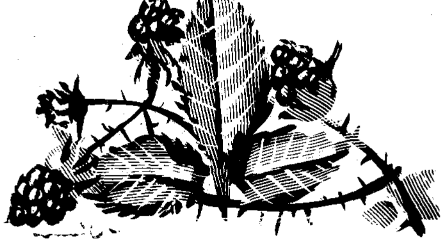
sively to NASA and its operations in space. There was time after the Challenger disaster to add to the exhibit a message from President Reagan dedicating the show to the seven dead astronauts, but there remain asseverations like "Proven and capable, the shuttle is the workhorse of space flight." (A movie titled "A Freedom to Move," visible in an Expo Centre auditorium, contrasts a space shuttle with an Eskimo sled.) No less self-congratulatory about its empyrean conquests, the U.S.S.R. ("Transport and Communications for"—what else would you expect?—"Peace and Co-operation") had before the Chernobyl meltdown made the city of Kiev a prominent part of its exhibit, and had posted for all to see, then and now, the observation "Kiev has behind it centuries of eventful history replete with both joy and tragedy. The city suffered repeated destruction, yet again and again its sons and daughters would raise it from the ruins, still more beautiful and majestic." A restaurant in the Soviet pavilion is the most class-conscious one I saw at the fair. It turns out to have two sections—one plebeian, one patrician. Only in the latter can one order black caviar—there's just red for the masses—and a one-ounce portion costs a whopping sixty-five dollars and ninety-five cents. You're better off buying fresh Russian Caspian Brand at the Granville Market: twenty-nine ninety-five the ounce.

It's a well-known paradox of World's Fairs that few people go to them mainly to eat yet most people usually hang around so long that they have to, or starve. There have been complaints about the cost of a hot dog at Expo '86—a dollar-ninety, without trimmings. (Almost everywhere one turns, there seems to be a McDonald's; one of them, floating on False Creek, has acquired the nickname McBarge.) Most of the sit-down food I sampled was not unreasonably priced. And there's an abundant selection of restaurants. Of those I patronized, Switzerland's and Japan's were first-rate, and so was that of Czechoslovakia, which always seems to make an extra effort to excel at these gatherings. (Where else could you hope to find squirrel soup?) At the Northwest Territories outpost, fairgoers more adventurous than I am have treated themselves to "tundraburgers," made of a choice of caribou or musk-ox. If I should be pressed to name my favorite restaurant of all, I guess I'd have to give the nod to the Bucuresti (that's "Bucharest"), a tiny establishment tucked into a rear corner of the Rumanian pavilion. Not the least of its assets is a musical trio—violin, accordion, bass fiddle—who stroll from table to table (there are only sixteen tables, and some fifty chairs) serenading the happy few who have discovered this oasis. Food's good, too.

At more or less regular meal hours, almost every restaurant is likely to have a line of people at its door. By now, the cognoscenti have determined that instead of waiting docilely to be admitted to a pub at the British pavilion which has been testimonially named after Captain George Vancouver, one can belly up to the bar (which claims to stock forty brands of Scotch) and get near-instant food service. In the exhibits area of the British pavilion, among the first items one spots—strange, for a fair so hipped on movement—is a wheel lock used by the London Metropolitan Police to immobilize the cars of scofflaws. Also, there's a navy-blue 1986 Rolls-Royce Silver Spur, labelled the hundred-thousandth of its illustrious species to be assembled. Outside, *sous grande cloche*, is another Rolls—a psychedelically painted 1966 Phantom Fire sedan that used to belong to John Lennon, whose life-size plaster effigy stands, guitar in hand, alongside it. For the last year or so, this Rolls has belonged to the chairman of the corporation responsible for Expo '86, James Pattison, who paid more than two million U.S. dollars for it. (The Silver Spur retails for a hundred and twenty thousand.) "It is at Mr. Pattison's special request that the car is on display at this world exposition," a placard near this peculiar monument proclaims. "A unique reminder of an era and a symbol of outstanding personal achievement." Lennon's? Pattison's? As a French Canadian might put it, "*Qui sait?*"

PATTISON most often drives around these days in a fire-engine-red Pontiac convertible, with plates reading "JIMMY." He is fifty-seven, and was born into a Pentecostal family in Saskatchewan. He didn't get to Canada's 1967 Universal. He did send his family to Montreal, he told me when I called at his third-floor office in the British Columbia complex—from which aerie he likes to survey his realm with binoculars—but he didn't go himself. "I was too busy trying to make some money," he said. He has subsequently, as his Phantom Fire colorfully attests, made a lot—first as a car salesman, then as a dealer, ultimately as the panjandrum of some three dozen enterprises involving transportation and communications—dealerships for Cadillac, Buick, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Chevrolet, and Toyota (General Motors, not surprisingly, is the official supplier of motor vehicles to Expo '86), newspapers, airlines, radio stations, advertising agencies, neon signs, cellular phones, frozen vegetables, and Ripley's Believe It or Not! They all huddle under an umbrella called the Jim Pattison Group, which has seven thousand employees, annual sales of well over a billion dollars, and its own red-white-and-blue house organ, straightforwardly called *The Jim Pattison GroupNews*.



Jimmy, as his employees in the Group and at Expo are urged to call him, is tough. He is reputed to have fired, at regular intervals, whichever of his car salesmen had the most laggard performance. Before the fair began, he lost two dozen of its executives, among them one who had been president of the corporation for two and a half years. He is resolute. When he heard that Cuba was wavering about participating in Expo, he betook himself to Havana and firmed up Castro. He is shrewd. He tells everybody that his fair, which will end up costing something like a billion and a half dollars to produce, is bound to show a final deficit of three hundred million. Anything under that will make Jimmy look good. ("Every penny counts," a sign on his office wall reads. "Is your purchase *absolutely necessary*? Jimmy.") He is meticulous. He strides the Expo streets looking for cigarette butts he can pick up; and, at his behest, less than an hour after the gates are opened each morning platoons of men and women with brooms and dustpans are on the prowl. If the fair is a success, Pattison may well be sanctified, and he is getting close: Prime Minister Brian Mulroney has declared that the next time he has to campaign in British Columbia he is going to walk the streets "hanging like dear life on to Jimmy Pattison."

Jimmy is no shrinking violet. He has been glad to oblige photographers who sought a photo of him atop a prancing white steed at Expo's carrousel (a 1907 model handsomely refurbished) or at the wheel of his fabled Rolls, which he had some Expo hands extricate from its glass housing long enough to satisfy a television crew. (When I asked this canny automobile man if it's a good idea to keep any car inert for the better part of six months, he replied, "The worst thing you can do.") Pattison's critics sometimes accuse him of blowing his own horn. That does not offend him. A music buff from way back (he was delighted when a flotilla of tugboats saluted Expo with a symphony composed for their whistles), he is a fair-to-middling pianist and organist. But the trumpet is his forte. He has played it with a hat-dance band at the Mexican pavilion, on the rolling slopes of Highway 86, and at the portico of the Saskatchewan pavilion, in brassy salute to his birthplace. "I keep my trumpet with me all the time," Jimmy told me. That Expo '86 is one of the most music-oriented fairs ever is surely attributable in large part to his predilection. Why, one of the very first enticements to be found inside one of the main entrance gates, just across the Plaza of Nations from his office, is Studio 86, where a fairgoer can, for a mere fourteen dollars and ninety-five cents, make a tape of his or her singing to the accompaniment of any one of a hundred and thirty-eight recorded tunes—sixty-four pop rock, sixty-one country, eight standard, five gospel. It wouldn't surprise me if, should the fair experience midsummer doldrums, Jimmy decided to liven things up by volunteering himself and his horn for sing-alongs. And come October, when the curtain falls at Expo, and Vancouver returns more or less to normal (shopkeepers will be happy; some of them have been grousing that the fair has been undermining their customary trade), nobody will be surprised if the final farewell note were to be sounded—as, all things considered, it probably deserves to be—by Jimmy and his handy trumpet belting out "Taps."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

CHRISTIAN WOMAN, Experienced will keep children fenced in yard.—*Adv. in the Babylon (N.Y.) Beacon.*

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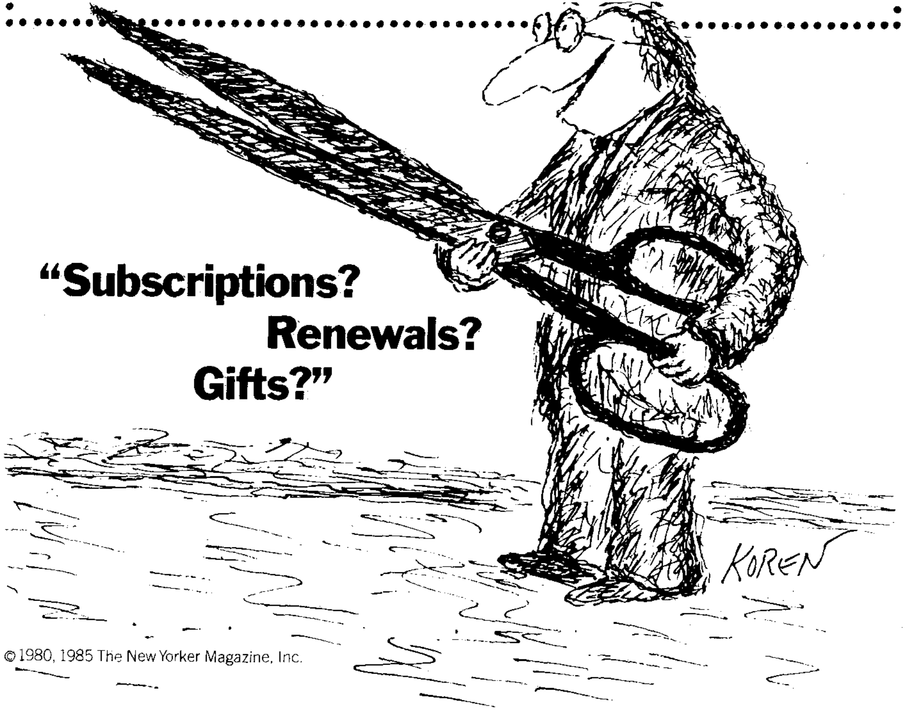
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BOOKS

John and Liz, Phil and Ed

DURING the last half of the nineteenth century, the long poem (epic, narrative, meditative, pastoral), entrenched for almost three hundred years, was slowly dispossessed by the Victorian novel. The long poem has made sporadic returns—in the work of Eliot, Pound, Auden, Spender, Betjeman, John Berryman, Robert Penn Warren, and Alfred Corn, and in the cousinly verse novels and verse plays of the Benét brothers, Christopher La Farge, Maxwell Anderson, Christopher Fry, and Eliot. And now we have, like the reappearance of the ivory-billed woodpecker, Vikram Seth's verse (and first) novel, "The Golden Gate" (Random House; $17.95). Some essential statistics: The book has five hundred and ninety-four stanzas, including a stanza each for acknowledgments, dedication, table of contents, and a note about the author. The stanzas are patterned on the sonnetlike form developed by Pushkin in "Eugene Onegin," which was published in 1833. They are in iambic tetrameter, and the rhyme scheme is aBaBccDDeFFeGG. The lowercase letters denote feminine rhymes (a two-syllable rhyme, with the accent on the first syllable, as in "wilting" and "tilting"), and the uppercase denote masculine rhymes (a stressed terminal-syllable rhyme, as in "day" and "away"). Seth was born in Calcutta in 1952, graduated from Oxford, and is working toward a Ph.D. in economic demographics at Stanford. He has published a travel book and a book of poems, and he lives in San Francisco.

The Pushkin stanza was designed more for speed than for emotional content, and it is surprising how much Seth packs into it. The book's technical aplomb, pleasing bits of wit, and general hustle very nearly conceal its keening and sorrow. (Separated from the elegance and ease of his verse, Seth's story sounds almost maudlin.) It is 1980, and John, a clever twenty-six-year-old Silicon Valley executive, is

Gray-eyed, blond-haired, aristocratic
In height, impatience, views, and face,
Discriminating though dogmatic,
Tender beneath a carapace
Of well-groomed tastes and tasteful
  grooming.

He is also bored, lonely, and sorry for himself. He telephones a former girlfriend, Janet Hayakawa, a sculptor and a drummer in a rock band called Liquid Sheep, and they have lunch. Unbeknownst to John, Janet then places a lonely-hearts ad for him in a newspaper, and John, angered at first, finds Miss Right—a handsome and irresistible lawyer named Liz Dorati. John and Liz fall in love, and John comes (unpleasantly) to life. Plot Two appears. Phil Weiss, an old friend of John's, has been deserted by his Wasp wife, who has gone back East to marry someone else, leaving Phil with their only child, Paul. John and Liz move into an apartment, and at their housewarming Phil meets Ed, Liz Dorati's younger brother. Phil and Ed fall in love. Ed, who keeps a pet iguana named Schwarzenegger, is younger than Phil, and his religious views inhibit him, and the two men break up. The story continues to startle us—not always persuasively—and no more should be said of it except to point out that John, for all the misery he brings down on his difficult self, becomes comprehensible, and even affecting, by the end of the book.

It takes Seth a while to get his tetrameters going. Here is Chapter One, Verse 7:

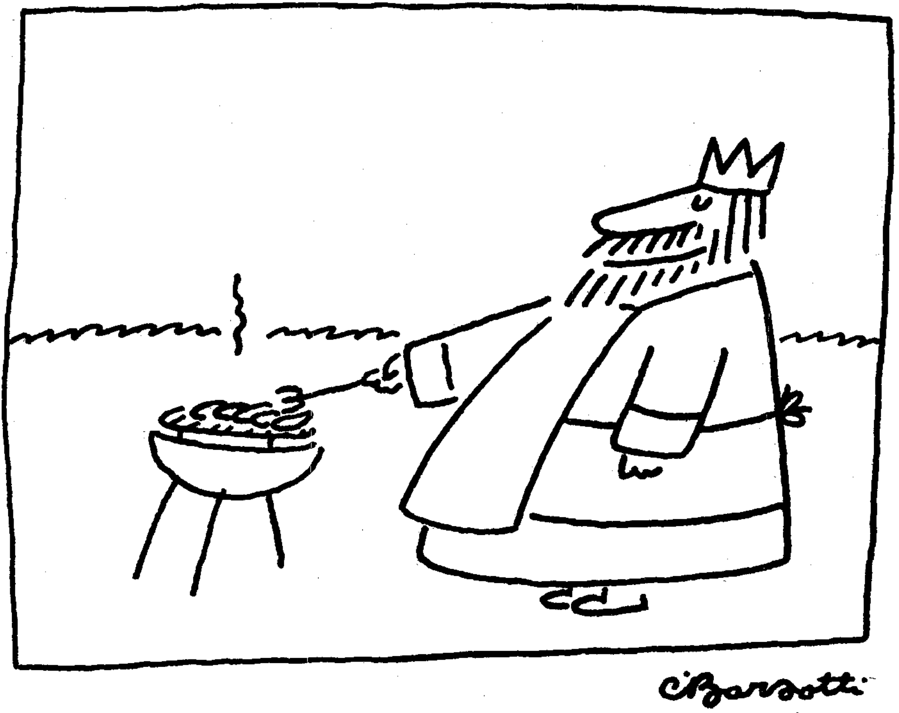
A linkless node, no spouse or sibling,
No children—John wanders alone
Into an ice cream parlor. Nibbling
The edges of a sugar cone
By turns, a pair of high school lovers
Stand giggling. John, uncharmed, discovers
His favorite flavors, Pumpkin Pie
And Bubble Gum, decides to buy
A double scoop; sits down; but whether
His eyes fall on a knot of three
Schoolgirls, a clamorous family,
Or, munching cheerfully together,
A hippie and a Castro clone,
It hurts that only he's alone.

By Verse 36 of the same chapter, he has begun to take hold:

Time sidles by: on television
The soaps dissolve, the jingles change.
Defeat or pity or derision
Constricts our hearts. Our looks grow
  strange
Even to us. The grail, perfection,
Dims, and we come to view rejection
As an endurable result
Of hope and trial, and exult
When search or risk or effort chances
To grant us someone who will do
For love, and who may love us too—
While those who wait, as age advances,
Aloof for Ms. or Mr. Right
Weep to themselves in the still night.

Halfway through the book, a Catholic priest makes an anti-nuclear speech at a rally which lasts nine pages, and it is eloquent and passionate:

Killing is dying. This equation
Carries no mystical import.
It is the literal truth. Our nation
Has long believed war was a sport.
Unoccupied, unbombed, undying,
While "over there" the shells were flying,
How could we know the Russian dread



THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG

Of war, the mountains of their dead?
We reveled in acceleration
At every level of the race;
And even now we're face to face
With mutual extermination
We talk as blithely as before
Of "surgical strikes" and "limited war."

But before we get this far Seth, who directly addresses the reader, is busy laughing at himself. He tells a book editor at a party that he is writing a novel—in verse:

> ... He turned yellow.
> "How marvelously quaint," he said,
> And subsequently cut me dead.

Two stanzas later, Seth says to us:

> How do I justify this stanza?
> These feminine rhymes? My wrinkled
>   muse?
> This whole passé extravaganza?
> How can I (careless of time) use
> The dusty bread molds of Onegin
> In the brave bakery of Reagan?
> The loaves will surely fail to rise
> Or else go stale before my eyes.

But they don't; Seth pulls off his feat with spirit, grace, and great energy. He reaches a perfect level in his verse—somewhere just below poetry and to the right of the song lyrics of Lorenz Hart, Cole Porter, and Johnny Mercer. But, unlike them, he has no music to lean against.

—Whitney Balliett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Cactus Garden, by William Dieter (Atheneum; $15.95). A seventy-five-year-old farmer is dying in a La Crosse, Wisconsin, hospital, and his second wife goes to the telephone and calls his four children by his first wife, who took them with her when she left him, half a lifetime before. They are Tess, the eldest, in Tucson; Wallace (or Doc), in Denver; Donna Jean (or Dee-Jay), in Los Angeles; and Stewart, in Seattle. They arrange to meet in Denver and drive (Tess won't fly) together to Wisconsin. Mr. Dieter's novel tells of their meeting, of that long drive, of their attempts to re-join themselves through nursery humor, teen-age jokes, shared memories, sudden antipathies, old hurts. They sit and talk and stare out at November Nebraska and Iowa and Minnesota, and they and their past and something of the American West come movingly, and even importantly, to life.

The Malady of Death, by Marguerite Duras, translated from the French by Barbara Bray (Grove; $9.95). A ludicrous second-person-singular sixty-page dirge about *amour* and anomie, featuring a "young woman of the paid nights," as she is termed in an afterword, and "you," who spend much of those nights watching her sleep, and most of the rest either prone or supine. There is something contagious about the untranslatableness of *maladie*. For example: "All you remember of the whole affair are certain words she said in her sleep, the ones that tell you what's wrong with you: the malady of death." And: "You realize it's here, in her, that the malady of death is fomenting, that it's this shape stretched out before you that decrees the malady of death." By the end, one is grateful that it was not in a foreword that the author explained how "The Malady of Death" should be staged, and, presumably, read. "There should be great stretches of silence between the different paid nights," she writes on page 58, "silences in which nothing happens except the passage of time."

Winter Journey, by Ronald Frame (Beaufort; $13.95). In one sense, this is a family story that begins with a disastrous visit to Harrods' Santa Claus in 1958; in another sense, it is a spy story that begins with England's disastrous Christmas Island hydrogen-bomb test a year before. The winter journey of the title, though, spans Europe in 1963, when the narrator, the ten-year-old daughter of a Whitehall functionary based in Prague and of a high-strung, high-priced London fashion plate, suspects that her parents became parents, and her father became a Whitehall functionary, for all the wrong reasons. By the end of the journey—a sort of travesty of the Holy Family's flight into Egypt—one parent is dead; by the time of its telling, so is the other. This slight-looking novel, which won England's Betty Trask award in 1984, requires and rewards close attention.

GENERAL

The Triumph of Politics: Why the Reagan Revolution Failed, by David A. Stockman (Harper & Row; $21.95). A gossipy political kiss-and-tell memoir of the author's service as Director of the Office of Management and Budget during President Reagan's first term. Mr. Stockman recalls his intellectual

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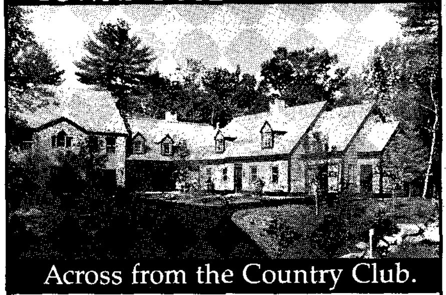

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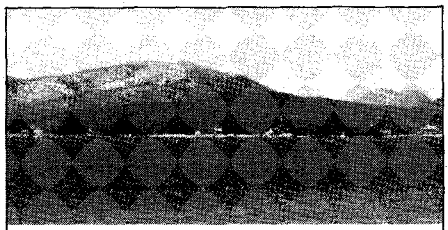

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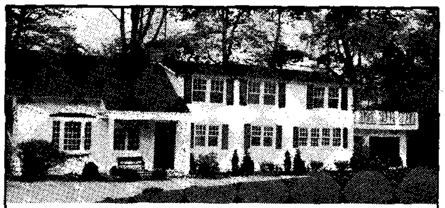

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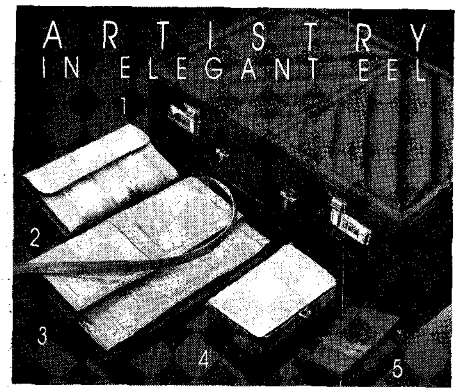

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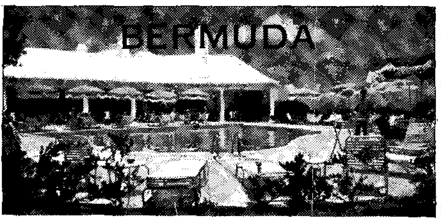

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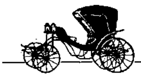

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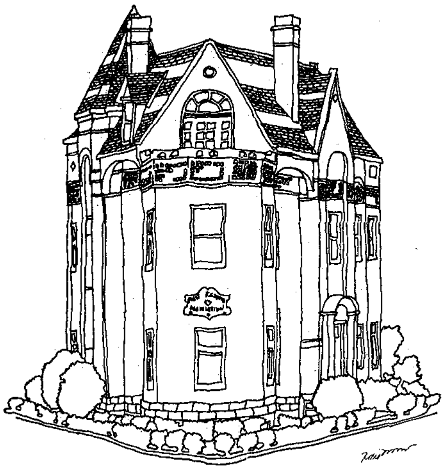
peregrinations from boyhood Republicanism to adolescent New Leftism and on through his conversion (while he was studying theology) to free-market economics. He admits that his concept of using his job to abolish the welfare state was radical—indeed, revolutionary. (There was no popular mandate, for example, to destroy Social Security.) His is a heartening book, since it shows the Constitution working as the framers intended, and the legislature—the nation in council, so to speak—beating back an effort at subversion by an ideologue strategically placed in the executive branch. Mr. Stockman is extremely critical of nearly everybody in government, yet he does not seem able to criticize his own fantasy. A wholly "free" economy, unregulated by government, would not produce, as he imagines, a host of creative, productive capitalists, for the nineteenth century bequeathed us monopolies, oligopolies, cartels, and multinationals that stifle competition and are often hostile to innovation. Mr. Stockman cannot take the trouble to think of finding appropriate balances between underregulation and overregulation, nor is he careful to discriminate between federal programs that relieve need and those that cater to greed. His self-portrait recalls some of the less attractive aspects of the young Alexander Hamilton—bright, ambitious, opportunistic, with a gift for finding powerful patrons and a bent for trying to manipulate them. Whether Mr. Stockman would also be capable of Hamilton's genuine public service we may or may not someday find out.

THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, by Nigel Calder (Viking; $22.50). A tour of one of the most travelled and history-laden seaways on earth. The author and guide sails his ketch, "*Charmed* by name and nature," from the island of Ushant up the French side of the Channel to and through the Dover Strait and then across to the English side and down that coast to Penzance, Land's End, and the Scilly Isles. It is a journey in time as well: each port along the way, from Saint-Malo and Cherbourg to Southampton and Plymouth, puts him in mind of some historical event, whether it is the arrival of Philip II's Armada four hundred years ago or the flight by sea of the British and French armies from the beaches of Dunkirk in 1940. For every stage of the itinerary, Mr. Calder furnishes a map, so the reader can follow his navigation and come to appreciate the tricky problems that confront skippers—of yachts as well as supertankers—who take on the tidal whimsies, the fogs, the sudden storms, and the narrow sea-lanes of the English Channel. There are also photographs.

MEDITATIONS AT 10,000 FEET: A SCIENTIST IN THE MOUNTAINS, by James Trefil (Scribners; $16.95). Over the past few years, the physicist James Trefil has written a series of books that explain in a lucid and graceful way many of the branches of physics. This volume is a sequel to "A Scientist at the Seashore," which described a number of the surprisingly subtle phenomena to be encountered by simply observing what surrounds one at a beach. Mr. Trefil has now attempted the same sort of thing for mountains. The book is perhaps a bit less successful, since it tends to wander from the matter at hand into abstruse cosmological byways. There is a great deal more that could have been said about the physics of mountains without worrying about the Big Bang.

MARRIAGE AND MORALS AMONG THE VICTORIANS, by Gertrude Himmelfarb (Knopf; $19.95). Most of these thoughtful essays and reviews deal with the efforts of nineteenth- and twentieth-century English writers to find a firm basis for private ethics and political morality as orthodox religious belief waned. This was for many a serious, painful struggle, and if the solutions are not invariably intellectually successful the passion for duty—to which George Eliot, for one notable example, was committed—remains admirable. Miss



Himmelfarb's expositions are trenchant. If she has a failing, it is a tendency to worry too much. In a piece on Jeremy Bentham, she notes fearfully that students of social policy have lately had a few kind words for him—almost as if such reconsideration were bound to lead to the realization of his proposals for "pauper management" through privately owned poorhouses and prisons. And she attacks the sexual imbroglios of the Bloomsbury group as if she were trying to protect a high-school class from a seductive bad example.

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR: A HISTORY IN PICTURES, with an introduction by Raymond Carr (Norton; $29.95). Photographs, paintings and drawings, posters, broadsides, and every other kind of pictorial document give a visual account of Spain's civil war, which broke out just fifty years ago this summer. The pictures are fully explained in captions and are arranged to form a coherent narrative of the main events, from the days of dissension and unrest in the newly created republic, through the outbreak of the Fascist rebellion, and on to the fall of Madrid. The paintings and posters are by artists of both sides, Republican and Nationalist. Mr. Carr, who is Warden of St. Antony's College, Oxford, offers a fair-minded account of the political struggle that tore Spain apart and ended, with the material assistance of Hitler and Mussolini, in victory for General Franco. With the return of democracy after Franco's death, Mr. Carr notes, "it is the political heirs of the conquered who now rule Spain."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BARRIER ISLAND, by John D. MacDonald (Knopf; $16.95). Mr. MacDonald's new novel is a mere trifle, but it is entirely enjoyable. The title refers to an uninhabited, and more or less uninhabitable, island off the Mississippi Gulf Coast that is the object of a federal condemnation suit against a tricky developer. The developer is a cold, smiling, whiskey-drinking, womanizing good old boy of the sort that Mr. MacDonald knows from head to toe, and he is opposed, by accident, by a young realtor with a conscience, a nice wife, a troubled teen-age son, and a tricky business partner. There is excitement, there is tolerable sentiment, there is cinematic reality,

The New York Times
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HEART'S DESIRE

"Sad, funny, intelligent—why not just say glorious...a book whose meanings arise from, rather than impose upon, the ordinary realities of life, a book in which the ironies don't just multiply—they blossom and flower into a world of subtle, convoluted beauty." —MARK DINTENFASS

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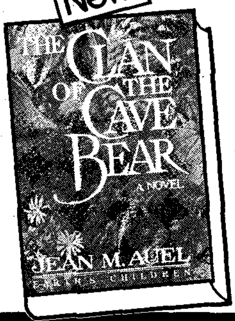

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not a word is out of place, and the book leaves not a ripple behind.

POLITICAL SUICIDE, by Robert Barnard (Scribners; $13.95). James Partridge, a conscientious Conservative Member of Parliament for the dying factory town of Bootham, is found dead in the Thames below the Vauxhall Bridge, in London. Did he jump or fall or was he pushed? In any event, a by-election is called. A Scotland Yard superintendent decides to devote the last few weeks before his retirement to investigating the case and its political manifestations. This takes him to Bootham and its squalor—moral, economic, and social. There is an agreeable hint of Evelyn Waugh in Mr. Barnard's depiction of Bootham and its people and of the activities of the contending political parties and their candidates. These parties number not only the Tory, Labour, and Social Democratic forces but also such others as Bring Back Hanging, Women for the Bomb, Top of the Pops, Home Rule for England, John Lennon Lives, Richard III Was Innocent, Britain Out of the Common Market, Transcendental Meditation, and Transvestite Meditation. The result is perhaps as much a comic novel as a mystery.

•

Even without knowing her name, the sleek black ship, topped by gleaming white-as-ermine upper decks—and crowned by smokestacks of royal red—looks every bit like the monarch of the seas that she is.
—*Home & Away-Iowa.*

Regal but forgetful.

•

O'Rourke, in his talk, stressed the need for action to curb crime in New York State, quoting that there are one million victims of serious crimes in New York State every year; of these 150,000 are arrested and of those, 15,000 are sent to jail.—*Rye Sound View News.*

Safest place for them.

•

The skilled and amusing repartee between Frank Dill and Mike Cleary can be heard every morning on radio KNBR. Mike was scheduled to golf with Frank, but due to a previous commitment, had to bail out. "The only reason he didn't show up was he knew I'd beat him!" quipped Frank in his usual witty style, as he stood chatting with KNBR General Manager Bill Dwyer.—*Half Moon Bay (Calif.) Review.*

There seems to be something wrong with our radio.

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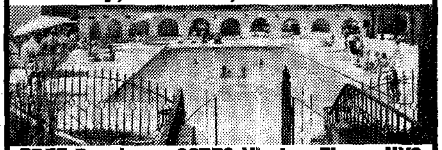

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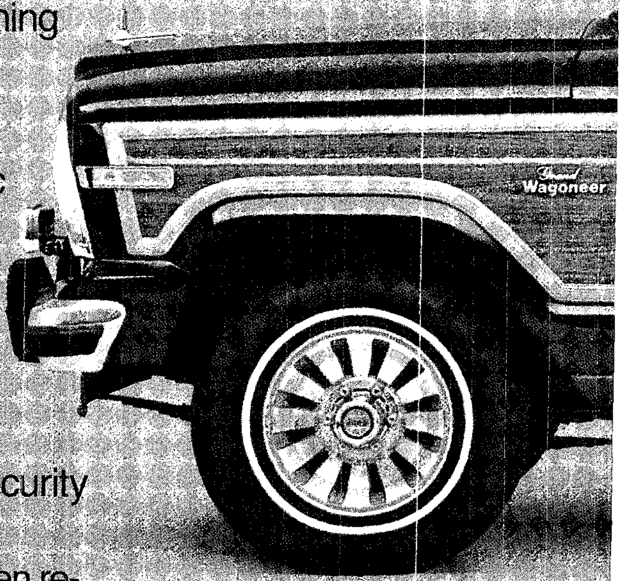
A GREAT SET OF

Somewhere between the country and the club, Grand Wagoneer and Wagoneer Limited carved their own little niche in the automotive marketplace. Look beyond the woods, get behind the wheel and you'll quickly see why these vehicles enjoy unique status in the world of four-by-fours. Because for all their luxury and comfort, they're still hill-climbing, dust-raising, trail-blazing Jeeps at heart. And that's what makes them different from everything else ... on and off the road.



Grand Wagoneer has four doors and plenty of room for six adults. And with its optional 360 cubic inch V-8, there's plenty of power to take them just about any place they care to go.

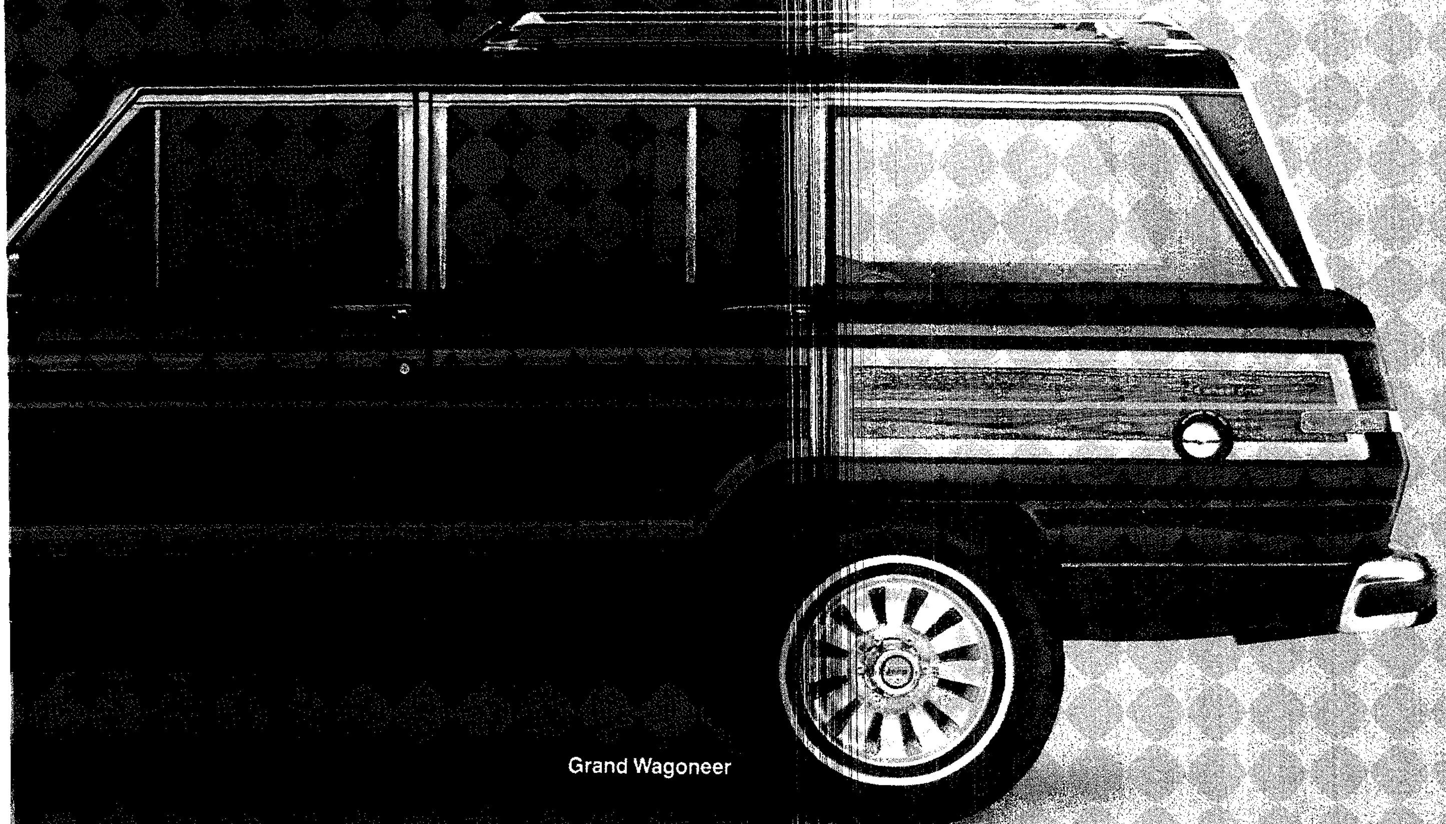
Inside Grand Wagoneer are a few amenities you might not expect to find in a four-wheel drive vehicle. Genuine leather upholstery, power everything and a premium sound system are all standard. And so is the incomparable sense of security you get just knowing you're driving a Jeep®.

What's more, Grand Wagoneer's suspension has been redesigned for a smoother ride and better handling. And with the flick of a switch, you're in four-wheel drive ... a particularly good way of handling a particularly bad stretch of road.

Wagoneer Limited. Like its sibling, it speaks fluent Jeep. With the accent, of course, on luxury. And even though this vehicle's a little bit smaller, you can bet it'll go a long way on its good looks and penchant for the good life.

Wagoneer Limited can easily accommodate five adults without cramping their style. In fact, behind its four doors, this Jeep has more room than you'll find in any four-wheel drive vehicle in its class.

4x4
Wagoneer


Grand Wagoneer

ons than its competitors, too.
onal 2.8 litre V-6. Or go for the
one available in an

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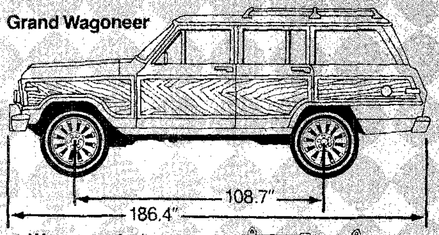
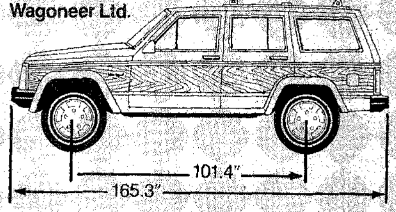

Grand Wagoneer
108.7"
186.4"


Wagoneer Ltd.
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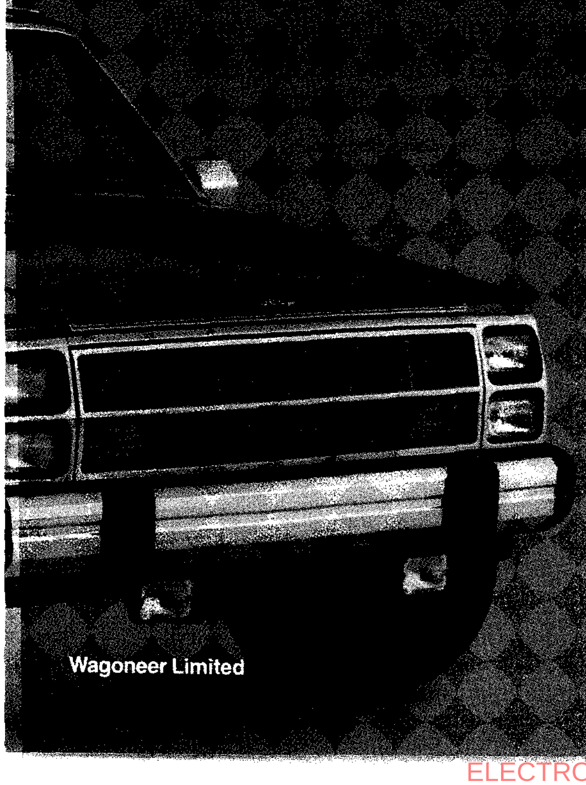
165.3"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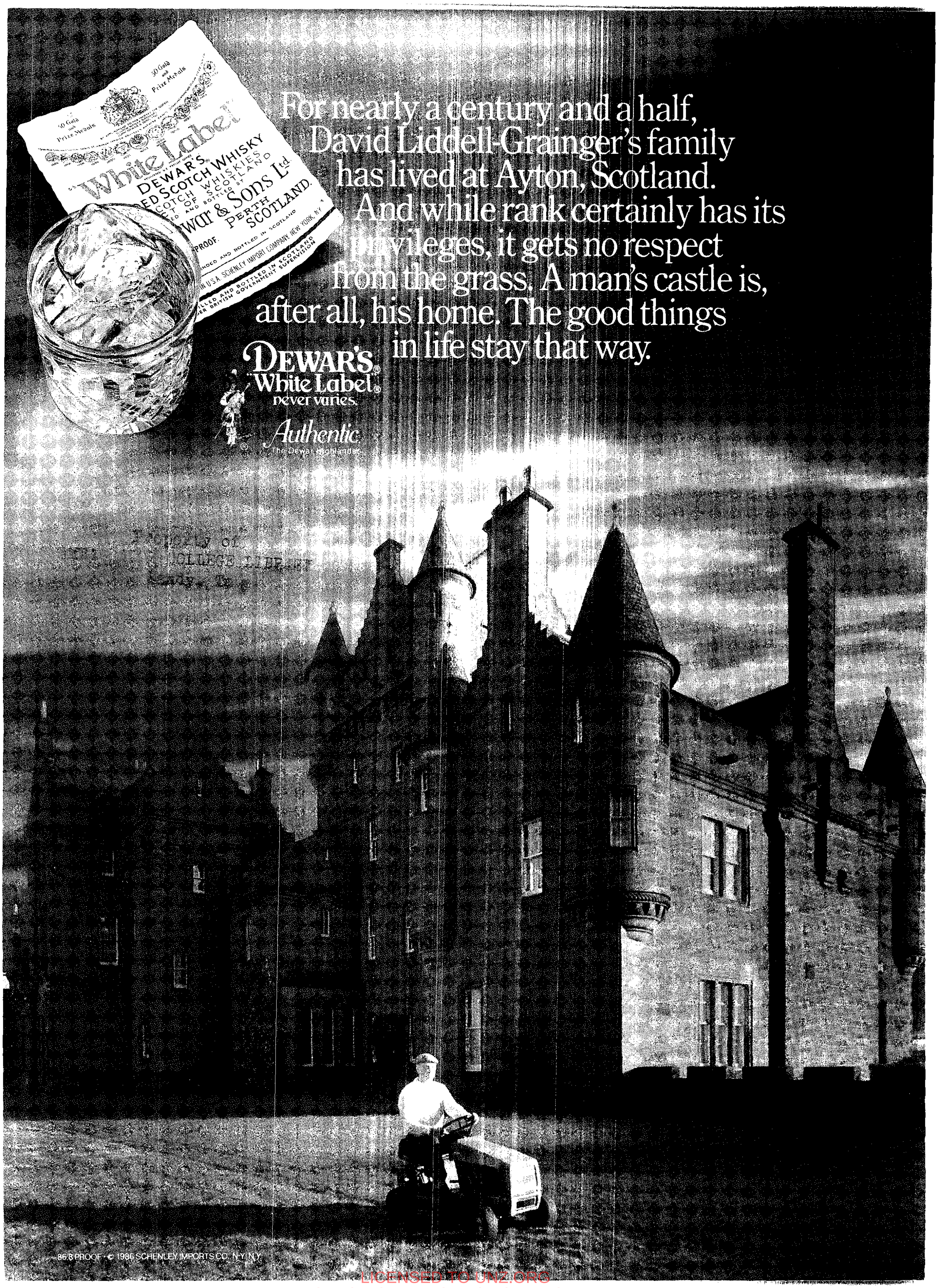
Only in a Jeep Wagoneer



For nearly a century and a half,
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